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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

A girl in a window reading
Life in a novelette,
Building your own Utopia
Out of your book, Jeanette.
World where the author's visions live
And laugh and love and feel . . .
You dream of yourself as one with these
And pray your dreams were real.

Jeanette

You're wishing, too, this life of ours
Were like a novelette,
Morocco bound or yellow back,
But you will learn, Jeanette,
We mostly live in platitudes,
All the world and you . . .
From all earth's far-flung latitudes
Adventure comes to few. —P.D.-B.

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Now *I am* EIGHT!

Princess Elizabeth's Birthday This Saturday

By THE HON. MRS. FRANCES LASCELLES,
Aunt of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood. Author of "Our Duke and Duchess."
(Copyright.)

ON April 21, Princess Elizabeth is eight—and the world's best-known baby will have left babyhood behind her.

"Margaret," she naively explains, "is only a baby, but I am a big girl now!"

She feels immeasurably older than her little sister for, at her age, a year goes so slowly, with almost decade-like tread.

The popularity of the two little girls of the Duke and Duchess of York is often an embarrassment to their family, for while ordinarily the parents go out unshadowed by detectives, the little Princesses and their nurses often have an unnoticed bodyguard.

They have no sense of fear as to the children's safety, but there is just a possibility that they may be mobbed by a too admiring crowd.

Youth, however, is amazingly adaptable to circumstance. If Princess Elizabeth ever considers at all the host of admirers who surround her she probably comes to the conclusion that it must be the usual lot of little girls to evoke such enthusiasm.

Always a Princess

AT eight, Princess Elizabeth can hold her own with dignity, because she never remembers the time when she was not a Princess. For her it is nothing new, and hence it is easy for her to stand out from a neutral background. On her fourth birthday, now so infinitely remote to the child, she and her cousins, Lord Lascelles and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, were playing near the Grand Quadrangle in Windsor Castle. The changing of the Guard took place at ten thirty, and the Scots' Guards came marching up.

Princess Elizabeth delights in the pipers, so she was impelled to run and admire them, but having done so she returned to her place and stood at attention! She knew her Royal duty, and she took the salute with dignity.

Grandmother's Care

THAT ingrained sense of duty is strong in the Royal Family—and in no one more than the Queen herself.

Princess Elizabeth has seemed much "the Queen's baby" ever since Her Majesty took charge of her as a tiny child, when her parents went for a six months' tour to Australia.

As Elizabeth grew older she often went driving with her grandmother, and observed with the utmost admiration how the first lady of the land bowed graciously to her loyal subjects.

The Princess considered the matter deeply, then decided she must follow the Royal example. Next time the two drove out together, "Lilibet" graciously bowed right and left with all the dignity that her little frame could assume!

Princess Elizabeth had already learned that "Royalty" is a word to conjure with. When a tiny tot she came home one day full of a story she was eager to tell, but unfortunately found no one to listen to her.

At last there was a lull in adult conversation, and a small, pained voice was heard. "Listen! Royalty is speaking."

Simple Life

FORTUNATELY, in spite of the dignities of her years, the Princess is young enough to live entirely in the present. The quiet, ordered days pass just as all days pass in a well-regulated nursery.

She and her little sister keep regular and early hours, and live very simply. The Princess is allowed little excitement, and parties are few and far between.

Many a spoiled child of Suburbia has had a wider experience of social life than the Princess. Her parents realise that all too soon an inevitable round of engagements, almost the life-work of Royalty, will claim her. They are determined that she shall at least have the memory of long, quiet, carefree days in childhood.

So lively is the little Princess that it is, perhaps, as well that her mother has determined to keep her under nursery discipline as long as possible. Her life is already full of interests, and, having a passion for animals, she adored the black Aberdeen terrier which her uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, recently gave her. Dougal was first presented to the King, and though he proved rather too lively for His Majesty, Princess Elizabeth was delighted to meet with spirits as high as her own.

* * *

THE Princess has also learned to ride the pony her grandfather gave her, and promises to make a fine horsewoman. Very often, at her special request, her drives are planned so that, by going through Regent's Park, she can catch a glimpse of the mountain sheep as they leap from crag to crag on the Mappin Terraces.

Already she shows signs of becoming a good sportswoman, a trait that will endear her to a sports-loving people, and will help her to understand them.

She has, too, a passion for flowers. In fact, she looks rather like a human flower herself as she trots up and down the wonderful old gardens of Glamis. Beauty is the gift of the gods, and they have been kind to Elizabeth, but the child's bright and happy expression is her own heritage. She finds life packed with interest, and the world a marvellous place. Had she been born in a slum the same would have held true.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH is eight years old this Saturday, and with tiny Princess Margaret Rose she smiles a radiant greeting to the "Many happy returns" that echo throughout the Empire.

When she went to Aldershot Tattoo to see the daylight rehearsal, she was as enthusiastic as any other of the thousands of school children. But she was far too absorbed in the spectacle to realise that she herself was of even greater interest to those young citizens.

It will be very interesting to see how the Duke and Duchess educate their Princess. They must feel a weight of responsibility, for the little eight-year-old, with strongly marked characteristics, must be moulded by their hands.

Here is a possible queen in the making—the thought is a grave one! Already Elizabeth is in training. Simple lessons have begun, and little though the child knows it, brilliant brains have been devoted to the task of steering her into channels that promise best for the future. To rule an aristocracy with a firm hand is an easy matter compared with the delicacy of touch required to guide a great and loyal democracy.

Princess Elizabeth will never have the chance, if ever she wants it, of making laws, but she may have a wonderful opportunity of leading a nation.

Prince and Princess Youssoupoff with Rasputin Film

PRINCESS YOUSSOUPOFF, who claimed £2,000,000 damages from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a libellous representation of herself in the film, "Rasputin and the Empress," was recently awarded £25,000 damages. The trial was noteworthy for the evidence given by her husband, Prince Youssoupoff relating to the murder of Rasputin. The Prince and Princess are shown here examining a portion of the offending film.

PATIENTS Allowed *to Die in Hospital* Public WARDS

Surgeon Describes Conditions As "Almost Barbaric": Ordeals After Anaesthetics

By Our Special Commissioner

Patients in public hospitals should not be allowed to die in the public wards. It is inflicting unnecessary cruelty on other individuals fighting for their lives, upon whom it may have a most serious psychological effect.

Neither should patients who have just come from the operating theatre be brought back into the public wards to upset the sick around them with their pain and suffering.

THESE are the opinions expressed in the latest issue of the "British Medical Journal" by a noted surgeon, and although they were expressed primarily in regard to British hospitals they apply equally to Australian hospitals.

The eminent British surgeon cites, in the first place, two "anachronisms embodying some of the most barbaric features of the Middle Ages." One of these refers to the custom in hospitals of allowing a patient to die in the public ward.

The effect upon the other patients when this occurs at night, with hurrying nurses, sobbing relatives and mysterious sounds from behind screens must always be bad. "Imagine the psychological effect," says the writer, "of all this upon a nervous individual fighting for his own life and health in a nearby bed—nothing could be more cruel, more unnecessary, or worse, medically, than to subject him to such an ordeal."

The remedy for this is held to be the provision in every hospital of one or two small wards into which a patient about to die can be removed. It is sometimes urged, against this suggestion, that the act of transferring a patient to the ward for the dying might have a detrimental effect. The writer of the article does not agree with this view.

CONDITIONS referred to in this article are largely the outcome of lack of funds, a handicap from which all our hospitals are suffering. A suggestion of means that could be employed to remedy this situation is set out in our editorial on Page 10.

Operation Cases

THE second state of affairs which he considers requires urgent reform is the present practice of allowing patients who have been operated upon to come back to a general ward, there to go through the stage of recovery with attendant circumstances which must always be alarming to other patients, especially to those waiting their turn for operation on the same or succeeding day. How can a new patient pass a pleasant night after the ordeal of seeing his neighbor profoundly ill with perhaps haemorrhage and almost certainly vomiting?

To remedy this it is recommended that recovery rooms be provided where patients can be nursed until the disagreeable effects of the anaesthetic and operation have passed off.

Other reforms are also advocated, such as the provision of a dining-room and some sort of recreation-room for patients who are up and about. A convalescent home where patients can be transferred within quite a short period after operation or after an acute illness for a continuation of their treatment in country surroundings is also described as a necessary feature for all hospitals.

At present many so-called convalescent homes are merely boarding establishments with so many restrictions that convalescence has to be almost over before a patient is considered fit to be admitted.

Jeanette's Jumper

The attractive girl on our front cover this week, sketched by our artist, Boothroyd, is wearing a jumper that will appeal to all.

The design was sent to us by air mail from London, and the front shows a delicate tracery of line and a unique cowl neck. Gerda, our knitting expert, is compiling the directions, which will be published on our knitting page next week.

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Let's Talk Of

INTERESTING PEOPLE . . .

—Spencer Shier.

CHILDREN HER WORK

MRS. G. J. COLES' is the charming wife of the newly-elected president of the Rotary Club in Victoria. With four young children of her own, Mrs. Coles makes children's institutions her main interest. She is on the committee of Melbourne District Nursing Society, a member of the Toorak auxiliary of the Mission of St. James and St. John Babies' Homes, and has helped to raise funds for various kindergartens.

Mrs. Coles has made lovely gardens at her home in Toorak and her country house at Macedon, the flowers from which she often sells for charity.

FINNISH PRESIDENT

ILMI HALLSTEN has been President of the Finnish Women's Association for the past twenty years and is widely known as one of the ablest women in Finland.

The association of which she is head was founded fifty years ago, its ideals, as expressed in its constitution, being, "to work for women's moral and intellectual development as well as the amelioration of their position in economic and social life." The association has been a powerful force in the women's movement in Finland and was instrumental in founding the National Council of Finland, with which it is now affiliated.

—Broothorn.

DISTINGUISHED CAREER

MRS. A. C. D. RIVETT, wife of Dr. Rivett, who has been invited to take the newly-created post of salaried vice-chancellor of Melbourne University, has been able to take a deal of practical interest in her husband's career. She is a graduate of Melbourne University, where she studied science and won her diploma of education. She did research work in chemistry with Prof. Nernst in Berlin and Sir William Ramsay at London University. She is a member of the Victorian Women Graduates' Association. She has two sons, one of them a prefect at Wesley College, his father's old school.

Mrs. Rivett is one of the daughters of the late Alfred Deakin, Australia's second Prime Minister. The other daughters are Mrs. Herbert Brookes and Mrs. T. W. White, wife of the Minister for Customs.

JUDY KELLY *Blazes* the TRAIL *for* SISTER BETTY

Another Australian Girl Seeks Fame and Fortune Abroad

JUDY KELLY, the young Australian girl whose name is already well-known in the film world abroad, has had such encouraging success that her sister Betty is now en route to England to join her. She, too, hopes to do something big in filmdom.

Betty will have the advantage of sister Judy's help and experience, and she has been assured of an opportunity to begin her career in one of the well-known studios.

MISS BETTY KELLY, when interviewed on board the "Barrabool" at Fremantle by a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, said that her decision to go abroad was made on the advice of her sister, Judy, who wrote stating she could practically assure her a start in one of the well-known studios.

Although only 18 years of age, Betty Kelly, who comes from the Riverina district, N.S.W., has an engaging personality, and bears a striking resemblance to her sister, who is two years her senior.

"I am going to do all in my power to be successful!" she said, "and although I have had no stage experience, I think I have the ability. The family is of the same opinion, so there is no reason why I should not do as well as Judy. It will probably be a big struggle at the start, but I am keen on hard work, except cooking!"

Miss Kelly said she had lived in the country all her life, and, beyond a course of education at school, had not been trained in any way for the future work, although it had been her lifelong ambition to be an actress.

She is fond of all outdoor sport, especially riding, sculling, rowing, and tennis.

* * *

SPEAKING of her sister, Miss Kelly said she had not seen any of her pictures. Her sister has achieved outstanding success in "Henry VIII.," "Catherine the Great," and "Black Abbott."

In her latest picture, "Behind the Mask," she is the only woman in the cast.

Miss Betty Kelly is travelling with her brother, who has followed the vocation of a farmer in the Riverina district.

ABOVE: Judy Kelly as she is today, a successful product of the modern film world.

THERE is a striking resemblance between Judy (on left) and her sister Betty (right), who is now en route to England to enter a well-known studio.

In the News

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative In Europe

JUDY KELLY is in the news as one of the "Poor Little Rich Girls of Filmland." She is quoted as being one of the "starlets" who have to spend enormous sums on keeping themselves before the public eye, well-groomed, expensively dressed, and at fashionable gatherings.

To ask Judy's opinion of this, I went to tea with her in her very modern new flat overlooking Hyde Park.

I suppose there is little necessity for introducing Judy Kelly to any Australians. She is the 20-year-old Sydney girl who came over a little more than a year ago, and is already near the top of British screendom.

She has the round, childish, and beautifully proportioned face which seems the special gift of many Australian film stars.

Both Merle Oberon and Carol Coombe give this wholesome youthful impression.

Judy, however, has spent hours massaging and patting as she longs for a "dramatic" appearance. In fact, her ambition is to be a great tragedienne, and, lackaday, she is always cast in light comedy roles.

No wonder, for Judy sparkles with humor, whatever her secret tragic dreams. She has rusty hair which is the shade unprocurable by dyes and a very attractive warm-colored complexion, with the usual lissome, well-knit body of the typical Australian girl.

* * *

WHEN talking of this Judy gave a piece of commonsense advice . . .

"I used to do a lot of ballet dancing in Sydney, and when I got over here I found that the over-developed thigh and calf muscles were a great drawback, and no clothes looked well. I had to take weeks of treatment and massage to get rid of these bulges which gradually relaxed, and have almost disappeared now.

"Tennis develops the wrong muscles, too; at least, the wrong muscles for screen beauty. Swimming seems to be the least unsightly, but even swimming is apt to make shoulders too broad."

* * *

TALKING about her various parts in recent films, Miss Kelly told me how she was cast as a girl from Berwick markets, and, never having heard of Berwick markets, spent several days among the market girls to get the right accent.

Eating is a game FOR THEM

Children have fun when they have Rice Bubbles. For they love to hear those toasted bubbles of rice crackle in cold milk or cream.

And Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are good for children because they are nourishing and easy to digest. Splendid for breakfast. Particularly good for the evening meal because they invite restful sleep. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Bubbles by name.

Sealed inside in the WAXTITE bag

Kellogg's

RICE BUBBLES

Made in Australia by
KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY., LTD., Sydney

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IT'S *the* GIRLS *who Make* the REGATTA

Saturday's Festival of Youth Thrills Thousands

So greatly has the G.P.S. regatta increased in popularity since its inception that last year it was even considered holding it in future on the Nepean, so that much of the hue and cry accompanying it on the Parramatta might be avoided.

A committee formed from members of the G.P.S. Council has, however, vetoed this idea, which would have been very expensive to carry through, and this Saturday once more, amid showers of rain (unless the weather, unlike the committee, changes its arrangements), thousands of barrackers on shore and on the river will cheer themselves hoarse, and everybody nearly deaf, on the same old Parramatta.

SOME of the reasons why so many schoolboys have been eating beefsteak lunches, and cutting out all "smokes" for the past four months. The boys may do the racing, but it is the girls who make it a function.

THE change to the Nepean was desired by many, not because it is a better river, but because the boat race, essentially merely a schoolboys' contest, has grown to such dimensions through the presence of "barrackers" that it was feared that the boys might be harmed.

There is a diversity of entertainment for our readers and for listeners-in to station 2UW. *Turn to page 6 of "The Home Maker" for full details of the "Highlights of 2UW Programmes."*

There was a tendency, it was felt, for boys to overtrain with harmful effects, to stay at school longer than they need so as to continue in their crew, and to get swollen head from inadvised praise and notice.

Not only do schoolgirl sisters and sweethearts follow the race to-day, but crowds and crowds of people seem just to go because everybody else is going.

It is, in fact, not a sort of schoolgirls' race meeting, but a general outing, like the Show (whose huge crowds are by no means only those interested in the country), for all.

* * *

THERE is no doubt that, although it is said the boys do not harm themselves in the slightest, they train most rigorously.

For about five months they have assembled together, to get brains and muscles working in perfect co-ordination.

Three good square meals have been eaten daily, with no plum duffs, and no cigarettes. All parties have been cut out for three weeks past. Boys have been going straight from school into camp at the boatsheds. There, after a row, they return to a cold shower, a rub down with liniment to close their heated pores, and prevent a chill, to do their homework at their camp, go to bed at nine, and rise again at six.

But the practice of staying on at school for boatrace purposes until long past leaving age seems to have been put by. This year the ages of crews range from about 15-18, with the average age sixteen or seventeen.

* * *

THE wild thrills and subsequent repentances of theatre nights of the past, where cafes would perhaps become the centre of great upheavals after supper, are also in the limbo.

Everyone's energy is still the same—and even greater—but it is dissipated in large regatta balls.

Elated youths and maidens this year will disport themselves at David Jones, where the G.P.S. Council is holding a ball, at the Blaxland Galleries, where the women's auxiliary of Grammar is entertaining, and at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital's regatta ball at Nock and Kirby's.

Mr. L. C. Robson, headmaster and coach of Shore, says he hopes their patched-up boat will be as good as new.

Joey's does most of its training on a little creek of its own near Hunter's Hill, so its form is not really ascertained, but, as it won last year, and has the same very excellent coach, it offers to its opponents alarming possibilities.

She'll try any perfume or powder once—no matter how expensive! Her dressing table is crowded with costly jars and bottles. Anything and everything for her *face!* But not a second for her *smile.*

A lovely smile—a smile that reveals sparkling, white, sound teeth—is one of the greatest attractions a woman can have! But beautiful healthy teeth are dependent on firm, healthy gums.

Ever notice a touch of "pink" on your tooth brush? It means your gums are soft and touchy. They're *bleeding!* Ever since you were in the cradle, you've eaten soft, creamy foods, your gums have never had proper stimulation. With every year they have become more inactive and more tender. Even now you may have "pink tooth brush."*

Clean your teeth with Ipana. But every time, put a little extra Ipana on your fingertip or brush and rub it right into those tender gums of yours. Ipana tones the gums and quickly brings them back to their original hardness.

Once your gums are firm again, your teeth will have the sparkle they used to have. Continue to use Ipana with massage—and you can forget "pink tooth brush."*

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

1/-, OR IN A SUPER SIZE 2/-, AT ALL CHEMISTS

*"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" comes from gums that bleed easily, leaving a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush when you clean your teeth. This is nature's warning that your gums are soft and tender . . . that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea, may be on the way. "Pink tooth brush" means that your teeth and gums need Ipana and massage. Now! Before it's too late.

EUROPEAN LIFE *Too Fast* for OUR GIRLS?

What is the reaction of fast European life on girls accustomed to the healthy outdoors of Australia and New Zealand?

The recent deaths of two New Zealand girls, in entirely different circumstances, has drawn attention to this question.

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

FIRST, there was the suicide of Miss Macgrath, the young New Zealand actress, who wrote her experiences while dying. There was nothing melodramatic or self-pitying about this document. It was pathetically matter-of-fact and modernly free of sentiment. One gathered that a tangled love affair was more than she could stand, and she felt herself incapable of coping with complications any longer.

A few days later came the news of the death of beautiful Vivian Philcox, who came from New Zealand a few years ago and was getting on well in cabaret and on the London stage. Then came the bogy of putting on weight, drastic slimming, poisoning, and a mysterious death. Miss Philcox specialised in Maori dances, and was already becoming well known.

The question arises of the reaction of European life on girls from the "backblocks" of Western civilisation. In the country homes especially one might be in another world from the graft and limelight of the London theatrical world.

A girl brought up in conventional, often religious and somewhat narrow home-life, might easily be thrown off her balance by the constant strain of wire-pulling and jealousy which constitutes "getting on" on this side.

Pandering to influential people, paying out to publicity agents, straining for limelight, struggling for attention from the Press, paying out, paying out ceaselessly—and earning little during the long struggle.

A girl brought up in the intrigue and complications of London life takes all this as a matter of course.

But all this takes years to learn. A girl straight from well-fed homes where mother's home-made cakes, butter, cream, and vegetables are taken for granted, comes to Bayswater or Bloomsbury and lives on tinned baked beans and Chinese eggs.

Religious Instruction By Correspondence

Thousands of children in Queensland have never had any religious instruction whatever, they have never had a Bible lesson in their own homes, and they have never been to Sunday school.

THIS does not necessarily mean that parents are unbelievers or antagonistic to religious instruction—in some cases it is just a case of drifting, and in others the district is not served by a minister.

Many children in remote districts have never heard a story from the Bible.

But through the hard and unremitting toil of Mrs. L. H. Smith (country correspondence Sunday Schools' superintendent), a drive is to be made in all country centres through the Department of Education and its correspondence course to spread the word of God in the same way as education is effected by post.

The correspondence course of education last year was highly successful, a greater percentage of the pupils taking advantage of the course passing examinations than that of the schools personally served by officers of the Department of Education.

Prizes will be given each year for scriptural knowledge gained through the correspondence course of religious instruction. The lessons have been planned with care, and are not to be too complicated or boring, and the organiser is very hopeful of a great success.

The Women's Association of the Congregational Union is to help with the campaign.

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It was a man's voice, a man's hand. She knew she was saved and that the man was Anthony.

To Be LOVED

COMPLETE Short STORY

Illustrated by Wynne W. - DAVIES -

By PEARL WORLING

IT seemed to Grace Woodman wearily that it had been a lifetime since she had first met Anthony, that burly dynamic Australian whom she had finally loved and married. How impossible it would have been for her as she lay there on a hospital bed, with the frizzy soft small head of her new-born daughter within the circle of her limp arm, to feel as she had felt then, alive and tingling bodily, and intellectually, to the stimulus of cold weather, and of people who came into long rooms from frozen streets outside. People who brought in with the cold air the electricity of their assurance about books and paintings, who had opinions and could talk about them brilliantly through cigarette smoke and the fragrance of orchids, and the alert dip and rise of more voices beyond. It could not be possible now that she looked back on it that she had been deprived of England for seven years.

She had no strength at all for any outward emotion, but there was searing anguish in the thought that the fire which had destroyed her home and wounded her husband, had wilfully killed that wee scrap of human life—her precious five-year-old son, John.

On the night of the fire when Anthony had gone to release the horses from their seething stables, she had done her best to save her child. She had gathered him in her arms, praying that her husband would come and release them from that screaming valley of fiery desolation. There had been a weird, whistling sound. Then a crash directly overhead like the thunder of locomotives run wild across the house. The wall was rent apart, and an avalanche of bricks shot out and struck her heavy blows across the back and chest.

Before she had stumbled into an unconscious heap; before Anthony had reached her, John had slipped limply from her arms, and she had known then that he was dead.

Perhaps if her husband could come creeping around the screen to comfort her with his big hand for her hand, and his wide love for the wee new thing she had produced, there would have been release in this recreated and persistent unchanged loathing of pioneering in Australia. If this new child had been a son she was certain she would have had an ally and a reinforcement in this hatred of hers for those flat, once-cultivated acres which were her husband's, as only a land can be which a man has created for himself.

Another son, with a chin shaped by generations of land-defying ancestors, would have strengthened her defiance, because she had hoped to take him back to the country she had hungered for all the blazing weary summers of seven years.

It could not really be eight years since she had been Grace Lawrence, assistant-editor of a well-read sporting magazine—a tall dark-haired girl, vivid with the opinions shared by all her group. She saw herself striding down Eleventh Street that crisp December evening, when Gerry, her brother and his friend, a violinist, first took her to Mrs. Theodore Woodman.

She had glowed before the fire in Mrs. Woodman's drawing room, where any night you could find coffee and cigarettes, and old friends, and new celebrities emerging from the leaping shadows; and high discussion of everything that was new, and advanced, and significant.

IT was there that Theodore Woodman summoned his nephew, Anthony, especially to meet her.

"My dear boy!" Theodore had said, with his eyeglass held in his long, suave hand, "if this charming young lady whose family I have known for many years, is unable to dissociate your thoughts from that uncivilised and cannibalistic Australia, I have very little hope for your future advancement."

Towering above her, his fair hair shining in the soft light, stood Anthony Woodman. His eyes were on hers with something dynamic and eager already in their look. If she had been able to turn away her glance from his glance—if she had been able to turn away.

But she had not been able. Something of that vividness had leapt to her and had held, and afterwards when she was putting on her coat he had moved towards her down the room, as if he recognised a right. She had been certain that he would. It had seemed to her sitting in the car beside him on her way home, that this man of a strange country, who had been silent through all the talk at Theodore Woodman's had a strange eloquence in him.

It was as if this compact, tall man with his lowered voice and his good laughter were the moment, the event even to which all this gathering of her own forces had led. She could not have guessed that he could be like this—the uniqueness of his look and gesture, his inflections, the strength of his arm as he helped her from the car to her own vestibule, and did not release her again for several minutes.

Yet now that he had come from nothingness to stand out of the snow by her own door with that understanding look bent searchingly upon her, which captured and compelled at the same time she could not understand why she had not anticipated him always.

Afterwards, she had learned from Mrs. Theodore Woodman much about him. Of his boyhood in South America. Of his love for his dead mother. His restless young manhood spent in college in London, and then, as a man, never fully satisfied with the places other people liked, but roving—Mexico, Cuba, Florida. Yet not at all as an adventurer so much as a man looking for a place that was his. Australia always on his lips—the land he had heard much about, and wanted for himself.

It was as if in the weeks that followed she were being slowly turned to that steady vibrance in him. The two months he spent in London were a series of vivid backgrounds for their discovery of each other. Lunches, teas, and dinners in casual restaurants; inconspicuous corners in Theodore Woodman's drawing-room, and an endless sequence of frozen avenues and parks.

When he went away to Australia she felt that she could not endure it if he were not to return in the following year as he said he would. After that his letters began, revealing his character more plainly than she had previously discovered, his individuality, his ideas, his world. She read his letters with soft, understanding interest. He always wrote about his work, clearing land, building a house, planning his future in that place which was so unreal to her.

By this time she realised that marrying him meant giving up her work and practically all her friends, including her country. Then when he wrote asking her to marry him, in a letter that seared her as a flame, she smiled at the idea that she was giving up anything at all to do so.

In the summer he returned to England, and, after the first dazzling month of their marriage he had taken her to Australia to a weatherboard house on high stone stilts in the middle of a field lined by grapevines, and practically ringed around by pines and gums, which he loved, and actually refused to cut down.

Yes, she was sure it was a lifetime she had spent under the blazing brilliant sky whose rays bent down on her when she tried to walk in the long afternoons, impatient at the suave unnatural air that welched upon her eyelids, making her wiry fibre grow lax in spite of her own protest. She hated the seasons that blended smoothly one into the other. The drumming rain. The warm Christmas, and even the yellow wattle and the wildflowers that grew among the rocks on the mountainous hills.

Try as she would she could not get used to any of it, especially to the aboriginal women in her kitchen—the color of their skins; their black, indifferent eyes; their crooning voices around the house; their slow, careless movements; their easy-going laughter.

One night, after a rainstorm, she drove with Anthony to the colored quarters by the river to take home a girl who had done washing for her. The fire-lighted camps in the dimming darkness had frightened her, and although they had not ventured within a hundred yards of the camp she had seen the half-naked shadows moving beyond.

She was not the woman to be terrorised by her own imaginations, but she insisted to Anthony that she could simply never grow used to the blacks and the rabbits, the kangaroos, and the possums.

In the first year or two, when Anthony was struggling with his vineyard, and the lumpy, harsh soil which had cut into her shoes as she ventured to meet him down the rows of uncertain young vines, it seemed to her there were hundreds and thousands of rabbits, scuttling, cunning things of grey and black and white staring at her out of holes with their sharp eyes, slinking away from her on the tips of their long-nailed toes.

Of an evening when she walked with Anthony in the twilight that was no twilight at all, but only an immense moment of sunset before the smoke-pearl veil of evening, huge kangaroos paused momentarily to stare with malignant accusing eyes before thumping off to hide in a profusion of high weeds and trees. And the kookaburras, with their hard, mirthless laughter, and the caterpillars coming to pinch off the tender shoots of seedling trees and vines. Nipping clean to the ground the cultivated western flowers she tried vaguely to induce to grow, destroying, it seemed to her, with the same intensity of the sun everything that was not ceaselessly sheltered.

Her dislike ran parallel to her devotion to her husband and to her baby. It grew articulate just in proportion as that other passion deepened and steadied.

"This might be a good country for cows, horses, and men!" she insisted often to her husband's delighted laughter, "but it is certainly bad for women!"

But Anthony never did seem to mind if she did not share his enthusiasm, so long as she was there when he wanted her—sewing on the front verandah, or idling in her hammock, or moving down the verandah to meet him with her baby in her arms when he came back from his hard day's work among the vines.

He seemed to even enjoy mischievously her unabated hostility to this land which he had made his.

Year by year she watched his seedlings grow into glossy, healthy vines extending their straight ranks for acres laden with luscious purple fruit. Anthony and their small, eager little son, with sun-gold skin, would come to her with arms burdened down with them. Still, she loathed the very sight of it all. Yet, somehow, green deepened about the house, and flowering vines overran it with shade and color. Somehow there were money and conveniences.

Her son was infinitely at home here, friendly with the black people whose speech he soon learned to share.

SOMEHOW, year by year, even the hordes of rabbits dwindled and grew scarce, only emerging by ones and twos. And the caterpillar plagues were less frequent. In spite of all that, in spite of the changes her husband wrought by the very depths and doggedness of his satisfaction in the country, to her the land was still strange under its brilliance. She still fought it bitterly.

But Anthony did not seem to care. His friends were the seamy-faced men who had first experimented with raising grapes in virgin soil, pioneering even before the railroads were built. They were men who had come to Australia to work on the great wide acres which strode deliberately from mountain base to mountain base.

They had known the country in the roaring gold lust days. They had not worried because they had seen no great plays of the cities, or any artist recording the great skies they loved, and were not concerned about meeting the celebrities of other places who came down in the season. The men who were Anthony's friends did not necessarily know anything about books, art, or music at all, but he spent hours on end with them droning away in the hot sun on a paintless doorstep, or standing in the deep shadows of the trees swapping ideas about the earth itself—about Australia.

The sun had lain its hand on them and their sons so that they could never get away, but take root, staking out homesteads, experimenting with sheep, cattle, and oranges, growing bronzed and rich in knowledge of the ways of the crumbly soil that was like nothing else anywhere. For it was their deeply-felt contention that progress was possible in a land only after its people had learned to love it, and were not ashamed. It would never progress on culture and beauty picked up from older worlds.

"The people are just learning to love their country," Anthony would say, rising to pace the long verandah in the soft dark. "What they call modern civilisation has to flower from local earth deep-rooted; has to be colored by the very nature of local trees gleaming and flaring to beloved blossoms. The greatest men of the world love their country—poets, artists, philosophers, and aviators—and so make their country more worthy of being loved. What men do and say for their country are the stepping stones to whatever civilisation the country is capable of rising to. That, more than anything, is what Australia needs. To be loved.

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WHIDDON Repeats Free Share Offer!

£1000 Cash to be Won

Last week's Lottery sensation — the offer of Mr. W. H. Whiddon, former Director of State Lotteries, to apply for Lottery Shares free of cost to readers, was so popular that the offer has been repeated.

MR. WHIDDON was amazed at the wonderful response of readers anxious to help the hospitals and charities through the Golden Chest. He showed his practical appreciation by offering to apply for more shares, free of cost to readers, for those who wish to help him with the Golden Chest, and who authorise him to do so. This special offer of Mr. Whiddon's is only available to those readers who complete the coupon in this article, and send it to him with a Postal Note for 1/-, and a 2d. stamp and an addressed envelope.

For their 1/- they will receive a ticket in the Golden Chest, which can win a prize valued at £4000, and also a fifth share in a State Lottery Ticket, which can win a prize valued at £1000. It gives an unusual opportunity to win cash quickly—prizes valued at £5000 can be won for only 1/-.

As only a limited number of these special offers (one-fifth shares and Golden Chest tickets) are available, Mr. Whiddon urges readers to reply quickly. Only one free share will be given to each household, and application must be made by post with the coupon. Readers who have not already applied should do so to-day.

Mr. Whiddon, photographed while paying out cash prizes won by his shareholders. Hundreds of pounds are paid out every week to lucky people who share his lottery wins.

DON'T DELAY — POST TO-DAY
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Whiddon's Lucky Lottery Shares
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Honorary Director The Golden Chest,
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Please send me your Special Fifth Share in a State Lottery Ticket, and also a Golden Chest Ticket, as arranged. I understand these can win prizes valued at £5000, and enclose Postal Note for 1/-, with a 2d. stamp and addressed envelope. I will be glad to help you help the hospital.

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Wife of an Hotel Man

To many women who spend their lives cooking meals, mending clothes, washing dishes and dusting and sweeping, the life of a swanky hotel manager's wife must seem like the criterion of all bliss. In Sinclair Lewis's new book, "Work of Art," the author presents a woman in just such a position. . . and, believe it or not, she is unhappy.

HOWEVER, Effie May Weagle, wife of the ambitious, hard-working Myron Weagle, who has self-made himself from boot boy in his father's country pub to vice-president of one of America's largest chain of hotels, is not the sort of woman who could make the best use of leisure.

Brought up as the Cinderella of a large country family, she does not quite know what to do with herself when she marries Myron and finds everything done for her.

* * *

THE story of Effie May, however, serves only as a background to the story of Myron, her husband, whose career the reader follows from the time when Myron was a slip of a lad. Do not let the fact that the book is about American people put you off reading it. The American background is not splashed on, and the story is true to life with characters sincerely and faithfully drawn as only a master-writer like Sinclair Lewis can draw them.

The title, "Work of Art," is intended to suggest that the running of a big hotel is just as much a work of art as the painting of a picture or the writing of a book. In fact, Sinclair Lewis points a moral in this novel, and suggests that there are many people who know nothing of the four arts who are better artists, in the real meaning of the word, than half the amateurs who call themselves artists.

Myron has a brother, Ora, who is one of these amateurs. He is a writer and an artist. One of the many who is misunderstood by this hard, mercenary world. Needless to say he does not do well, until he becomes a minor crook, but he never ceases to sneer at his brother who has made a success of hotel-keeping.

Clever Touches

THERE are many clever touches in the book which prove the author to be a great psychologist. For instance, when Myron goes back to his birthplace, Black Thread, after climbing nearly to the top of the tree, he does not tell his father and mother he is coming.

The mother's first cry when she sees Myron is, "Why, my boy, has anything gone wrong?" And the father says, after the greetings are over, "Well, boy, now you're here you better strip off your coat and help. Maybe you might start painting the office for me!"

Myron decides later that he has not done enough for the old people, so he rebuilds the old "pub," where he was born, and where he received his grounding in hotel work from his father and arranges things so that Mr. and Mrs. Weagle, senior, will not have to do any work at all. Poor Myron means to do them a good turn, but the leisure he wins for them is useless. They do not know how to spend their time, the father becomes a drunkard, and the mother grows fat, lazy, and miserable.

Myron gradually learns that success is a much-overrated quantity. As far as he is concerned, he finds that the more he earns, the greater are his responsibilities and the harder does he have to work. He has no time to be either happy or unhappy. On the other hand, his father and mother, and Effie May, his wife, thanks to himself, have too much time in which to be unhappy.

Secretly he admires and envies Ora, his brother, who never takes life seriously, never sticks at anything, but who always seems to enjoy himself.

If it were not for the fact that the author lets the reader in on the secret that this is just a pose, one might get the impression that Ora is best off, in spite of his irresponsibility.

True Art

MYRON, being a real artist, has an ideal which keeps him going when things are at their worst. He has always wanted to create the perfect hotel. Like most men who have got on, he owes his success to some other man who has had faith in him. In this case, it is Mark Elphinstone, president of the chain of hotels, which Myron eventually manages. But when Elphinstone dies suddenly, Myron gets pushed out—another little twist of fate which is very true to life.

He is too good a man, however, to let this worry him. Other organisations are anxious to use him, and he continues to hold down important jobs until he has accumulated enough money to build his perfect hotel, which he does at Black Thread, with a view to gaining motor tourist business.

On the opening night a murder and suicide affair takes place in one of the new bedrooms, and the perfect hotel starts its career with a very imperfect reputation. Myron sticks to it, however, and gradually builds up the business, which he finally sells, being thoroughly disillusioned with everything.

While all this has been happening, Effie May has had a son, who has grown up into a young man who looks as though he is going to take life seriously. And so just when Myron is tired of it all his son is beginning to get enthusiastic with the happy ending that the father finds new life and new hope in the future.

"Work of Art." Sinclair Lewis. 7/6, Jonathan Cape. (Our copy Dymock's.)

SKATING WAITERS at St. Moritz, Switzerland. Myron Weagle, the hero of the book reviewed on this page started as a waiter, and learnt everything about the hotel business.

HOST HOLBROOK says: "When appetite's in sorry plight Malbrooks' fance will put it right." The World's Appetiser.***

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"Tiraloo." Dim Pares. An interesting story of the newspaper industry, in which Tiraloo, daughter of Tiral Teque, is the heroine. After leaving school the girl takes to cocktail drinking, and indulges in a number of wild escapades. After a time she finds the life of excitement not satisfying, and becomes a shorthand writer and typist, and finds employment in a Talkie News Reel Company, where she is employed in writing sensational stuff for the public. When she finds that her employers are the slaves of money and political wire-pullers, she turns them down and is left with nothing but her ideals. (Grayson and Grayson. 7/6.)

"Twilight Men." Andre Tellier. Armand Birongé, the son of a roue and a degenerate, the Comte de Rasbon, grew up, to the disgust of his father, thoroughly effeminate, although men and women were attracted to him. His father offered the beautiful Madame Dodon an expensive diamond necklace if she would seduce him to the common ways of love, but even though she fell violently in love with him, he remained proof against her affection. Distress after a lot of travelling drove him to drugs, with destruction as the ultimate end. The characters in this novel, which is not well written, are seen against a strange, unreal background. (Werner Laurie. 10/6.)

"Life Goes On." Bliss Russell. A young girl named Gay lived on an allowance from her parents in a Women's Club in London, and occasionally found employment as a dancer. At a dance she met Nicholas Fairways who, after three weeks' persistence, seduced her. They lived together as man and wife, until Gay found that she was to have a baby. Nicholas then sent her to Paris to undergo an operation, and took another mistress. When Gay recovered she made a good marriage, and although Nicholas appeared on the scene again, she turned a deaf ear to his blandishments. (John Long. 7/6.)

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A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

What will be the outcome of Toni and Christine's engagement. Both of them take every opportunity of avoiding one another; Toni seeking solace in Jenny's company and Christine secretly visiting her husband.

. . By . .
MONICA EWER

Illustrated by WEP

THE CHARACTERS:

JENNY FOSTER, the 19-year-old heroine, is assistant in Cher Fleurette, a fashionable florist's. The shop is situated opposite the Odeon Theatre.

EVE FOSTER, Jenny's golden - haired sister, and her sweetheart, **MAURICE RANDALL**, have both secured parts in the "Golden Girl."

TED FOSTER, Jenny's brother, is a saxophone player, but too hot-tempered to keep his jobs. He is in love with **ANNE CARROLL**, another assistant in the flower shop. **Yvonne** and **Pamela** are the other two assistants.

MADAME FLEURETTE is the business-like owner of the shop. Jenny has an uneasy feeling about her.

CLIVE FREEMAN is a regular customer at the shop. He is a staid city man, but is now in love with Jenny.

TONI GERRARD, "The Prince of Good Fellows" . . . wealthy actor-producer at the Odeon, who has just returned from America to produce a new show, "Golden Girl." While at the florist's he meets Jenny, and can't get her out of his mind.

CHRISTINE BEAUMONT, one of his stars, a blonde, ravishing beauty, who wants to marry Toni. Her husband, however, whom she had given up for dead, returns and causes complications.

Unable to concentrate on his work at the theatre, Toni seeks the companionship of Jenny. They dine together and, although Toni opens his heart to her he tells her that they must never make the mistake of falling in love with each other.

At the same time Christine cannot resist the temptation to snatch a few hours' madness in the company of her husband, and she visits him at his dingy residence.

On Jenny's return to her home she receives a letter from her sister Eve, announcing that she and Maurice have gone to Brighton together, and expect to marry sometime later.

Horrified at her sister's action, Jenny invokes the assistance of Toni, and they rush by car to Brighton to try and save the erring sister.

Now read on—

If That Day Dawns

IF ever there should dawn a day
When I to thee am but a memory
Of all that is, and has been, pray
Do but one little service for me.

Go to the woodland by the heath,
Gather there rosemary and rue,
Twine it into a funeral wreath,
And send it as a gift from you.

For though I walk upon the earth
My feet have reached fame's topmost rung,
Without your love, I should be dead,
My life's last requiem would be sung.

For life to me has but one meaning,
And death is but a circumstance
Of your forgetting, or your heeding,
Life, aye, and Death, lie in your glance.

—S.S.

Jenny Strives to Save Eve

FALTERINGLY, she told him the story. He listened in sympathetic silence and then asked, "What do we do when we find them? Bring the prodigal home or give them the money to marry?"

"It depends. I'm going to ask Maurice what Yvonne meant first—and then, we'll see. Anyway, even if it were all right I don't see how they can get married all of a sudden like that. They'd need a special licence which none of us could afford."

"I could," he said softly. "I could give two ex-members of my company a wedding present of a marriage licence. Oh, Jenny, it's a great idea. Much better than fish knives."

"Yes," she said a little sadly.

"Cheer up, honey, it may be all quite all right. Yvonne is a bit of a fool if you ask me. . . . The kind that makes melodramas out of nothing."

"Yes."

"Jenny, I'm right. You'll see."

"I expect so. I hate interfering, only I suppose I must. I suppose," she said questioningly, "I must?"

"I'm afraid so, honey."

She sighed. "There's one consolation. Eve will be good. She doesn't make scenes."

"I'll bet she doesn't."

They found Fisher's Hotel down a rather shabby side-street that still retained something of a Georgian flavor, with little bow windows and ornamental fanlights over the front doors.

Jenny was careful whom she asked for. "Is Mr. Randall here?"

"Yes, miss," said a cheerful, indifferent girl behind the desk, "they're upstairs. No. 44. First floor. Will you go up?"

"Thank you."

Jenny and Toni mounted the dingy staircase and paused for a moment outside the door.

"I hate it, Toni."

"You're doing fine, honey," and he squeezed her hand reassuringly and knocked.

"Come in."

Maurice and Eve were having a belated breakfast. They looked round in amazement.

"Jenny—what are you doing here? And Mr. Gerrard?"

"Hello, Eve," he said pleasantly, "that's a nice way you two left my company."

Maurice Randall stood up and spoke deferentially. "Mr. Dixon said it would be all right, sir."

Toni looked at him tolerantly. "Tubby Dixon was a fool. I wouldn't have let you go, you dance too well."

"But that wasn't what brought you?" said Eve.

"No, I'm afraid not. Jenny will tell you. Perhaps I'd better——" Toni made a move to the door.

"Just a moment, please," said Jenny. "You know why I've come, Eve. You can't do this—at least not this way. Mum would never get over it. Besides, it's stupid."

"Why?" said Eve, defiantly.

"Well," Jenny looked at Maurice intently, "what's to prevent your getting married?"

"The price," he said.

"Is that all?" said Jenny.

"That's all."

"We're down as married in our contract," said Eve. "Bernstein seemed so fussed about it that we told him we were."

"All right. You shall get married. Mr. Gerrard will lend us the money. You shall get married if——"

"If what?"

"If Maurice will answer me one question."

"What question?" The young man's face had assumed a strange, set expression.

"I think it's better put in private. Eve, will you let me speak to Maurice alone? Will you let Mr. Gerrard take you out?"

"No. Anything that you may have to say to Maurice can be said while I'm here."

"Please, Eve."

"No."

Jenny paused for a moment to think. "Eve, I've never before asked you to anything for me—will you do just this one thing? If Maurice wishes it after he can tell you everything we have said. I give him full permission in advance."

"Come on, Eve," said Toni.

"No."

"Please, Eve," Toni pleaded, "let's go and put pennies in the machines on the pier. I've always wanted to do that and no one would ever let me."

Eve could not resist Toni. Few women could. She liked the idea of walking up the pier with him. "Promise," she said to her sister, "that you and Maurice will be here when I come back."

"I promise," said Jenny.

"All right, I'll go," and since Eve's ill-humor was always of the shortest possible duration, she now turned to Toni with a confidential smile and said, "We'll try the fortune-telling machines and that will probably dissolve all our doubts."

"Splendid. We'll go there first."

Eve smiled softly at the other two. "Bless you both," she said, and closed the door behind her.

Jenny faced the silent young man, but they waited to speak till the footsteps had died away.

"What do you want?" he said at last.

"I'm sorry to butt in like this," she said.

"Well, why did you? What's it about?"

"Do you know Yvonne Allen?"

He started and his face went white. "What has she said about me?"

"That doesn't matter." Jenny was bluffing. "What do you say?"

"What has she told you?" he said urgently. "What has she told you?"

"Never mind. I want your version, please."

The room was very quiet. Maurice Randall made a weary little gesture. "Eve tells me you make a virtue of tolerance."

"What of it?"

"You'll need it all now." He shrugged his shoulders despairingly. "I'll tell you."

"Fire ahead," said Jenny.

"Have a cigarette," said Maurice wearily. "It's rather a long yarn."

Jenny laid a hand impulsively on his arm. "I expect it will be all right," she said, reassuringly. For the first time she liked him.

He smiled back at her rather wanly. "You're a good sort, Jenny, but I don't see how it can be all right. I know the Irish," he said with apparent irrelevance.

"What do you mean?"

"Very informal in their manners, but very formal in their way of thought."

"How clever of you to find that out," she said in undisguised admiration.

HE smiled. "I'm not as stupid as I look, Jenny. I'll be a success some day if I can live down my past."

"Your past?"

"Yes. I'll try to tell you quickly—without making excuses—what's the use. You're only a girl. They find it easier to be good, I think."

"Perhaps," she said softly.

"It was four years ago. I was playing at Hallerton; it's a small town by the sea. I got to know Yvonne because she worked there at a tobacconist's. We were very friendly—nothing more——" His eyes grew thoughtful. "Honestly, nothing more on my side, though on hers, I don't know . . ."

Jenny remembered Yvonne's face. "I think she must have loved you, Maurice."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I got to know her comings and goings, and she was in charge of a nice little business." He paused.

Jenny looked steadily out of the window. She could not bear to see his strained, white face. His very voice seemed to hurt her. Why should she have the right to ask him to lay bare his soul? What did it matter what people had done in the dead past? If it had been for herself——

He gathered up fresh courage. "We played a week. We were to stay there two, when suddenly the manager disappeared—left us flat with no money. We were pretty desperate. Then I got a letter from a friend, who had no idea what had happened, telling me of an audition in London, being held by a man I knew and where I was almost sure I could get a job. But I had to go there at once, and I hadn't the fare." He stopped again.

"It's all right, Maurice," she said softly. "I'm trying to understand."

"I knew where Yvonne kept the money. I knew just when to take it. I did. If I'd got away she might have been blamed. That's what she never forgave me, and she was right. But I didn't get away. I got caught and in my fright I landed out at the policeman. I'm strong, you know, stronger than I look. I knocked two teeth down his throat. I got three months." He buried his face in his hands. "There it is, Jenny. Looks as if one mistake is enough to last you till you die."

There was silence in the little room. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked away industriously. A stuffed fish in a glass case looked at them coldly. The sea breeze stirred the lace curtains. Across the road Jenny could see Eve and Toni. They were laughing, counting their pennies. Then Eve shut her bag and they crossed to come back.

Please turn to Page 8

"Well," Jenny looked at Maurice intently, "what's to prevent your getting married?"

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A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 7

"THEY'RE coming, Maurice," said Jenny warningly. "If I were Eve I think I should understand but it's only fair that she should be told, isn't it? Something might crop up afterwards — you never know——"

"Yes," he said hopelessly. "She's very young," he added. "Very young and inexperienced. How could she understand?"

"She's in love, Maurice."

"That makes it worse. You thought I was pretty horrid, anyway, so that if I'd told you I'd committed murder you wouldn't have been surprised. But Eve thinks I'm wonderful, and I'm going to knock all her illusions sky high."

"Eve's only a kid," she said gently, with a hand on his arm, "but she's pretty strong for the people she cares about."

"Anyway, Jenny, you've been very good," he said brokenly.

Eve burst smiling into the room. "I've won fivepence off the machines," she said. "Have you two finished?"

"Yes. Now Mr. Gerrard and I are going out. I've had no breakfast," said Jenny. "I couldn't think why I felt so ill. Now I know. Meanwhile Maurice has something to tell you. We'll be back in about an hour." Jenny stood up and put her arm around her sister. "Eve, my lamb, you look too pretty for words." She held her for a second and kissed her impulsively.

Maurice watched the others cross the road. "Eve," he said slowly, "your sister's all right."

"Of course she is, silly. Who's denying it?"

"I have been—in the past—often. I didn't like her. I was wrong."

"All of which is leading up to?"

He swung round. "Kiss me, Eve," he said seriously. "It may be for the last time."

"Ere they lead you out to hang you."

He stopped her laughing lips and held her very close. "You remember I told you that some day I'd wake up from this lovely dream, Eve. Well, the waking's come and I'm taking it very hard. Now," he twisted her gently away from him, "turn your back to me, there, where I can't see your face. I'm going to tell you a very ugly story, and then we'll see if Tolerance is really your middle name."

"TONI, aren't you hungry?" asked Jenny, "or did Fletcher serve everything as usual from the grapefruit to the marmalade?"

They turned into the nearest big hotel. "I'll admit to coffee and toast. You're going to eat through the bill of fare, my Jenny."

"Lovely," she said.

The dining-room was nearly empty, and Toni ordered breakfast on a grand scale, while Jenny watched the sea and wondered anxiously what was happening to love's young dream a few streets away.

"Was it a very terrible tale?" asked Toni.

"No. Very pitiable."

"Do you think it will be all right?"

"Yes, I think so. She loves him very much."

He looked at her thoughtfully. "You think that's a help—even when a man's made a pretty fair ass of himself all round?"

"Yes."

"If you were Eve?"

"I shouldn't hesitate."

"Oh, Jenny dear——" And then the waiter arrived with coffee and toast and a wonderful dish of kidneys and bacon and sausages and mushrooms and tomatoes, so that whatever Toni had been going to say was lost.

"Oh, Toni, doesn't that look good?"

"It certainly requires our most serious attention."

After her first cup of coffee Jenny apologised again. "I feel frightful dragging you into all this."

"Jenny, dear, don't be silly. Didn't we drink once long ago—at least it seems long ago—to our friendship?"

"Yes, but then you didn't guess what it entailed!"

"I'm glad we made that pact. I've needed you a lot these days, my dear, and you've never let me down." He sighed. "I don't know why life seems to have grown so complicated all of a sudden—but there it is. I don't know why my Golden Girls this time seem merely gilded, but they do. The whole show rings false, even to its own standards. Oh, let's forget it for a day. What are you going to do next, Jenny, if Eve and Maurice fix things up?"

"I've thought that out. You're going to lend Maurice the money for the licence and I'm going to telephone Mum, giving her a suitable version of the whole episode. Then she can come down and stay with Eve till the wedding. Dad and I can manage at home."

"Do you know, Jenny, I feel terribly nervous on Maurice's behalf. I feel as if it were an omen."

"An omen?"

"For me. As if somehow——" He stopped.

"Somehow, Toni?"

"Somehow, some day, I, too, might want to test your tolerance, Jenny dear. I'd like to know the family supply is in good working order."

"Why, Toni, how could you ever need it?"

"I don't know, Jenny. It's just a feeling."

"I promise you shall have it, Toni," she said.

She smiled indulgently across at him. "You'd have to do something pretty frightful to find disfavor in my eyes. I like you perhaps more than I should."

"More! Impossible. And there's no should about it."

"Ah, but there is—you don't know——"

"What?"

"You see," she said slowly, "we're both going to marry other people."

CHAPTER VIII.

TONI gasped. "Both! What do you mean?"

"It's a secret. We've had quite a lot of secrets, haven't we, Toni?"

"What?"

"Yesterday, I promised to marry Clive Freeman."

A BACHELOR'S PHILOSOPHY

● *The average woman is always shy when you ask her age, usually about ten years shy.*

Toni was outraged. "And who the hell is Clive Freeman?"

"You don't know him. He's very nice."

For a moment Toni was silent trying not to say all the bitter things that rose to his mind. He wanted to be wildly unreasonable. He conquered himself. He wanted to scold her. He checked the impulse. He felt that she had been disloyal, and knew that he was absurd.

"And what are honest Clive Freeman's prospects?" he asked.

"Oh, very good."

"A bright lad?"

"Yes," she said, a little doubtfully.

"Damn it, Jenny, tell me something about the fellow?"

"I can't," she whispered. "You wouldn't understand."

"Why not, Jenny? I'm in love, too."

"Are you?" she asked.

"Of course I am. So tell me——"

"There's nothing to tell."

He pressed his lips hard together, put his elbows on the table, and said stiffly, "I can't pretend to be awfully pleased, but I hope you'll be happy." Then he buried his face in his hands and said, "Oh, Jenny!"

"What is it, dear?"

"You promised to be kind, and now you've left me so—alone."

"No. You have Christine."

"Lovely Christine. That's different."

"I don't see it."

"Oh, everything I feel for her—never mind. I can't explain. You—you love this Clive person?"

"Well, why do you think I've promised to marry him?" she said evasively.

"God knows. People marry for all sorts of strange reasons—love is only one of many. Oh, Jenny Wren——"

It was a heart-broken little cry—almost as if he knew that he was losing the champion of his happiness.

She put her hand over his. "Toni, aren't you being greedy?"

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WHEN I WAS A CASTAWAY

What a Wreck the Wreck Made of Me!

"Have you ever been wrecked, Uncle?" "Yes, my love; many a time. I was a boatswain (from 'boat,' meaning a boat, and 'swain,' which is English for pigs. Pronounced 'boozin'.")—on the 'Dying Dutchman,' when we were boarded by pirates. It was not the first time I had been boarded by pirates. I stayed in Victoria Street once and the food was rotten and they kept my luggage." "Get on with the wreck, Uncle."

Drying day on the island. A startling moment for the castaway, Mr. Lower.

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

WELL, the red blood of the skipper was running down the scuppers. And the fight was going very hot and strong, so I threw away my sword, and, diving overboard, I swam through starving sharks fifteen feet long.

And if that's not poetry I'll go away and die in some quite corner. When I landed on the strand there was not a helping hand to grab me from the ocean's hungry maw, but with feeling strictly moral I grabbed a bit of Coral (you can't keep this up); she was the loveliest girl I ever saw. Honor being satisfied we will now get on with the tale.

I awoke next day on the beach with the hot sun burning down on me. Above me palm trees suede. I immediately started to search the beach for Flotsam and Jetsam, two of the crew who might have escaped the general disorganisation occasioned by pirates. They were not to be found. There was a piano, an axe, and a pair of asparagus tongs, but not a drop of toothpaste was washed up.

By the way, if you want to find an easy way to get washing-up done, get wrecked.

About this time I discovered a footprint on the beach. This convinced me that there was someone else on the island with a foot. Carefully folding up the footprint, I wrapped it up in the piano and staggered into the jungle.

(Interval of about eight months.)

* * *

BY now I have a beard which makes the jungle look like a tennis court. I don't mean one of those suburban tennis courts. In the centre of the island was a spring. I was winding this up when a herd of hotstyle natives rowed up in their cataracts or sampans or saucepans or whatever the hell you call the things, and landed on the beach.

Hastily pulling my beard around me, I curled up and looked like a coconut.

I was discovered by one of the cannibals who turned out to be friendly. He told me that they had come to the island because the yam crop had fallen short in their home town.

I was left unmolested, and shortly afterwards the visitors went off, taking with them my asparagus tongs. It was then that I discovered the owner of the footprint. She was a small girl, so I gave her back her footprint and told her not to be so careless in future, and called her Satururday. Saturday being only a half day.

Strange how I was rescued. Years and years went by, and no sign of a sail. I was standing one day on the beach with my thirty-five children and Saturday when I sighted on the horizon a ship. I lit a beacon-fire and piled most of the jungle on it. I won't go into details. I was rescued.

But the worst was to come. On my arrival at my own country I was knocked back on the intelligence test.

They said, "Brothers and sisters have I none, but that man's father is my father's son. Who am I?"

And I said, "You are looking at a photo of your uncle."

So they wouldn't allow me to land.

Me! Me, that can trace his ancestors back to William Tell out of Should a Doctor Tell!

Anyhow, here I am, anchored outside the three-mile limit for life. But, happily, duty free.

CULBERTSON *on* CONTRACT BRIDGE *Hands!*

This is the thirteenth of a series of articles dealing with the elementary principles of bidding and play. In this series every necessary element of bidding and play will be discussed by Mr. Culbertson.

By Dr. F. V. McADAM

WE now come to the "Eleven rule," probably one of the most misunderstood and most misused articles of the bridge player's creed. Yet it is really a very simple rule to follow, and a wealth of valuable information can be gleaned from its correct usage.

Once understood, the rule is simplicity itself, and it owes its origin to the famous R. F. Foster, the G.O.M. of cards.

PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

All that is necessary is to subtract the value (or denomination) of the card lead from eleven. This figure will give the number of cards higher than the card led, **which are not** in the original leader's hand.

By inspection of dummy, and of one's own cards, it is now possible to say how many cards higher than the card led are in declarer's hand. This is the first and simplest deduction to be made from an opening lead of the fourth best card of a suit.

An intensive study of the examples given in this article, should enable any player to apply this rule of eleven advantageously to himself and his partner, and to the discomfort of his opponents.

Article XIII: By ELY CULBERTSON

The Rule of Eleven

ASIDE on the defence lacks all the information which is possessed by Declarer. The Declarer, seeing his own hand and the Dummy, has control over twenty-six cards. Each player on the defence, however, has information only regarding his own thirteen, plus whatever he may have learned from the bidding. Therefore, it is necessary for the defence to exchange as much information as possible and tell each other as much as they can about the structure of their respective hands.

For this reason it is inadvisable for partners to lie to each other. Every play a defending player makes must be calculated to give his partner as much information as he can about his hand. Every lead and play, in other words, must have a definite meaning.

In the article on leads I showed how the various honor leads signified specific holdings. I also stated that when no honor lead was available and some attacking lead was necessary, a fourth-best card should be led. This fourth-best lead is designed to give partner an immediate count of the suit, and he obtains the count through applying the Rule of Eleven.

* * *

THE Rule of Eleven works in the following fashion: The Opening Leader's partner takes the denomination of the card which is led and subtracts it from 11.

Let us say that the Opening lead is a six-spot. Deducting this from 11, he obtains five. He now looks at the Dummy and his own hand to determine how many cards of that suit higher than the six are in sight.

Let us say that he himself holds the King and nine, and the Dummy holds the Queen and eight. This makes a total of four cards higher than the six which are in sight. He now takes this figure four and subtracts it from five—the result he has obtained from subtracting six from eleven; four from five makes one, and this one represents the number of cards higher than the six-spot held by the Declarer or Closed Hand.

The importance of the above formula can readily be appreciated. It enables Third Hand to play to a trick without being completely in the dark as to the location of the remaining cards of the suit. It is true that the formula can also be applied by Declarer, but this does not detract from its importance to the defence.

Take, for example, the following situation. The six-spot is opened, and you are sitting Third Hand with a holding of A 9 3. The Dummy goes down with the K 10 7, as per diagram below:

K 10 7

6 [ ] A 9 3

Declarer plays the seven on the six. What is the proper play? You subtract six from eleven, obtaining five. You now count the cards in your hand, and in the Dummy, higher than six. They add up to five. Subtracting five from five, you obtain zero, which means that the Declarer can hold no cards higher than the six-spot.

Consequently you play the nine, which holds the trick. The complete situation is as follows:

K 10 7

Q J 8 6 [ ] A 9 3

5 4 2

Take another case:

J 9 3

K 10 7 5 2 [ ] Q 8 6

A 4

THE Opening lead against a suit contract is the five-spot. You immediately note that there are two cards higher in Dummy and that you hold three cards higher yourself. Subtracting the denomination of the card led from eleven, you obtain six; and subtracting the total of higher cards held by you and the Dummy from six, you obtain one.

This means that the Declarer holds only one card higher than the five-spot. If Dummy plays the three on the five, what is your proper play? The answer is the six-spot, because Declarer is bound to hold either the Ace or the King, as partner could not possibly be underleading a combination of Ace-King against a suit contract.

It will be noticed that the blind playing of the Queen would enable the Declarer to take the Ace and lead a low one right back in order to establish the Knave in the Dummy. If the six is played, the Ace is forced out and the defence still retains complete command of the suit.

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An Editorial

APRIL 21, 1934

CHARITY, GAMBLING AND HUMBUG

THERE are savage animals which rend a disabled member of the pack.

That instinct is partly eradicated from human beings. But the vestiges of it that remain, like such physical vestiges as the appendix, are responsible for a lot of troubles.

We do not smite sick and injured and aged persons with savage clubs. But the kind of charity we mete out to the sick poor and the aged poor is often very cruel. Grievous wounds can be inflicted in the name of Charity on the self-respect and happiness of mind of afflicted ones.

Our present hospital system is absolutely wrong. Not the actual conduct of the individual hospitals, but the system of finance. It is called Charity. It should be called Humbug.

The theory is that the care of the sick comes into the category of the higher virtues and should not, therefore, be provided for out of the ordinary Government revenues. It is all right to use Government money for schools and warships and art galleries and parliaments and prisons. But not for the care of the sick. The fount of Charity should be encouraged to flow, and thereby demonstrate how deep are the wells of human kindness.

It would be easy to show the falseness of this theory. It is sufficient, however, to point out that in actual fact the theory does not work. The fount of Charity and the wells of Kindness have run so nearly dry that the waters from many other springs have had to be tapped.

Clear springs. Murky springs. Lotteries. Art unions. Newspaper competitions.

The Australian Women's Weekly does not see any harm to the community in either lotteries, art unions or competitions, properly conducted for the hospitals. But the point to keep in mind is that the primary appeal of all of them is not to the instinct of kindness, but to the instinct of private gain.

When hospitals benefit by any of these means, therefore, they are benefiting through a human instinct which may be designated sporting, or gambling, or competitive, or avaricious, or merely amusing.

The harmlessness or otherwise of any of these qualities is not in question. That is the mistake made by the people who frown upon lotteries and competitions.

What is in question is the system of making the care of the sick dependent on these particular instincts, while keeping up the pretence that Charity is being fostered, and thereby evading the issue of State responsibility.

Let Governments use all these means to raise money if they think fit; but the fundamental idea we urge is that the Governments must take final responsibility for the care of the community's sick.

As with education, justice, the post office, and other social services, so with hospitals. Then only will patients, doctors, nurses and hospital staffs be freed from the wretched concomitants of the present charity-cum-gambling humbug.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

School Teachers

A GOOD deal of criticism has been fired at Australian school teachers through our "So They Say" page.

They have been attacked on the grounds that they are rough to children, that they do not teach children to speak good English, and that they have easy jobs since they get eight weeks' holiday every year.

Let it be said here that these attacks have come from readers, not from The Australian Women's Weekly. This week a number of letters in defence of teachers have poured in to the "So They Say" editor, and several will be found on that page.

With regard to the charge that teachers have easy jobs because they get eight weeks' holiday, this is nonsense. To begin with, part of that eight weeks is spent studying and working, and the time left for holidays is well and truly earned. Rough teachers must, of course, be found in all countries, but the majority are patient and kindly with pupils.

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Our Speech

ON the question of Australian teachers and spoken English, it seems that there is some real cause for complaint; but whether it is the teachers' fault or that of the Education Department is a matter for debate.

Mr. J. Brunton Gibb, an authority on voice production, made the following remarks at a recent meeting.

He said that it was regrettable that training in speaking had no place on the school curriculum, despite the fact that it was more important than some subjects which were made compulsory.

Although the talking film and broadcasting had increased the interest in the art of speaking, insufficient thought was given to it.

Recently a N.S.W. Education Department official deplored the fact that although young teachers were given special training in elocution and phonetics they seemed to forget all about it after a few years with their pupils.

Evidently the influence of the pupils is too strong for the teachers.

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This Dwindling World

THE whole of Australia will watch with intense interest the Melbourne Centenary Air Race. This race will be of interest not only because the world's famous aviators are taking part, but also because it has been predicted that the winner will be in Australia within four days after leaving England.

If this proves to be true, how close, in point of time, we shall be to England and the Continent.

As Puck did, we shall be "putting a girdle round about the earth," and drawing it very near to us.

Soon we shall be able to pay week-end visits to Paris, coming back with the latest fashions, and the Australian cricketers on tour will be able to spend a week at home with their wives and families.

LYRICS OF LIFE

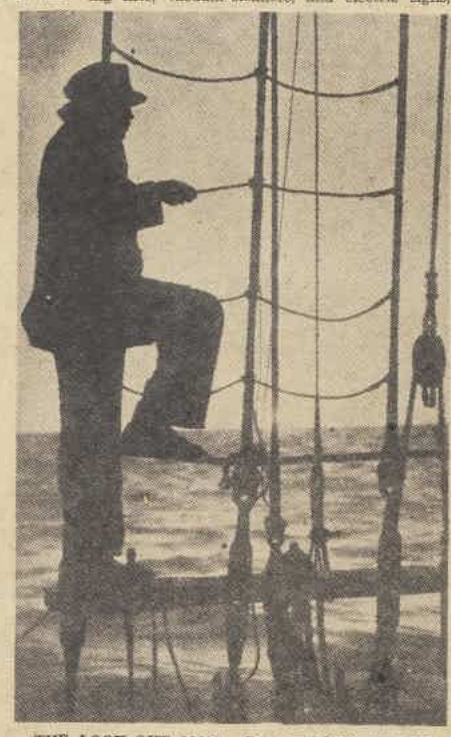
Shall We?

Shall we remember down the years,
In the laughter of day to day,
And hold among life's souvenirs
The love we have thrown away?
Or
Shall we go high stepping
Down the years forgetting
This pretty little game we play?

—P. Duncan-Brown.

Death to Noise Hogs

A LONDON cable describes a new Act passed by the French Government, insisting that manufacturers of electrical appliances, including lifts, vacuum-cleaners, and electric signs, must fit devices preventing interference with wireless reception.



THE LOOK-OUT MAN. Ever watchful, day and night, he and his mates keep vigil while the liner forges through the sea on its journey. A study from a coastal passenger ship.

This is a good idea. The British Post Office is reported as receiving 100,000 complaints a year from listeners affected by electrical interference.

The next step for the comfort of listeners is to pass an Act insisting that radio manufacturers build sets with a maximum volume dial control, and thus put an end to noise hogs.

There is, of course, already a limit to which a radio set can be "turned up," but the limit is too high. It should not be possible to "turn up" any set to such an extent that it can be heard next door.

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Our Slums

"AUSTRALIA has a slum problem, which must be tackled some day," said Mr. Dudley R. Ward, winner of the travelling scholarship of the Board of Architects in 1929, and who has returned to Australia after studying modern architecture and the efforts of other countries to house people on small incomes.

The time to tackle Australian slum problems is at once—before they get out of control.

They Never Say "No" at the Fancy-Dress Shop

Fancy dress!. . . The words conjure up dreams of cold winter nights, taxis, jazz music, and sparkling wines — but here is an article about the people who deal in fancy dresses, written by a woman who has been associated with one of the best-known Australian firms for many years.

By M. D. HORN

WE have interesting work on hand, a big period ball is coming, and every corner of the workroom is full of gay color and gorgeous material.

The phone rings. Can we send out a complete ballet of 24 pale blue dresses on the 18th? This is already the 10th, but we say, "Yes, certainly we can. Will they give us particulars?" So, with a brain rapidly reviewing all the pale blue dresses in stock we listen to long and particular directions as to style, color, accessories, and so on. Finally, the price is fixed, a deposit arranged for, and the wheels set going. First the list: 24 blue satin top hats, 24 pairs blue silk tights, 24 swagger canes, 24 costumes to be fitted no later than to-morrow afternoon. Two girls are set to work on the tights. There are not enough of the right color. We are dressing three operas in different parts of the State, in each of which blue tights figure, but they will not be back in time, so the "buyer" is given an order to get the needed number.

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THE work is well in hand, and I am hurrying away to my desk, when one of the show room girls appears with a troubled face.

"A gentleman wants a dress suit for to-night, and can he have it without deposit?"

"No, a deposit is quite necessary."

She appears again in a few minutes. "He has no money on him. Will we take his overcoat instead, and he will send the money along in an hour?"

I follow the girl into the show room, where a well-dressed young man, voluble and theatrical, explains that he has travelled in hot haste from Melbourne to fulfil an important and well-paid engagement for to-night. His baggage has not yet arrived. It is quite absurd to hold him up like this. Quite unheard of.

I relax a little and ask how long before he sends the money. "In an hour, less, in 40 minutes the boy will be here with it!"

We never saw him again, and the coat is still there. We have exchanged a dress suit worth £12/12/ for an overcoat worth at most 30/-, which we do not want.

A Long Session

"MY little boy is going to a fancy dress party, and I want a costume for him, please!" a mother explains. "Now, dear, look about and decide what you would like to be."

My heart sinks. This will be a long session. I look at the child, and suggest a 16th century herald's dress, which an attendant brings. No, the boy decides at once. It has no sword. He must have something with a sword.

Finally, a pirate king is chosen—at least, when the child sees himself in the hat with skull and cross bones on the front, he refuses point-blank to part with it, and that's that.

Meanwhile a great deal of laughter issues from another dressing-room, and a dozen pretty girls come forth dressed as "ducklings" in fluffy yellow dresses and little caps with ducks' beaks on their heads. They prance before the mirrors for a while, and finally depart with the dresses in parcels under their arms.

Numbers of people come for fittings. A large lady wants advice as to what would be suitable for her to wear. She wants to advertise a brand of disinfectant at a poster ball. Four thin little girls are fitted for acrobat costumes. A gentle-faced nun brings a dozen rosy children in navy serge to arrange dresses for a school concert. A haggard lady and a fat man ask quietly for something cheap and showy for a variety turn.

Then the buyer comes in. Those blue tights are not to be had in town—what to do? The laundress, who is also an expert dyer, is consulted. There are 10 pairs of white tights, and three of pale green. They might be tinted. So she gets a pair of the pale blue ones, and proceeds to make them all the same color.

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MEANWHILE, the reception room fills with ladies who have come for fittings for a Shakespearean fete. Very few have any correct idea of the dress needed. One insists that Juliet should wear a pompadour wig. Another thinks the long purple dress of heavy silk provided for Cordelia looks too plain. Could she have a white lace ruff? Patiently, our expert explains that Cordelia is a Saxon lady, and that Pompadour lived after Shakespeare's day.

Three stalwart policemen come to be turned into crusaders. As they take off their tunics a bright-eyed old lady who is waiting for a fitting peeps round the door. She draws back hastily and whispers excitedly: "I always pitied those poor policemen in their hot coats, but I see now that they only wear a singlet."

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It Happened Like This

A Complete Short Story

Illustrated by Boothroyd

"I want you to do something for me first. There's a man here, the clever, poor, romantic type, and, as you can guess, rather out of place. He seems bored, so do something with him, there's a dear."

By P. DUNCAN-BROWN

MILDRED WRAY was of those women who do not grow old. With every conceivable weapon she had held back Time until her life had become one long battle barren of everything but the desire of unending youth.

Now she sat in the solicitor's office, slim and exquisite in her black frock, her brown-gold hair delightfully wind-waved peeping from beneath her French hat. Yet her eyes held a little dread in them.

"But is everything gone?" she asked.

He nodded. "I am afraid so, Mrs. Wray. You recall it was against my advice. I warned you the bottom would fall from the market."

"Yes, yes, I know you did, don't keep telling me. I needed more money, and you know it. Surely you understand?"

"I understand the present situation. Everything has gone except, of course, the little you kept back for immediate necessities."

She rose and walked back and forth across the room, the small feet tap-tapping in their ridiculously high heels, her hands gesticulating as she talked. "But what am I to do? I have been used to everything. What am I to do?"

"Perhaps you could find congenial employment . . ."

She laughed at that. "I? Mildred Wray? And what would you suggest? Housekeeping, I suppose. I assure you I am quite unable to earn my own living. I am thoroughly incompetent."

"Then why not let someone else earn it for you?" He was suave, smiling, he spread his hands insinuatingly. The woman ceased her pacing and smiled back comprehendingly.

"It seems to be the only thing, doesn't it?" She threw her furs around her, and picked up her purse. "Quite inevitable, in fact. For the future I shall take your advice. I sincerely wish I had done so before."

He escorted her to the door. "I hope that your, shall we say, new enterprise, shall prove infinitely more successful than the last."

"I hope so. Such a pity that the necessity has arisen. . . . I have been enjoying myself so much just as I am."

She walked to the elevator smoothing her kid gloves on to her hands, her brain already busy raking the garden of her acquaintances.

That, Then, and This

I was afraid—of you.
You meant too much!
Afraid of Love!
That white-hot Thing, that comes
Consuming reason:
Too often had I known
Its havoc stark.
And so,
I let you go.
Fool!
For now I stand amid the winter snows—
The wintry snows that Life calls "middle age"—
With one lone, scarlet thread
Of Memory
To stitch
Into the patchwork of my Yesteryears
Better to have climbed the peaks with you,
High peaks of dreams—
And fallen:
Better to have reached the crags
With bleeding feet:
Better to have watched Love's embers
Burning out:
Better—by far, by very far
The grim, grey ashes—
The dusts of passion
Than my lonely—
THIS . . . . . .

BATT.

SHE had been widowed five years, and those five years had been the most deliriously eventful of her life. At forty she was as popular and charming and vivacious as any girl . . . she had made it her life's mission to be. That was the dread of her heart now, that she should be compelled to watch the advance of age, impotently, without the means to fight it and hold its evidence in check.

Of course she could always marry Frank; he adored her, and his bank balance was large . . . that mattered, for it would give her the necessary ammunitions to carry on her life's battle. But Frank rather repulsed her. As a friend he was splend'd, but as a husband. . . He was a short man, thick-set and florid, with the evidences of luxury and rich living very obvious upon him. There was usually the smell of stale but expensive tobacco about his clothes, and his ties were always too hectic to get by as good taste, even in the rather wild set to which they belonged.

"But still, needs must," she observed, as she dressed with even greater care than usual, "and even Frank is preferable to . . . well, one might as well be candid, age."

She surveyed herself in the full-length mirror, slid her perfectly groomed hands down her slender hips, and smiled, but then she stepped closer to the mirror, where the light was stronger, and the smile vanished as she looked at the faint wrinkles at the corners of her eyes and the almost indefinable lines by her lips.

YVONNE CARTER'S informal parties were always rather a relief . . . the lights were comfortably dim, and you never needed to worry about sitting with your back to them. Yvonne welcomed her with the usual compliment . . . "Lovely, of course, Mildred."

"Thanks. What about yourself? Who is here to-night?"

"Oh, the usual crowd. Your Frank is waiting to pounce upon you, but I want you to do something for me first. There's a man here, the clever, poor, romantic type, and, as you can guess, rather out of place. He seems bored, so do something with him, there's a dear."

Laughing, confident, Mildred entered Yvonne's luxurious lounge, and crossed with her to an alcove on the far side of the room where windows opened on to a terraced lawn. In these a man was lounging, looking out into the night. He was tall and broad-shouldered, and Mildred pictured lean, strong muscles under the fine fitting of his dinner suit. He was not handsome, but there was a rugged, rather fine strength about his face that was of more appeal than any mere precision of feature could ever be.

"Let me introduce Mr. Huntly, Mrs. Wray."

Mildred was hardly aware of the introduction. She was looking into clear grey eyes, and thinking how greatly out of place indeed this man was in an atmosphere of drink and silly chatter and artificially stimulated desires.

For his part he noticed every detail of the tall, slim woman who had the vivacity of youth and the poise of maturity.

And then they were alone. The alcove seemed an isolated world; each wanted to say . . . "I have been waiting for you." Instead, they fell back upon the customary platitudes. They talked of weather and politics and books. Then presently he said, "Shall we dance?"

"Do you . . . do you think we could hear the music on the verandah?"

He leaned towards her. "Would it matter if we couldn't?" he asked.

And with a little shake of her head she answered "No."

They danced in the faint moolight with a quiet breeze brushing her hair against his cheek. How unreal, how objectionable Frank and those other men seemed now. Women who hadn't kept their youth or their figures or their husbands; middle-aged men growing corpulent and double chinned, growing pompous with their filled pockets, and boring with their eternal platitudes. A sudden cloud settled upon her; why should she count herself apart from these others. She was stupid, too. This man in whose arms she danced, whose strong, fine face was so close to hers, and whom it would be so simple a thing to love . . . this man was undoubtedly ten years younger than herself.

"Even if I don't look thirty," she thought, "I have turned forty. Ten years."

Then Frank discovered them and reluctantly, bored, she returned to the dim, crowded room with him. But it was Hugh who drove her home quietly, scarcely speaking, as though a worry were gnawing at his mind and frowning on his brows. And when he left her he shook her hand gravely.

"Perhaps luncheon to-morrow . . . ?" he ventured.

SO Mildred lunched with him the next day, and dined with him, too, for that matter; and they saw a tremendous amount of each other for the span of a week. And then, quite suddenly, he stopped telephoning or calling. He just faded out of her existence. She knew then that she loved him, knew the agony of doubt and the pain of loving uselessly and in her worry, little, vicious lines appeared at the corners of her mouth and eyes.

"I am growing old," she thought in terror. Swallowing her pride, her disdainful pride, she wrote to him. But it was two days before an answer came, and she read it with a cold pain gripping her heart.

"Mildred, My Dear," he wrote.

"I have kept away from you in order to play the game as nearly as possible. I am afraid I have slipped badly in that respect so far. You see, there was a little girl in a country town who had promised to marry me. She has come up to town now and I have to be on the level, you see. I know I should have told you, Mildred, but our friendship was very precious . . . to me.

"HUGH."

She tore the letter into little pieces which she let filter through her fingers on to the rich carpet.

"Give me poverty, age, anything," she whispered, through lips that were stiff with the repression of her pain, "but only let him love me." It was a strange plea from a woman of Mildred's calibre, surfeited with admiration and so completely self-centred as she was. But she did not weep—above all she would not give way to the storm of frustration and heart ache that raged in her soul. One may bear the imprint of grief and loss on one's heart (already she had that), but never, oh never on one's face.

She would make it her business to see Hugh again, she decided, talk to him, show him how much more she could mean to him than the little country girl. Didn't it prove her love that she was ready to be poor along with him? Couldn't she make his whole life satisfied and content, and did she not know enough of the world to be invaluable to him in his ambition? Of course, of course.

And Fate, or whatever chain of coincidence we call by that name, played into her hands that evening. She had promised to dine with Frank at the Ashton; they sat in a secluded corner of the room at the farthest end from the orchestra—the syncopated, rather strident music softened a little. It was a little pathetic, the effort Mildred made to be her usual witty self, her conversation was flat, her eyes a little listless and there were faint shadows under them, her skill at repartee had gone . . . . but what could you expect when her thoughts were miles and years ago.

THE bright lights, the glitter of the glassware, the odour of foods and flowers, the sound of popping corks, the bubbling of champagne in her glass, all these things that had formed the background of her life for over twenty years seemed suddenly to have lost their empty value.

She wanted, perhaps for the first time sincerely, the quiet, simpler and more genuine life that would be hers married to Hugh. The kind of life she had known once in those far off years when life was new and still a mystery, when she had laughed and loved wholeheartedly, a symphony of Springtime, until death had struck the final chord and she had gone on, deliberately blotting from her mind that short, sweet idyll, forgotten it in a mad pursuit of money and pleasure that she had found in her second marriage. And now she found herself wanting all that again, sharing it with Hugh.

"What's on your mind?" Frank asked her. "What are you thinking of?"

"Futility."

"Hmm. Cheerful subject."

"But don't you think all this kind of thing is? Hashed music, hashed hopes, hashed living?"

He looked at the champagne in its ice packed pail, at the rich fruits and hot-house flowers on the table, and reflected that he could pay the exorbitant bill without giving it a second thought. "No," he said, "I can't say that I do. It's comfortable, Mildred, comfortable, and, after all, what more can we want?"

"Things we have given up, I suppose," and she smiled ruefully, "or things we are not sure of getting."

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£10:10:0 IN PRIZES

Enter the Double "D" Competition To-day

HOW many words do you know which contain "Double D"? For instance, Ladder, Riddle, Paddle, all contain double "d." Make out a list. You may win a prize. All words must be English Dictionary words, and each entry must be accompanied by a green wrapper from a bottle of Double "D" Eucalyptus, the pure, strong Eucalyptus.

All entries must be posted prior to May 31st, 1934. The First Prize is £5/5/-, and there are 20 additional Cash Prizes, totalling £5/5/-, which will be awarded to the 20 next best entries. Entries will be judged by a Director of The Sheldon Drug Co. Ltd., and his decision shall be final. In the event of a tie, prize money will be divided. Address all entries to Dept. W, Double "D" Competition, G.P.O. Box 301D, Sydney, N.S.W. Use your bottle of Double "D" Eucalyptus to keep free from Colds and 'Flu this winter. It's Australia's best. 9d. and 1/3.

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UNCLE DAVE'S *Advice*

A Complete Short Story

Jack embarked upon a very interesting experiment — the result of which was beyond even his expectation.

By . . . ALFRED HEARD

DAVID MARTIN twitched his bushy eyebrows. "What makes you think I can help you, my boy?"

"Well—er—the mater has often told me what a holy terror you were as a young man, Uncle Dave. Unless her memory's at fault, you took part in some rather sensational rags in your time."

"There's nothing wrong with your mother's memory, Jack." Martin coughed dryly. "I was the ringleader, as a matter of fact."

"Yes, so I gathered." Jack Warrington looked at his uncle hopefully. "That's why I said to myself: If anybody can give a fellow the straight tip, it's Uncle Dave."

"Hum! Who is the girl's father, did you say?"

"I don't think I told you. His name's Joseph Dawlish Ledway, and he's a retired architect."

"Ledway? Architect?" Martin stared at his nephew and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "He doesn't live in the neighborhood, does he?"

"Oh, no. He lives at Elmfield—about half-an-hour's run by car. You wouldn't know him, Uncle; and, anyway, he isn't your style at all. From what little I've seen of him I should say he's utterly devoid of the sense of humor. It's hard to believe that such an irritable, dogmatic old monkey could be Dimple's father—but there it is!"

"Whose father?"

The young man hesitated and colored slightly. "Er—Mildred's. She—she doesn't care much for the name her parents gave her, so I—I call her Dimple."

"Just so!" muttered Martin, abstractedly. "You don't think Ledway would welcome you as a prospective son-in-law, and you want to know the best way to break the ice—is that it?"

"That's the idea, Uncle. I thought that, perhaps if I could do something to put him in a really good humor—you know."

Martin shook his head. "What you've got to do is to scare him stiff, my boy. Frighten the life out of him, and then declare your intention of marrying his daughter—see what I mean?"

"No—I'm hanged if I do, Uncle!"

"Well, let me explain. Everybody's got some sort of a skeleton in his or her cupboard—something he or she wouldn't like the world to know about ——"

"**Not everybody,** Uncle," broke in Jack, indignantly. "I'll bet you what you like that Dimple hasn't got anything to hide."

"Don't interrupt, my boy. Everybody over thirty, I was going to say. The guilty secret may be anything from a mere youthful indiscretion to a serious crime; but you must remember that a transgression which you might boast about in after years might be regarded by a man of high moral character as something to be concealed at all costs."

"I say, Uncle," protested Jack, "don't class me with smiling villains, you know. I see what you're getting at, of course; but old Ledway doesn't strike me as being a man with a past. Besides, even supposing he had something to hide, how should I be able to find out what it was?"

MARTIN smiled tolerantly. "You don't need to, my boy. Remember what Shakespeare said—'Conscience doth make cowards of us all'—and act on it! That's my advice to you. Take it or leave it."

"Thanks very much, Uncle—but what am I to do?" said Jack, looking very bewildered.

"Play a little game of bluff, my boy!" Martin tapped his nephew on the shoulder, and nodded and winked significantly.

"March boldly up to your man and whisper in his ear: **'I know all,** Mr. Ledway!' Then stand back and watch the expression on his face. If it isn't a study of guilty fear, I'm a Dutchman!

"He won't ask you what you mean—he'll be too anxious to come to terms with you. Maintain an uncompromising demeanor, Jack, and the girl's yours. There's only one thing you must **not** do."

"What's that?" cried Jack, eagerly.

"You mustn't breathe a word of the scheme to the young lady. You wouldn't like to shatter her girlish faith in her father's integrity, would you?"

"Good heavens, no!—not for worlds, Uncle!"

"I need say no more, then." Martin pulled out his watch. "You must excuse me now, my boy—I've some writing to do. As soon as you're engaged you'll bring your fiancee to see me, won't you? Good!"

Standing at his study window, Martin watched his nephew crank up his sporting two-seater. "She doesn't care for the name her parents gave her, so I call her Dimple," he murmured. "Excellent! The lad seems to be in love, right enough; and it will be interesting to see how he stands the test."

Walking over to the desk, he picked up the telephone. "So Ledway's an irritable, dogmatic old monkey, is he!"

Jack Warrington braked hard just before reaching the open gate of the drive to the Ledways' secluded house on the outskirts of Elmfield, and gave three sharp toots on the electric horn. Almost immediately, a girl emerged from the drive and ran up to the car.

"I say, Dimple," whispered Jack, after a fervent greeting, "is your dad at home?"

"Yes darling—why?"

Jack smoothed his hair with a hand that trembled slightly. "Because I'm going straight in to get his consent to our engagement, my pet."

The girl stared at him with parted lips. "B—but, Jack dear, what's the hurry? We're very happy as we are. Besides—I—I don't think Dad's in a very good temper at the moment."

"He'll get over that, Dimple. Where shall I find him?"

"In the library, darling, writing to the papers blaming the Government for the plague of caterpillars in our garden. Poor old dad—I don't think he realises how funny he is."

Dimple giggled, and then suddenly became serious. "Don't you think you'd better wait a bit before you speak to him, Jack? You see, he hasn't the ghost of an idea that you—that we—oh, you know what I mean!"

"I've got a ring in my pocket, Dimple," said Jack, firmly, "and it'll be on your finger before another hour has passed, or I'll know the reason why. What's more, we shall have fixed a definite date—not later than two months hence—for a very important event."

"Jack! Why—we haven't known each other more than six weeks!"

"We might be on our honeymoon now if only we'd met a bit sooner," said Jack, with a deep sigh. "Now, listen, Dimple. I'm going to drive up to the front door and then hop along to the library and get your dad to give his O.K. to our engagement.

"While you're waiting in the drawing-room for me, my pet, perhaps you'll decide on a suitable date; and if you can make it one day next week, so much the better."

Bending his head, Jack effectually stifled Dimple's frantic protests, and then pressed the self-starter.

Outside the library door he walked nervously to and fro, adjusting his tie and repeating in a low voice the short speech which he had composed for the occasion. Several times he raised his hand to knock, but each time his courage failed him.

As he looked furtively along the wide corridor, the drawing-room door opened slowly and Dimple's head appeared. Pulling himself together, Jack blew a hasty kiss and then knocked sharply on the door in front of him.

In response to a growl from within he turned the handle and marched boldly into the room, closing the door carefully behind him.

The grey-haired man seated at a desk in the window looked up with a frown. "So it was **you** banging on the door, was it, Mr.—er—hum! I can't recall your name for the moment. Why must I always be disturbed when I want to be quiet—can you tell me that? Speak up, young man, speak up!"

Jack tried in vain to recall the manly little speech he had been rehearsing. "Er—sorry to butt in like this, sir, but I've something very important to ask you. By the way, my name's Warrington."

"Indeed;" Ledway glared. "Well, Mr. Warrington—now that you have burst in upon my privacy and interrupted my train of thought, perhaps you'll put the question without beating about the bush. You want me to buy a ticket in a confounded raffle, I suppose?"

"Good gracious, no, sir." Jack shook his head vigorously and swallowed hard. "It—it's about Dimple."

"About what?" roared Ledway. "Are you trying to make a fool of me? What do you think I know about dimples? Faugh!"

"I meant Mildred, Mr. Ledway," explained Jack, hastily. "I—I wanted to ask you to give your consent to our engagement. We've known each other quite a long time, and we—we love each other!"

Ledway started in his chair. "The devil you do! It'll save your time and mine if I tell you at once that I have other views for my daughter's future, young man. What did you say you were—a pianoforte tuner?"

"I did not, sir!" cried Jack, indignantly. "I haven't got a job. As a matter of fact——"

"You haven't got a job?" burst out Ledway, pounding on the desk with his fist, "and yet you have the infernal impudence to call my daughter by a ridiculous, babyish nickname, and force your way in here to ask me for her hand!

"If you're not out of my house in two minutes from now, young man, I'll—I'll kick you out—old as I am! Do you hear what I say?"

Boiling over with rage, Jack played his trump card. Taking a quick step forward, he leant over the desk and looked the old man straight in the eye. "Don't go too far, Mr. Ledway," he said sternly, **"I know all!"**

Ledway gave a strangled cry and sagged in his chair. "D-don't speak so loudly, Mr. Warrington," he whispered, fearfully. "Who—who told you?"

Jack put his hands in his pockets and leant negligently against the desk. Uncle Dave knew what he was talking about—old Ledway was no different from other men!

Probably his guilty secret was nothing more disgraceful than an entanglement with a chorus girl, or something of the sort; but it might well be that he would agree to almost anything in order to keep it dark.

"I cannot tell you the source of my information," he replied, truthfully enough.

"Fool that I was to cherish the hope that I had lived down the past!" muttered Ledway, bitterly. "My poor, innocent girl!" He caught his breath sharply, and half rose to his feet. "Don't say you have already told her that her father spent the better part of five years in—in a convict prison, Mr. Warrington?"

Thunderstruck, Jack could only shake his head and gape stupidly.

"Thank heaven for that!" said Ledway, fervently, sinking back into his chair. "She must never know—while I am alive. You are determined to marry my daughter—knowing what you do?"

JACK suddenly found his voice. "Of course I do! It doesn't make any difference to me what her father was."

"Ah!" Ledway regarded his visitor intently. "A less suspicious man than myself might interpret your gallantry as thinly disguised blackmail, young man."

Please turn to Page 33

Do You Know—

That on the brick tablets of the Royal Library of Nineveh are marks which suggest that the science of finger-prints was understood in ancient Assyria. It is known that finger-prints were used for identification purposes in China in 700 A.D.

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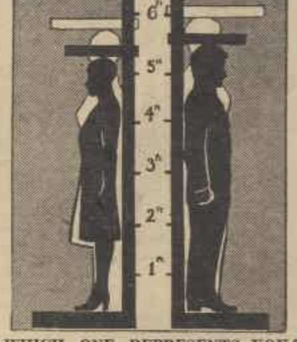

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". . . And I'm looking for a four-leaf clover—how perfectly thrilling."

"Oh! look! My fiance has sent me a guinea pig."
"Ha! Ha! Just like him."
"Why, do you know him?"

Dave: Cripes, I've run out of petrol!
City Girl: Don't tell me you know that one.

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Did you know that every child at birth has FOUR tonsils, two in the throat which you can see, and two behind the nose, and they all guard the breathing passages during childhood, filtering out germs and bacteria which strive to enter the body? Gradually the nasal tonsils are dissolved and disappear, but if neglected colds and mouth breathing have allowed germs to inflame them they grow larger and swell, blocking the nose, and they are then called adenoids.

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MR. BLOOMSTEIN was giving a spree, and was telling a compatriot that he had just got some beautiful furniture on hire.

"Splendid," said Ikeberg, "an' ven do you gollect der insurance?"

"I said 'on hire,'" said Bloomstein, "not 'on fire.'"

"DARLING, we must reduce our expenses!"

"Yes, you are right. Sell one of the goldfish!"

SHE: Oh, Bill, I am so very pleased with your birthday gift.

Bill: I am glad you like it (thinking of his rival): Er-r-r, did you get a present from Jack?

She: No, I told him that he had better save the money.

JIM: Don't you think a talkative woman is more popular with the men than any other kind?

Jack: What other kind is there?

MRS. JONES: Your new maid is very quiet.

Mrs. Smith: Yes she's so quiet she doesn't even disturb the dust.

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"I feel 20 years younger and I never have a headache now, and my blood pressure is normal. **Youth-o-Form** is really wonderful, and I still take a capsule two or three times a week."

(This lady reduced in 1930 and we often see her now.)

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5 0	8	0	8	3	8	6	8	9	8	12
5 1	8	2	8	5	8	8	8	11	9	0
5 2	8	5	8	8	8	10	8	13	9	3
5 3	8	8	8	11	8	13	9	2	9	6
5 4	8	11	9	0	9	3	9	6	9	10
5 5	9	0	9	3	9	6	9	10	10	0
5 6	9	4	9	7	9	10	10	0	10	4
5 7	9	8	9	11	10	0	10	4	10	8
5 8	9	12	10	1	10	4	10	8	10	12
5 9	10	1	10	5	10	8	10	12	11	2
5 10	10	5	10	9	10	12	11	1	11	5

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Great NEWSPAPER MAN *Passes On*

A great figure in Australian journalism passed away last week with the death of Mr. R. C. Packer, whose son, Mr. Frank Packer, is managing director of The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE LATE MR. R. C. PACKER

MR. R. C. PACKER died at Marseilles on his way home from England, where he had gone on a health trip. It is a sad circumstance that he was denied the privilege of seeing his own country again. He was an ardent Australian, who always used the power of his papers for the welfare of his country.

In a sense he inspired the founding of the Australian Women's Weekly. The principal executives, in addition to his son, were all directly trained by him; and his methods are stamped on every page of the paper.

Other men and women trained by him are now editing or holding responsible positions on leading papers in this and other States.

* * *

NO newspaper man in this State has exercised such great influence in journalism as the late Mr. R. C. Packer.

Under his editorship the old "Sunday Times" became a very powerful force in Sydney journalism. The Sydney "Sun," of which he became chief sub-editor, also reaped the benefit of his genius, and he was editing the "Sunday Sun" with conspicuous success prior to becoming one of the founders of Smith's Newspapers Ltd., which established "Smith's Weekly," "The Daily Guardian," and the "Sunday Guardian." The two lastnamed papers were bought by Associated Newspapers, Ltd., but the "Daily Guardian" did not prosper under the new control, despite its previous great popularity. It was eventually closed down.

Soon afterwards Mr. Packer was called in by Associated Newspapers and accepted the position of managing editor. Sweeping changes were made by him, including the amalgamation of the "Sunday Sun" and "Sunday Guardian" into a newspaper which gained the largest circulation of any Sunday paper in the Commonwealth. The editor of the reorganised "Sunday Sun and Guardian" later became the foundation editor of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Mr. Packer's last active work in journalism was done on behalf of Associated Newspapers Ltd. The affairs of this large organisation, which includes the "Sun," "The Sunday Sun and Guardian," the "Telegraph," and other publications, had reached a very critical stage. Under his regime Associated Newspapers Ltd. successfully passed the crisis, but Mr. Packer's health undoubtedly suffered gravely as the result of the strain which this onerous work involved. Eventually ill-health forced him to resign from the managing editorship of these papers. A high sense of the duty of newspapers in guiding the public through a most difficult period kept him at his post for several months after his doctors had advised him it was imperative he should be free from business worries.

* * *

GREAT changes were introduced into Australian newspaper conditions by Mr. Packer. Of particular interest to women is the fact that he was the first to realise the importance of a comprehensive women's section in daily newspapers.

He also introduced a policy of paying the highest possible salaries to brilliant artists and journalists in order that his papers should be equal to any in the world.

Mr. Packer's influence on Australian journalism was as great as that of Lord Northcliffe on the journalism of Great Britain.

Prior to his time, newspaper methods had become stereotyped into heavy records of the day's events, and their appeal was largely limited to the man of affairs.

Mr. Packer's fresh, vital methods of presenting news immensely widened the appeal of the newspaper. He increased the scope of the newspaper field, especially in regard to sport and the inclusion of many service and other features for the benefit of women.

Newspapers throughout the Commonwealth were quick to follow the example he set, with the result that total circulations have been greatly increased. The daily paper has become an immeasurably greater power in the home as a result.

* * *

HE was a shy and retiring man, and deeply generous.

In politics he was a true democrat. He inaugurated one undying policy—to fight for the removal of the ugly twins of graft and corruption from the public life and business life of Sydney. Another marked feature of his policy was his persistent advocacy of the Diggers' cause.

Mr. Packer enjoyed the confidence of highly-placed public men, who were impressed by his keen insight into Australia's problems, and his determination to oppose tooth and nail all underground forces.

* * *

DEATH overtook him in tragic circumstances. With his wife and his daughter, Kathleen, he was returning to his native sunshine after a severe illness in England.

Mr. Frank Packer had flown to England to his father's bedside, but following a marked improvement in his father's condition he was returning to Australia, via America.

A relapse occurred, and Mr. R. C. Packer died at Marseilles. Mrs. Packer and Miss Packer were with him at the end, but Mr. Frank Packer was in mid-Pacific.

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Study in Sympathy : Aquatic and Skylarks

A STUDY in Sympathy. The pigeon is feeling a little off color, and has said to the cat, "Please don't chase me to-day." Pussy is replying, "I wouldn't chase you any day. I like pigeons."

WHILE THE water is still warm, and it's warm till mid-winter, these girls are making the best of autumn sunshine and surfboards to try out a new game in readiness for next summer. The girls try to push each other into the water.

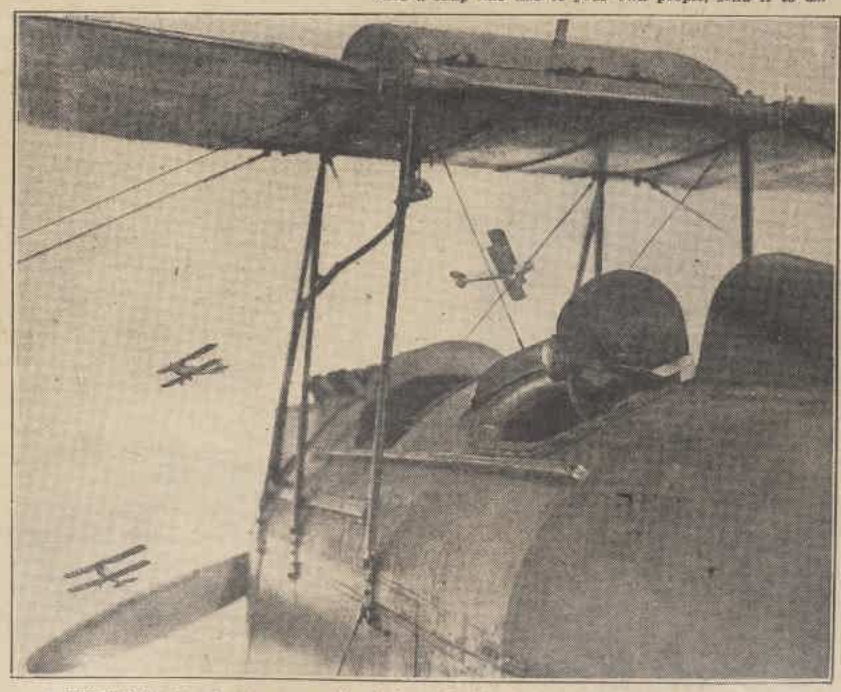
IN MALTA they do not bother about J walking. You can walk how you like and where you like and, as this picture shows, cows jostle along with pedestrians in the city streets.

A HITHERTO unpublished photograph of Prince George, who has just concluded his tour of South Africa, and is on his way back to England, where he will remain with the Royal Family before he comes to Australia. The Prince was immensely popular among the South Africans.

AN UNUSUAL study of an English family. Four generations under one roof. They are: Mr. Thomas Cavannah, aged 87, his son, Fred, aged 58, and his son, Fred, aged 35, and his son, Vernon, aged five. Note the strong resemblance between the youngest and the eldest. If you have a snap like this of your own people, send it to us.

Left: ROBERT JOHNSON, a Y.M.C.A. student in America, discovered this portrait of a Chinese mandarin, which he bought for five shillings. It turned out to be 1700 years old, and to be worth over £1000.

Above: DIGNIFIED study of an old gentleman at the Zoo. Fat and ugly, but with a benevolent beam in his eye, this old sea elephant is every bit an animal aristocrat.



A STRIKING snap of some aero girls playing skylarks up in the clouds. The pilots in each of the planes are women. Flying is becoming more popular each year in Australia. It is expected that the Centenary air race will make it even more popular soon.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

WINTER HATS are *Varied* and *Vivacious*

A NEW BERET by Marcel Rochas. Made of dark grey fabric, it comes well down over the right eye. The crown is intricately pieced. It is worn with a frock of the same material.

THE HAT above is made by Rebour, the world-famous milliner. It is made of bright red duvetyn, and trimmed with speckled black and yellow feathers, and is a perfect hat to wear with a top coat or tailored suit.

THERE is greater variety than ever before in the new winter hats. There seem to be models to suit every type of face—medium brims, small brims, no brims at all, little fabric caps, hats with the line coming well down over one eye, others worn right off the face, very shallow, or rather high-pointed crowns.

A complete change from last season is the off-the-face hat. Paris adopts this style in nearly all her new spring models. There are several types from which to take your choice.

There is the halo hat. This hat finishes just behind the hairline in front. It comes down low over the hair at back, or else is turned up all around. The Henry VIII period gave the inspiration for this model.

There is the brim that comes down on the right side of the head, sometimes covering one cheek, but leaving the hair very much in evidence at the left side. This style is far easier to wear than the halo hat.

There is the "baby bonnet," really the start of the off-the-face hat. This has a tiny brim, and the hat is worn well on the back of the face. This is essentially a hat for dressed-up occasions, and should only be worn by people with small, pretty faces. For them they are ideal for dinner or evening-cinema wear.

The model with an even brim turned up all round, and with a shallow crown, is worn well on the back of the head. To keep it in place it is anchored to the head by an encircling band of braided velvet or horsehair exactly matching the color of the hair. This band can also be in a contrasting color to the hat.

* * *

THE beret in new forms will be one of the most popular winter models. This year's berets are rather large, and very flat, ending sometimes in sharp or square points or ovals in front. There is a model from Descat square as an envelope in front. It drops well over the right eye, and is made with four corners instead of a circle.

Little toques to wear with fur collars come well down over the right eye, and are cut well up on the left side.

Sports hats have medium brims, either turned down in front, and up at the back, or with the brim rolled up off the face in front and down at the back. In the former style come the Tyrolean models. They show little feathers pointing to the sky; sometimes the crown is pointed, otherwise it is flat and folded.

Descat makes a sports model of felt with the brim squared in front. Over the right eye it comes to a decided point. The off-the-face sports hats have the brims rolled smartly up at the left side, and projecting on the right.

For the Spring

THE new silhouette for the spring is "One's body an inconspicuous narrow stem, one's head sleek and shiny, and small—topped off by an immense stiff straight hat."

THIS ATTRACTIVE sports model by Maria Guy is of the Tyrolese genre, and is fashioned in brown fabric. Accentuating the height and adding a vivacious trimming note is the twist of green feathers in the crown. The cunning sweep of the crown almost extinguishes the right eye.

SUZANNE TALBOT designed this off-the-face model, made of three shades of gros-grain ribbon in black, grey and red. The brim turns up in front and behind. The crown is made of twisted ribbon.

ANOTHER Maria Guy model (right). The hat is of black felt, and the brim sweeps up on one side, exposing the hair, and comes well down on the other.

A NAVY BLUE felt "boater" (below). The brim turns up evenly all round. The hat is worn well to one side, and is kept in place by a narrow piece of elastic running under the hair at the back.

Crowns Are Clever

CROWNS are never plain. They are folded, pleated, trimmed with ridges, tucks, and stitching. The toques are draped snug with the head, a corner standing in a point, or doubled back into a triangle or a square. The hat actually fits closely to the head, but folds. Ridges and extra pieces of the fabric give height and interest.

Trimmings are discreetly used, but they are rarely absent. Feathers of every kind and color, especially motifs of brightly-colored flat feathers, clips of metal and glass, little brooches of glass initials, paste brooches, and rings of all kinds are popular trimming motifs. The eye-veil stiffened with a preparation, or with a stout thread embroidery still accompanies numerous "dressy" models.

Reversible Fabrics

FABRICS of all kinds make most of the winter models. There are reversible taupe-velours, one side soft and satiny, the other dull. Flemish felts, with long, soft, and satined strands, fine supple felts that can be tucked like a fabric; felts with rough, hairy surfaces and dull suede felts, both so suitable for sports hats. For sports hats with scarves to match, Rodier has created soft Angora woollens in lovely shades of brown and grey.

For afternoon and evening wear velvet is used extensively. Many of the models are stitched with self-color or gold or silver threads.

Colors are black, often with a touch of color in the feathers, navy blue, all the browns, mulberry, blackberry, and all the reds and grey.

In the very latest styles showing abroad—they are really for next spring and summer—there is a departure from the monotony of the uni-color, which has for so long been a dominating factor. The hats themselves will often be in two or three colors, and will be trimmed with bright colors. Sometimes the crown and the top of the brim will be in one shade, while underneath the brim will be a complete contrast. This new fashion point can be adopted to our winter styles.

With a black ensemble a hat of black velours having the sharply upturned brim lined with crimson felt. For sports there is a model with a beige felt crown and brown brim—the crown is stitched all over with brown cotton.

Colored hats with dark ensembles were seen a great deal in Paris this winter. With a dark grey coat and dress went a turban and scarf of raspberry velvet. With black coats red and green hats were worn, possibly the dress beneath was the same color. With brown ensembles one saw orange, green, and pale grey hats; with navy blue—lighter blue, bright green, grey, and red.

o o o

Paris Snapshots

THERE is an entirely new mirror to carry in your bag. Both sides are glass, one pink, one blue. The blue shows you in daylight, and the pink the way you should look at night.

o o o

LEOPARD fur is very smart this winter. Lelong shows a model coat in almond green cloth with raglan sleeves of leopard. Other designers show tiny leopard skin jackets to wear over black or brown wool frocks.

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PATOU'S NEWEST CREATIONS

worn by well-known Society Women *of London and Paris*

Models for All Occasions

- *MADAME SIMON ROLO chooses an exquisite gown of chalk white georgette artistically embroidered in strass.*
- *MADAME CHAMPIN uses a foundation of yellow ochre mousseline for a trailing gown of coarse black lace. A belt of black patent leather confers a unique and quite distinctive finish.*
- *LADY ABINGDON assumes a very delightful pose in a severe frock of plain black face cloth, relieved by a gaily spotted scarf with a black and white clip. Her beret is one of Patou's newest designs.*
- *MADAME SIMON ROLO illustrates the slim silhouette in a tailored coat of grey burlap, becomingly trimmed with a collar of vogue grey astrakhan, and worn with a tiny hat of the same enchanting medium.*
- *MADAME CHAMPIN depicts a striking contrast in the two pictures at the top of the page. In flame georgette, her evening gown has a full, soft bow at the front, and for street wear her black cloth coat is trimmed with silver fox.*

● Here are a pair of 3-year olds which have had their Dark Tan Kiwi every morning. Uppers perfect. Half-soled once. Owner: R. W., Watson's Bay, Sydney.

- Kiwi Black and Tan Polish will make a good
- shoe last . . . and give a good shine to boot.
- It preserves and waterproofs the leather.

KIWI
The Quality Boot Polish
BLACK POLISH
TAN POLISH

Patou's New Night-Sky Blue . . .

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

NO description of the French fashions can be complete until Patou's collection has been described. The chief feature, chez Patou, is his new, deep, luminous blue, which is most aptly described by likening it to the color of the night sky. This very attractive color, becoming to blondes and brunettes alike, appears for sport, afternoon, and evening wear, and is especially good in the shining satins, which are now again making sleek, streamline, evening frocks.

And, talking of evening frocks, Patou gives us something to think about by slitting the clinging evening skirts to way up past the knee. The slit is sometimes at the side and sometimes in the front, while at the back there is the usual train effect of which we see so much this season.

Once again Patou is doing red-white-and-blue color schemes for beach, sport and cruising wear. His tennis frocks, which are always important and worn by Helen Wills-Moody and other stars, follow the fashion launched by Suzanne Lenglen, having a skirt buttoning over shorts.

On day suits turn-back tabs appear frequently, afternoon frocks have pleats round the hem, and black and navy and grey are used extensively when the predominating new blue is neglected. A strange note was Jean Patou's liking for orange and scarlet for beach wear.

This being a 1934 collection, printed materials, especially flowered silks, appear in multitudes. Cire satin comes back again, accentuating the return of shiny materials, and is especially good in blue and white. Heavy sponge-cloth is used effectively for tennis coats.

There has been a slight change in the order in which this series of exclusive fashion photographs, sent to us by Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe, will be published.

The hats, sketched for us by Marcia Rees, the famous English fashion artist, will appear next week, and this week's group comprises a sextet of exquisite gowns designed by Jean Patou and worn by beautiful society women.

Not to forget Patou's hats, which, as usual, set millinery styles. He makes little Dutch-bonnet effects set well back on the head, with wings cleverly carried out in satins, straw and velvet. Then there are low-crowned, square – brimmed chapeaux which have been pictured in all this week's society papers.

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MUSIC of the WEEK

By ROBERT McCALL

Is a New Vocal Star Arisen?

IT was only last year at the Easter Sunday service of the Bowral Anglican Church that a young soprano singing "There is a Green Hill Far Away" specially engaged the attention of a music lover in the congregation.

He brought the girl under the notice of John Brownlee and Peter Dawson, both of whom prophesied a brilliant future for her. Last week this orphaned daughter of a soldier was the central figure in a glittering concert at the Sydney Town Hall which would have made many a full-fledged prima donna gnash her teeth with envy.

The meteoric appearance of Elsa Corry on the musical horizon is more than a romance; it is a story of hard work. For four years Miss Corry studied singing (with Ruth Ladd) and languages. She was recognised as a lyric soprano endowed with a voice of exceptional sweetness and purity and a high degree of musicianship, and from year to year the Soldiers' Children's Education Board of the Repatriation Department extended her a scholarship.

A Committee To Help

ALL this training and talent might have gone for little but for the incident already related. Interest was aroused in the young singer, and an influential committee organised by Lady Gordon set out to raise a sufficient fund to send Miss Corry abroad for training.

In a veritable blaze of publicity the energetic work of this committee culminated in the Town Hall concert at which the soprano was to publicly prove her mettle. The big auditorium was packed. The Governor was there, social Sydney was there in full force, the critics, the musicians, and the public were there.

It was a frightening test for a girl, but Miss Corry emerged with flying colors.

Graceful Singing

HER talents were exploited in a variety of music—French opera and art songs, German lieder and pieces by Rachmaninoff and Gretchaninoff. There was intelligence and sympathy in all her work while her voice proved to be a limpid and lovely vehicle, not particularly powerful, but produced without effort.

By some Miss Corry was charged with a lack of emotional feeling, but this surely will develop with experience. After all, it is more creditable to sing with taste and sincerity than to tear a passion to tatters unmusically. It might also be remembered that our Melba could never be accused of singing with great emotional energy—and she was no failure!

ELSA CORRY

Brilliant Pianist

BEATRICE TANGE, one of Sydney's most brilliant young pianists, was a supporting artist at the Elsa Corry concert.

She combines an unusually virile technique with sympathy of expressoin and, at the concert, enthused her listeners by a playing of the Liszt number six Hungarian Rhapsody.

Oeric Fyfe (cellist) played several solos most artistically.

Sir Hamilton Harty For the A.B.C.

IN Sir Hamilton Harty, who arrives early next month to conduct a series of orchestral concerts for the A.B.C., we will meet one of Ireland's most brilliant sons. He was born in 1880 at Hillsborough, County Down. He came of a very musical family, his father being a well-known organist and his mother a violinist. He studied with Commendatore Michele Esposito at the Royal Irish Academy.

At the outset of his career he met at the annual singing contest in Dublin the now famous John McCormack who had just left school, young Harty being the accompanist. The Irishmen are the greatest of friends, and it is McCormack's most cherished ambition to build a modern concert hall at Dublin and create a symphony orchestra worthy of the traditions of the Irish capital with Sir Hamilton Harty as conductor.

Among the many honors bestowed on Harty was the degree of LL.D. by the Belfast University. He is a Celt to his fingertips, whether these fingers are busy writing down the notation of some new composition or are manipulating a conductor's baton. His compositions, too, reflect the Irishman, including, for instance, a fine "Irish" Symphony. It's to be hoped we will hear some of them.

"La Fanciulla del West"

ANOTHER of the "novelties" in the Commission's opera season is listed for April 26—"La Fanciulla del West." This is by no means one of Puccini's most successful operas, and appears in the modern repertoire only spasmodically.

Based on the Belasco play the story is of the adventures of an outlaw, Ramerrez (or Dick Johnson), who is being hunted by the sheriff (Jack Rance), and his posse in the good old days (or bad old days, if you think so), of 1849, when the gold fever drew all the adventurers to California. Presiding in the "Polka" bar-room of a mining camp we discover Minnie. The girl falls in love with the outlaw and hides him. Eventually, however, he is caught, and in the fashion of the day is about to be strung up to a convenient tree. He asks permission to sing a song, and moves his executioners to applause. Then Minnie gallops up like any movie heroine and pleads for his life. This is granted, and a good time is had by all.

The Principals

MOLLY DE GUNST has been elected to sing the role of Minnie. Lionello Cecil will be the outlaw, and Walter Kingsley the sheriff. The production, of course, will be conducted by Wando Aldrovandi.

Conservatorium Recitals

SYDNEY music-lovers will welcome the lecture recitals to be given by well-known professors of the Conservatorium in David Jones' auditorium on Monday afternoons at 3.30, beginning next Monday, April 23. The opening recital will be given by Mr. Lindley Evans, who will be remembered as the pianist and accompanist for the late Dame Nellie Melba for many years. Mr. Evans has chosen the following attractive programme, which will last about thirty-five minutes: "Gavotte" (D'Albert), "Papillons" (Schumann), "A Watteau Paysage" (Godowsky), "The Island Spell" (Ireland), and "Die Fledermaus" (Strauss).

Messrs. Isidor Goodman, Laurence Godfrey-Smith, and Frank Hutchens will be the respective artists on April 30, May 7, and May 14.

Melba Scholarship for Women

THE Melba Scholarship, by a decision of Mr. Justice Lowe in the Practice Court last week, is to be awarded to female students only, and will be limited to singing and incidental subjects. Provision may be made for tuition outside Melbourne. Mr. Justice Lowe's decision also provided that the income from the £8000 left by Dame Nellie Melba to establish the Melba scholarship "in the hope that another Melba may arise" will be devoted to only one scholarship at a time.

A scheme by which the income from the fund, estimated at about £300 a year, could be used for several scholarships had been placed before the Court by Mr. Fritz Hart, of Albert St. Conservatorium. The opposing view that there should be only one scholarship at a time, and that it should provide for tuition overseas, was taken by Dame Clara Butt, Prof. Bernard Heinze and others.

Pouishnoff and Stevens

A RECORD season of 14 successful concerts has just been completed in Melbourne by the Russian pianist, Leff Pouishnoff, and the Australian bass-baritone, Horace Stevens. The manager of the tour, Hugo Larsen, anticipates just as much interest in Sydney where concerts begin shortly.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.***

Now closing Monday, April 23

£50 Competition

in connection with

1934 GAS FIRES

First Prize - £25
Second Prize £10
Third Prize - £5
10 Prizes of £1

Of the 6,000 people who obtained entry forms from our Gas Exhibit at the Royal Show, many were unable to complete their entries because of the large crowds which visited this exhibit and to meet their convenience it has been decided to extend the competition for one week. It will, therefore, close on Monday, April 23, at 5 p.m., and all entries must be lodged in the Competition Box in the Showroom (cnr. Pitt and Barlow Streets) not later than the time above mentioned.

Conditions of Competition

1. Twelve modern gas fires—each identified by a letter, such as A, B, C, etc. will be displayed in our Showroom, cnr. Pitt and Barlow Streets (near Central Station) until Monday, April 23.
2. Examine them carefully, note their refinement of design, their beauty of colour, their utility and convenience.
3. Indicate your order of choice by numbering each one according to your opinion of its merits, *viz.*, against the one you think best, put 1; the one you choose as next best, put 2, and so on up to 12, numbering every one in your order of choice.
4. From all the entries received the judges will decide the public choice, the order being determined by the number of first places each fire secures.
5. The first prize will be awarded to the competitor whose order of choice agrees with the **public choice**, or is nearest to it. If two or more competitors agree exactly with the **public choice**, a division of the prizes will be made. If no entry agrees exactly with the public choice and two or more entries nearest the public choice are equal, a division of prizes will be made.

The decision of the judges shall be final and binding.

The results of the Competition will be advertised in the "Herald", "Telegraph", "Sun" and "Labor Daily" on Tuesday, May 1, 1934.

Employees of The Australian Gas Light Co. are not eligible to compete in this Competition.

Here is an opportunity to win £25 in cash. There is no entrance fee. All you have to do is to place 12 gas fires—which have been selected from dozens of 1934 models—in your order of choice. The person whose choice agrees with, or is nearest to the public choice, will be presented with £25.

AT YOUR SERVICE ALWAYS

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

BE GUIDED BY
YOUR LUCKY STAR!

KNOW yourself and the power within you. Health, Romance, Success, Characteristics, favourable days, according to your signs of the Zodiac. Your personal horoscope, as based on a lifetime's research by a famous astrologer (handwritten; not a stock printed chart). Send birth date and year, with 2/6 postal note, and stamped addressed envelope to—
ASTROLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
Box 3026NN, G.P.O., Sydney.***

£58,000

Paid to Shareholders

£100, £50

Etc., Friday

BY WINNING another £100 in Friday's Lottery, with ticket No. 64619, and £50 with ticket No. 56954, and dozen and dozens of other prizes, Lucky Fred has now won £58,000 in the N.S.W. State Lottery, and every penny of this money has been handed to genuine holders of shares in Lucky Fred's Syndicates.

This money does not include any whole tickets purchased for or by his clients.

£1000 Quickly

If you want £1000 quickly you have first to give yourself the chance. With a fifth share, which costs 1/6, you know definitely that £1000 may be yours in three or four days' time. Without your share you have no chance.

Remember, Lucky Fred, who has won FOUR FIRST PRIZES OF £5000, has already handed TWENTY CLIENTS A CHEQUE FOR £1000 EACH.

He has won every other prize in the State Lottery, and has posted out 10,000 cheques to lucky clients.

Why not send for another Share now, while you feel lucky? That £1000 may be waiting for you to claim.

Another £5000 Soon!

Lucky Fred promised his clients a major prize before Easter. He kept his word and won the SECOND PRIZE OF £1000 last Monday week.

NO ART UNION TICKETS TO BUY OR SELL

Lucky Fred's Syndicates are conducted in conjunction with the N.S.W. Lottery ONLY, and you are sent no Art Union tickets to buy or sell. A fifth Lottery Share for 1/6 can win £1000 cash for you quickly.

There is no waiting—there is no quicker way to win £1000—there is no luckier Syndicate in Sydney! Stick to Lucky Fred!

- - - - - - - COUPON - - - - - - -

How to Send in . . . . . .

Simply cut out this Coupon and—

For a FIFTH SHARE, send 1/6
For a FIFTH SHARE AND A LUCKY CHARM, send 2/6
For FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES in DIFFERENT Tickets, send 5/6

Simply buy a Postal Note for any of the above offers and post it with this coupon and a stamped addressed envelope, bearing your name and address (this is very important, so don't forget to enclose a self-stamped addressed envelope).

By return mail you will receive your Lottery Share in the very next State Lottery to be drawn.

To-day may be your lucky day—£1000 may be yours next week!

You know the address:—

LUCKY FRED, W.W.,
Box 3908TT, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Ugly hairs from face and chest guaranteed permanently and painlessly cured by Sister Louise who is one of the very few genuine Electrolysis experts in Sydney. She has had years of experience in this work and has the latest equipment to aid her. Also specialising in the Removal of Moles, Chiropody, Manicuring, Eyebrow Arching, Medical Massage, and the new Andree Beauty Mask.

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Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

From 2UW, Dorothea Vautier will give you ideas for "So They Say" letters. Listen-in every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 2 p.m. to 3 p.m.

BOOKS FOR PATIENTS

WE all know that reading matter is eagerly welcomed by hospital patients. Would it not be a good idea for hospital committees to approach postal authorities for permission to place in the local post office a box in which donations of reading matter could be left?

I am sure that, by this means, the response would be greatly increased.

Mrs. V. M. Yates, "Avonlea," Kirby St., Golden Square, Bendigo, Vic.

£1 for this letter.

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WHEN IN THE WRONG

I OVERHEARD a man remark to another that as far as his experience had gone he had come to the conclusion that women hate to admit themselves in the wrong. His friend remarked that it seemed to be a pleasure denied to women.

I disagree with them entirely, as I find women to be just as broadminded and as sporting as men in such matters. What do other readers think?

Frances O'Neill, Killarney, Qld.

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SHE WHO GETS SLAPPED

AS no doubt many an innocent woman has already suffered at the hands of a callous husband, through the ill-advised remarks of a N.S.W judge recently, I hasten to offer a little advice to wives only, and that is "Slap back—hard and heavy!"

To those wives not blessed with strength, the rolling pin as wielded in grandma's day is quite an effective weapon, having the added advantage that, thrown from a distance, it allows one the necessary start off should the missile fail to reach its objective.

Mrs. H. Read, McIntyre St., Bendigo, Vic.

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PLAYING IN STREETS

I HAVE for a long time thought that children who play in the street seem to be more robust, and able to take care of themselves than their more carefully reared brothers and sisters. What do other readers think on this subject? I am not necessarily referring to city children who unfortunately have generally nowhere else to play. In many of our better-class homes children play all day in the streets. Do they gain or lose by it ultimately?

Mrs. J. Waters, Bailey St., Alexandra, Vic.

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UNTIDY MEN

NOW that we have had a chat about the fussy woman and decided that she is not a home-maker, let's have a talk about the untidy man. Just where do wifely duties cease? I know of men who will walk right through the house without wiping their shoes; whose shoes and socks (although a receptacle is provided for them) are always left lying about the floor; who leave their pipes in any old place, trailing ash. After they have used the bathroom, there are always pools of water, and a confession of soiled towels and underclothing lying on the floor. Is it a wife's duty to pick up all these things after her husband?

Mrs. L. M. Olsen, Queens Rd., Hamilton, Brisbane.

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STUDY THEIR NATURES

RE Mrs. Hilda Kirkwood's letter, "Spare the Rod." One must first study carefully the nature of the children to be reared. Some children, unless treated very strictly, and spanked whenever they grow naughty, are impossible to train properly. Others, if spanked, are all the more determined not to obey, yet the same children, with kindness, and if you make them feel ashamed, will respond immediately. Therefore, I would suggest that the secret of rearing a family lies in the amount of time the mother is prepared to spend studying the children's natures. Unfortunately, quite a few mothers think all children are patterned on the same lines and insist on ignoring the reactions of different natures.

Mrs. Harding, Victoria Bldgs., 50 Swanston St., Melbourne.

What Can This Girl Do?
Quandary Replies

Quandary

RE your letter, "A Quandary" (7/4/'34). I don't think the writer need have any undue qualms of conscience. She must, naturally, feel a sense of guilt at having, as she would think, obtained her job under false pretences.

When one comes to reason it out, it simply amounts to this: Her employer needed a competent secretary, and he has evidently found one. How much better for her to battle along, keeping her pride and independence, than to have to ask her husband, in all probability, to accept the dole.

Mrs. H. S. Styles, 66 Story St., Parkville, Vic.

Tell Employer

I THINK "Nemo" should lose no time in taking her employer into her confidence, and explaining fully her reason for doing so, also the circumstances which compelled her to pose as an unmarried woman.

Deception is never justifiable with those who trust us, and although her private life has nothing whatever to do with her employer, the fact that she has not been quite straight in one instance might make him doubt her integrity in other matters.

Miss Agnes Robinson, "Clontarf," Camberwell, E.6, Vic.

Quite Justified

IN reply to the question contained in "A Quandary." If economic circumstances made it necessary for the married lady to seek outside work, then I think she was quite justified in obtaining a position in her maiden name (The Australian Women's Weekly, 7/4/'34).

She is rendering to her employer those services for which she is paid—and that is really all that concerns him.

Mrs. J. R. Crees, Yeerongpilly, Brisbane, Qld.

Trifling Deception

TO each one of us there comes a time when "Discretion is the better part of valor," not that we prefer it so; necessity often forces the issue.

You were engaged as a private secretary. In fulfilling your duties in this capacity, you have evidently gained the confidence of your employer.

I see no reason why the fact of your being married should deteriorate from your commercial values; but many employers think—and quite right, too—that a married woman's place is in the home, and she cannot do justice to an outside job.

Your deception is trifling.

Mrs. J. E. Mitchell, Henry St., Werris Creek, N.S.W.

In Defence of School Teachers. Earn Long Holiday

MISS DALLAS being amused at the expression "Overworked teachers" (7/4/'34), evidently knows nothing of the work of a teacher behind the scenes, viz., firstly preparing her work for the next day; (2) setting out her "programme of work" from one to three months ahead, detailing all she will be teaching for that period; (3) compiling a timetable to enable her to get this amount of work in; (4) being careful to work to the prescribed curriculum; (5) working out her averages; (6) keeping stock of Departmental books supplied to her—getting everything prescribed with the small allowance made for that purpose; (7) sending in official returns, remembering which ones go direct, and which go through the local inspector.

I resigned from teaching at the age of 26, and took a business course successfully, and I know that the business girl has far the easier job. Let us all honor the teachers for the noble work they are doing.

Mrs. O. Farquhar, 1 Magic Grove, Mosman, N.S.W.

Ex-Teacher's Reply

AS an ex-teacher and now the wife of a teacher, I cannot let go unchallenged a letter by Miss Dallas (7/4/'34).

Does Miss Dallas realise the amount of clerical work that teachers are called upon to do—the "day" books, the notebooks, and the test records that have to be kept, as well as all the departmental records, some of which are done in duplicate.

Then do not forget the hours of preparation that are necessary on most nights of the week. Holidays, too, are spent in taking lectures and in fagging for examinations, which the majority of teachers have to do for several months out of the year.

Mrs. A. Hobson, "Beneni," Attunga, N.S.W.

Let Her Try It

LET Miss I. Dallas (7/4/'34) take a child for an hour or two and try to teach it tables or some such lesson; she will then better understand the trials of the teacher. Besides, the teacher's working hours are not only from 9.30 a.m. to 3.30 p.m.

Repeatedly I have seen a young lady teacher spend hours after tea going through a stack of books, correcting lessons, and then rise early in the morning and prepare lessons for the day.

I do not consider the teacher's lot such an easy one.

Mrs. Humphries, Kempsey, N.S.W.

Sez You . . . and Sez Me! Our Local English

N. BOSWELL in her letter states that the Australian child speaks bad English. Let me remind her we are Australians, and not English at all. As for the word "ain't," it is no worse than "couldn't" or "wouldn't" when you think of it. I and others I know think our own rough Australian is far better than the poshy English affected by some people.

Miss E. Kennedy, 17 Schutt St., Newport W15, Vic.

From England

I READ with interest the article by N. Boswell in The Australian Women's Weekly, April 7, "I think the Australian child speaks worse than children of other English-speaking countries." I think the education in the schools here compares favorably with that of other countries. I was educated in both English and Australian schools, and must admit that I soon lost the word "ain't" upon commencing school in this country, as I did not hear it spoken during all my school days.

She will no doubt be interested to learn that "ain't" is a word used regularly in the north of England and the Midlands, and is part of the dialect there. Give me Australian English every time, at least one can understand it all over the country.

Mrs H. Boyd, Eaton Ave., Normanhurst, N.S.W.

Slips Back

IN reply to your correspondent in the issue of 7/4/'34 on this widely-discussed and important subject, I would say: No, the compulsory teaching of elocution in the schools would not be a remedy for the incorrect speech of Australian children, but if the teachers would constantly and consistently check the frequent errors of the scholars, and be much more careful themselves to always use good English, a forward step would be taken.

In the elementary classes of our State schools a child learns to use particularly pure pronunciation—the kindergarten teacher is to be commended upon this fact; alas, as he goes up higher he loses the purity of vowel pronunciation and slips back into the slovenly, slightly nasal intonation which is the peculiarity of the Australian.

Olive R. Gerring, Manning St., Taree, North Coast, N.S.W.

Talkies To Blame

MIGHT I suggest to N. Boswell—"The English Problem," "So They Say," 7/4/'34—that the fault does not rest with the education system, which is without doubt equal to any practised in other parts of the world, and elocution is given particular attention at all times. Unfortunately, in many instances, the failure of the children to practise proper English is due to the parents in taking them to, and allowing them to go (alone sometimes), to the cinema, where American gangster stuff is exhibited and language indulged in that would contaminate the mind of any child.

H. McDonald, Fire Brigade Station, Drummoyne, N.S.W

Mother's Fault

RE N. Boswell's letter on the "English Problem." It is absolutely necessary to teach children to speak correctly in the beginning, and the mother should see that they do not form the bad habit of using slang or become careless in their way of speaking. It certainly was an unjust attack on Australian children to say the Australian child speaks worse than children of other English-speaking countries. A mother should choose her children's friends.

Mrs. F. Murphy, 21 Hall Rd., Hornsby, N.S.W.

WOMEN DOCTORS

HAVING practised as a nurse, I have witnessed many operations both by male and female doctors, and I agree that one is as good as the other as far as skill is concerned; but confidence is what is needed, and the female doctor does not create in one that feeling of assurance that is experienced when attending a male doctor. Ask the average modern woman which she prefers, and the answer is definitely in favor of the male doctor who is, in my opinion, far more sympathetic and understanding.

Mrs. H. Turner, 302 Bondi Rd., Bondi Beach, Sydney.

GENTLE TONGUES

MISS KENNEDY is right, I think, in saying that men and women both gossip equally. But my experience is that, whereas men are often boastful, boring or even "one-eyed" according to whether the subject is "Self" "Business" or "Sport" they are nearly always very tolerant of each other's faults, and rarely pull each other to pieces. But women do, therefore, although men undoubtedly gossip as much as we women do, one must admit their tongues do less harm than ours.

Mrs. G. L. Staunton, 43 Williams Av., Newstead, S.A.

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REWARD OFFERED

IN Adelaide recently a number of letters have appeared in the daily press regarding the terrific noise made by motor cyclists. The following advertisement appeared in one Adelaide paper under Public Notices, 3/3/'34, and will tell its own tale.

"Reward offered by nerve sufferer, any effective way to stop hearing noise, unable to bear it. Urgent."

Miss M. Alleyne, 19 George St., St. Peters, Adelaide.

ETIQUETTE

DON'T LEAVE a public entertainment or a theatre before the end of the performance. It is most selfish to disturb other people's pleasure in this way.

FRIENDS AFTER MARRIAGE

RESPECT your girl friends' confidence. Don't tell everything to hubby is a good way of retaining friendship after marriage. Letters from friends should always be kept private. If girls knew how frequently their new married friends gave away their confidence or showed their letters to their husbands, there would be fewer friendships between single girls and married women than there are now.

Mrs. Annie Kemp, Junabee, via Warwick, Qld.

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NOW HERE'S A PROBLEM!

LIVING on the mountains for the first time last winter, I have decided to put my two little girls in slacks this winter, as I consider them very sensible and warm. Would I be expecting too much by asking their teachers would they be allowed to wear them to school, as boys wear long trousers, so why not girls, or would I be considered "a modern mother." They are only young, being 7 and 5 years old. I would like the opinion of other mothers first, before approaching their teacher. I would not, on any account, allow them to wear their slacks to church.

Mrs. A. Gawthorne, San Jose Av., Lawson, N.S.W.

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WOMEN AND WAR

WITH all due respects to Mrs. Gosber ("A.W.W.," 7/4/'34) whose opinion as an older woman should, of course, be respected, I feel I must most emphatically disagree with the sentiments she expressed in her letter, "The Modern Woman". That women should undertake all types of sport is a right and excellent thing, but that women should undertake military training with the idea of taking a fighting status should we ever be outraged by another war is an intolerable betrayal of the women who gave their all in the last war, and those who have and are giving of their utmost in the cause of peace. As a woman who spent years at too close quarters with the last war, it is my earnest opinion that women should stand as an unshakable bulwark in the cause of peace, and that women who have served the cause of war should be the strongest in the cause of peace, because theirs is that pearl of great price—knowledge.

Grace A. Colegrave, 15 Langmore St., St. Kilda, Melbourne.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604417

The Stars of "Bitter Sweet"

Anna Neagle and Fernand Graavey . . .

As Sari Linden and her German music master in the film adaptation of Noel Coward's operetta.

FERNAND GRAAVEY as the shy young musician who loves the girl he is employed to teach singing, but hardly dares to tell her so.

(AT LEFT) Anna Neagle in a befurbelowed gown.

(BELOW) Anna Neagle and Fernand Graavey (Sari and Carl) together after their elopement to the Continent.

ANNA NEAGLE, who has appeared before Australian film audiences in "Good Night, Vienna," with Jack Buchanan, and more recently in "The Little Damozel," has splendid opportunities for singing and for dramatic acting in the part of Sari Linden. Fernand Graavey is a player entirely new to us, from whom we are led to expect great things.

METEORIC is a word which may be used with some justice to describe the career of Anna Neagle. Up to about three years ago she had appeared merely in the chorus and in minor parts in C. B. Cochran productions, either in cabaret at the Trocadero or in the London Pavilion revues. Her rapid rise from the time when she was engaged by Jack Buchanan as his leading lady in the stage show of "Stand Up and Sing" must constitute something of a record.

Dancing has been the foundation of Anna Neagle's success, and hard work was the foundation of her perfect dancing, however she may modestly assert that she has been "Fortune's child."

She has remarkable beauty, too, but that by itself would not have carried her far.

"Before I went to America," says Miss Neagle, "I never expected to get out of the chorus. But in America all the girls were ambitious. They showed me that enterprise and hard work were much more important than influence in the long run."

So Anna Neagle set to and acquired the specialist art of tap-dancing while she was in America, and when, some months after her return, the news went round that Jack Buchanan was looking for a blonde leading lady, she made so bold as to apply—and got the job.

Having been selected as leading lady in the film "Good Night, Vienna," she went on to play leading roles in "The Little Damozel" and "The Flag Lieutenant," and now has a far bigger role in "Bitter Sweet."

The New Leading Man

FERNAND MARTENS made his first stage appearance in London in 1915, at the age of 10, but it was not until some years later that he took up acting seriously in Paris. Deciding that his Flemish name was not suitable for the French capital, he changed it to Gravey, and when he went to England to make "Bitter Sweet" for British and Dominions, he added another "a" to avoid mispronunciation—and wisecracks.

Graavey was born in Flanders in 1904, and it was while he was a war refugee in London that C. B. Cochran asked him to appear with a number of other Flemish children in his wartime review, "The Kiddies in the Ruins." However, at this time he had no thought of going on the stage, and when he did eventually propose to take this course, his family actively opposed the idea. But he persisted, and finally made his debut in "Romance." By a strange coincidence his father had appeared in the original London stage production of the same piece, playing opposite Doris Keane.

For some time he confined himself actively to stage work, but with the arrival of talking films, he turned his attention to pictures, and for a while appeared on stage and screen simultaneously, working at the Paramount Studios in Paris, as well as for Ufa, in Germany. Finally, he found the burden of this work too heavy, and decided to concentrate on films, making only an occasional stage appearance at his own theatre in Paris.

His favorite leading lady is his wife, Jeanne Renouardt, with whom he has played in most of his stage successes, but she has so far made no appearance in films. However, she has arranged to make her first film in France shortly, and her husband hopes to direct her. He has already had experience in this branch of screen work, having previously directed one of his own films.

When Herbert Wilcox, director of productions for British and Dominions Film Corporation, was casting "Bitter Sweet," he chose the handsome young Belgian actor to play the part of Carl Linden, and Graavey readily accepted, although he had never previously appeared in a British film. However, he speaks English perfectly, having been educated at St. Paul's School in London during the war, and the slight accent which the part of Linden requires had to be put on with his make-up.

The enormous success of "Bitter Sweet" on both sides of the Atlantic led to Graavey receiving numerous offers of contracts in Hollywood, but he has consistently refused them, as he is perfectly content in Paris, and, while he has no objections to an occasional visit to London, the idea of a prolonged absence in America does not appeal to him.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*
★★ *Two stars—good films.*
★ *One star—average films.*
No stars . . . . no good.

★★★ ROME EXPRESS

Conrad Veidt, Esther Ralston, Cedric Hardwicke. (Gainsborough.)

ONLY now is Sydney seeing this much-talked-of film, which dates prior to "Shanghai Express" in its design, if not in its actual completion. It is a pity. Yet in direction and acting the picture remains a first-class detective thriller, unsurpassed of its kind. There is no hero, nor even a central figure, properly speaking, but what a gallery of characters! One hardly knows which to admire more—Conrad Veidt's cool, resourceful crook, Gordon Harker's golfing bore, a part quite outside anything he has been seen in here before, or Cedric Hardwicke's stingy millionaire, advertising his charities and grinding the face of his meek secretary. These and the others have a consistent life of their own. They are not mere types. One of the most brilliant studies is the head of the Paris Surete. You would swear he was a Frenchman, not the shrugging, hysterical Frenchman of caricature, but the real thing. Only you find he is played by Frank Vosper. That applies also to all the porters, conductors, restaurant-car waiters, and so on. They are some of them the genuine article, and the others cannot be distinguished from them.

This careful attention to detail has achieved the authentic atmosphere of travel on a through train from one Continental capital to another. There is the bustle of departure, the fidgety settling down into compartments, the striking of acquaintanceships, the interruptions for dining-car meals and examinations of luggage and passports—all are perfectly done. Meanwhile the drama, ranging up and down the train and drawing together the hopes and fears and loves and hates of diverse people, moves forward with quiet acceleration. This is a film on which you have to keep your attention, or you would miss something. But it is worth it.—Mayfair.

★★ FLYING DOWN TO RIO

Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Fred Astaire (R.K.O.).

IT is usual for each musical film, as it comes along, to claim that it has entirely novel features. But this one really does succeed in getting off the beaten track several times. There are band rehearsals, of course, and air travel, and love by moonlight; none of these is exactly new. But the music of the Cariocs, played by a Brazilian orchestra, has an individual quality absent from other popular song hits, and the swing of the dancers as they work up to its rhythm has the typical svelte movement of Latin America. The ballet, also, dancing in tenuous, filmy gowns through the lounge of the hotel, achieves more graceful effects than the undress seen frequently of late in this class of show. Then, to pluck the ballet off aeroplanes out of the sky certainly makes a spectacular finale.

Gene Raymond and Dolores Del Rio are satisfactory principals. Raul Roulien adds his good tenor voice, and Ginger Rogers her pert comedy, to the production. But the personal success of the piece is Fred Astaire, the dancer-comedian, who was introduced into the final ballet scenes of "Dancing Lady," but hardly given a chance. By his performance here he makes one understand why he is equally popular in New York and London. One thing puzzled us. Why did the natives of Rio de Janeiro refer to Raymond's invading jazz band, and to the visitors from the northern half of the continent, as "Americanos?" Are not the inhabitants of South America also Americans?—Plaza.

★★ S.O.S. ICEBERG

Rod La Rocque, Leni Riefenstahl, Gibson Gowland. (Universal.)

SCENES of Eskimo life and Arctic adventure have appeared in films before, but, as far as we know, nothing to equal this tale of the Polar regions has yet been released. The story links up with actual expeditions by making the actors set off, after a farewell banquet with other scientists and explorers, to trace the ill-fated Wegener and recover the scientific data collected by him a few years ago. It is in itself a record of endurance and hair-breadth escapes among the icebergs and drifting floes to the north of Greenland, and additional excitement is provided by the rescuing aeroplanes, flown by the well-known actress-Alpinist, Leni Riefenstahl, and by Ernst Udet, a German ace pilot during the war.

Nature's majesty and immensity in this film—the crashing of icebergs and the thunder of the ice as it splits off from the glaciers and plunges into the sea—rather dwarf the human drama. But Gibson Gowland, a figure of huge strength, gives a telling performance as a man whose nerve, and, later, whose reason, is undermined by privations. Sepp Rist's swim among the ice floes is an admirable feat. And Udet's plane, skimming close to the side of glittering cliffs and over the tops of jagged bergs, supplies genuine thrills. There are, too, picturesque incidents such as a fight between two polar bears over a seal, the teams of dogs setting off with the sleds, and the Eskimo kyaks speeding across the bay to pick up the hapless survivors of the expedition.

But always one comes back to the sheer beauty and magnificence of these scenes amidst the frozen north. This is undoubtedly a film worth seeing.

★ TWO ALONE

Jean Parker, Tom Brown. (R.K.O.)

HERE is a rather grim little story of youth oppressed by a slave-driving tyrant. Eventually the tyrant's malice is thwarted, but we felt glad that an easy and sentimental conclusion was avoided. The young hero, who at the beginning of the film had run away from a reformatory school, was sent back finally to finish his term, though under more humane conditions.

The opening scenes, showing hens and pigs and calves and other creatures of the farm, are delightful. Later sequences of tree-bordered fields and shaded stream all point the contrast between the idyllic surroundings in which the two young things might have been happy and the fears with which their taskmaster beset them.

Jean Parker, while retaining her air of wide-eyed innocence, is developing emotional power. Hers is a good performance, satisfactorily seconded by the others. Zasu Pitts makes a brief appearance as the trombone-playing daughter of an old man losing his wits (Charles Grapewin). Query: Which of them drove the other to it?

LADIES MUST LOVE

Neil Hamilton, June Knight, Dorothy Burgess, Mary Carlisle. (Universal.)

MUST they? It depends rather on what you call ladies, not to mention what you call love. This picture tells a story of four gold-diggers—at least three of them are definitely that, but the fourth (June Knight) earns her own living intermittently by singing in a night club. She meets a young gentleman of wealth and experience (Neil Hamilton) and from time to time convinces him that she is different from other girls. But in between whiles he is assailed by doubts which, in our opinion, her conduct gives color to. During one of these anxious periods the other three "ladies," no longer able to look to her for subsistence, appear as a saucily amusing turn in a beer garden. Maud Eburne has the part of a hard-bitten proprietress of a speakeasy, and Edmund Breese gives a restrained study of a man who wishes to renew his youth. The most attractive creature in the film is a Persian kitten. It seems that not everything moves at top speed in New York, for the impetuous Hamilton is able to race the automatic lift in his apartment house down four floors of stairs and get to the bottom first.

AGNES DOYLE, the clever young actress who plays the part of the Australian girl in Ivor Novello's play "Fresh Fields" at the Criterion. The play caused a sensation in London.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

Saturday, April 21, 1934. *A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.* Page One

A GROUP of students from "Hopewood House," Darling Point, busily engaged in mastering the art of cooking. Miss Nancy Jobson, M.A., headmistress of "Hopewood House," makes special provision in the curriculum of the college for domestic science, and the course is extremely popular. The department is under the direction of Mrs. State, who is the only graduate in Domestic Science from the University of Sydney. The girls in the picture are Jean Mackay, Isabel Mackenzie, Betty Colter, and Betty Field.

—The Australian Women's Weekly photo.

EUROPEAN VIEW of the MODERN YOUNG MAN

Readers of the following article, which is a translation from the German by Olive Brown, may conclude that domesticity has overtaken the modern European young man with a vengeance.

On the other hand, they may see in it a subtle form of that Nazi propaganda which loves to fan the military ardor of youth!

(FROM OUR LONDON OFFICE)

"YOU must come over and see my new flat. I have a new carpet and a beautiful lamp such as I have wanted for a long time."

The speaker is neither Agnes, Dorothy nor Mary—but George. If you accept George's invitation, you will find him proudly exhibiting his rug, detailing where he found the bargain of a lamp, and then he will serve you a dainty tea with thin slices of bread and butter and cakes.

Not only does George furnish his flat and prepare delightful little meals without the help of a woman's hand, which has always been considered so indispensable, but he also darns his socks, and, in times of financial pressure, he may even wash them himself.

George is not an extraordinary being. George is only a modern young man. There are thousands of Georges in our cities. I watch them every day about me from my flat.

I am amazed at how these young men —for they are all under 30—are developing those virtues which thus far have belonged to their sisters.

George lives alone in a small flat—bed-sitting room, kitchenette, and bath. He works in a city office. A quarter of his weekly income he sets aside for the rent. What remains is just sufficient for food and clothing, and a few carefully-selected amusements.

THERE is always the morning rush, the same as girls know only too well. The quality of the breakfast depends entirely upon the condition of his purse as well as on the hour of rising.

Brave young George does not begin his day's work as self-confidently and at leisure as did the men of the past, who were aggressive types of males. George's aggressiveness is tempered by street traffic and by packed trams.

In his office building he presses into a lift packed with other wage-slaves of both sexes, so tightly that he cannot remove his hat, as there is no room for his elbows. And so is lost one custom that formerly distinguished the difference between the sexes.

This "Stand back, which floor?" levelling of individualities prepares George for the day's work at his desk, which is opposite that of a young girl. She is not his secretary. His fellow workers, mostly girls and women, earn as much as he, or almost as much. One even receives a salary double his own, and from her George gets his instructions.

His lunch hour is spent in a nearby tea-room where other men and women of his type gather.

After lunch he strolls along the street. His eye is caught by paintings or by delicate china in an antique shop. These things interest George as much as a beautiful horse might have interested his grandfather. He cannot afford a horse, but he can afford an old engraving or a Chinese teapot.

HIS evenings are a worry. He considers Grace—young, beautiful, and affectionate. Their families had been old friends. Grace recently suggested an evening together. A dinner worthy of Grace, two theatre tickets, taxi fares, etc., would take half his week's wages!

So George thinks of Dot, who is a stenographer and lives in a flat above his. Dot is not as pretty as Grace, and decidedly not as affectionate, and she likes to pay for herself. To have dinner with Dot, theatre seats in the gallery, and home by tram, will cost George so much less. He does not even need a dress suit.

Though George may not like to admit it, the day has tended to develop only feminine qualities in him. Caution instead of thoughtlessness, consideration instead of aggressiveness, disregard of sex differences in business and politeness, feminine tastes in food, in decorative things, and in his willingness to share with a girl.

Whether this development is regrettable or not depends upon this:

What you expect of George. If you look to him to become a great general in war, or an Empire builder, or only the head of a large family in peace, then you will be disappointed.

But if you believe and hope that the day of generals and State builders and patriarchal families is past, then you will hail George as a pioneer in a new era.

CLEVER IDEAS

WHEN CONFRONTED with an overstock of vegetables such as carrots, parsnips, and turnips, etc., a very helpful hint is to place them in a box of earth, or in the ground, where they will remain fresh for several days.—**Mrs. G. Henderson, 16 O'Mara St., Tighe's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.**

WHEN THE knob comes off the lid of a pan or kettle, just slip a screw through the hole; the head of the screw inside the lid. On to the protruding end of the screw, outside the lid, fix a cork. This will make an excellent knob, and it will not get hot.—**"Nancy," Bundaberg, Q'land.**

CHAMOIS LEATHER is the very best lining for tea cosies, as it is a better retainer of heat than any other material. So, if you have any pieces to spare, use them up in this way, and you will find that your pot of tea keeps hot throughout the meal.—**Mrs. T.E.S., Melbourne, Vic.**

DO NOT throw away old gramophone records. You will find they are excellent polishers for your irons. Rub the iron well over the record, and they will run more smoothly.—**Mrs. B. R. Ennis, 22 Water St., Toowoomba, Qld.**

IF A woollen jumper is dried in the following way it will always keep its proper shape. Take an old pair of stockings and peg the toes together on the line. Then slip the legs through each arm of the jumper, and peg the stocking leg-tops to the line, thus allowing the jumper to be suspended loosely.—**P.O., Marrickville, N.S.W.**

WHEN DARNING stockings or linen, darn in the shape of a triangle and you will find it will last much longer, as the same threads are not pulling against each other.—**"Marie," Newport, N.S.W.**

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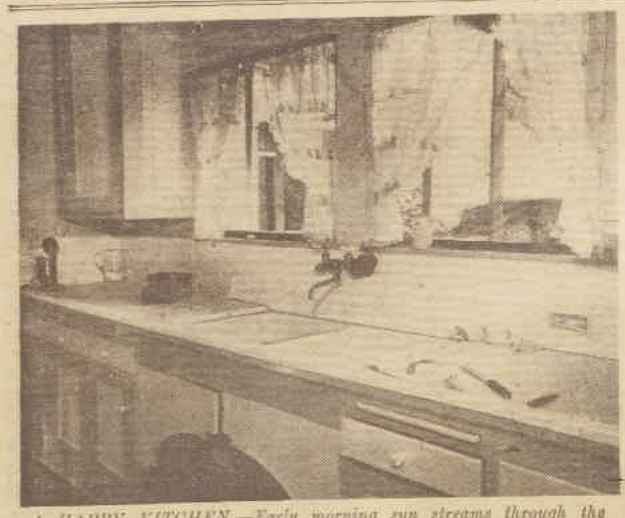


A HAPPY KITCHEN.—Early morning sun streams through the windows and plays round on the cream and honey yellow walls.

KITCHENS . . . Which are A JOY To Work In!

Can you say this of yours —can you say with pride "Come into My Kitchen"

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

THE kitchen might well be considered the central point of the home from which radiates the general health and well-being, and, to an extent, the happiness of the family. Consequently, in addition to being the most important room in the home, it should be the happiest.

HERE, in the kitchen, the average woman of the home spends more of her time, during working hours, than in any other room. Here, more often than not in the busy home, breakfast is served — especially if the kitchen is provided with a pleasant, sunny alcove.

Reasons enough, surely, why the kitchen should be efficiently planned, and attractively equipped. . . .

Take the three I have shown here—what joy to work in any one of them!

First of all, note the kitchen at the top of the page—attractive, isn't it, with its softly-frilled muslin curtains framing spacious windows and a happy outlook?

The cardinal aim in arrangement of the equipment and fittings of the modern kitchen is to bring everything together in the most convenient way, and to provide surfaces that are easy to clean. This kitchen is a happy, concrete example.

Directly beneath the sink, the smartly-painted garbage container is kept. Ample cupboard space is provided for pots and pans, china, etc., with plenty of drawers for cutlery, and minor cooking utensils.

And guess the colors used for cupboards and walls? Cream and honey-yellow—soft, mellow, non-irritating, non-clashing shades. Incidentally, the rich, honey shade is echoed in the embroidery motifs of the creamy curtains.

In the picture showing immediately above, you glimpse a poem in white enamel. Note the up-to-date stove, with its oven which obviates stooping. Glimpse the colorful china in the glass-panelled cupboard. Color notes are given also by blue and white check curtains, and the decorative porcelain canisters—not shown in the picture. Note, also, ample cupboard and drawer space, which makes for neatness and method, and adds to the appearance of the room.

* * *

THE second picture showing on this page is a delightful example of what can be done with the modern kitchen in the way of a breakfast alcove.

If you glance at the picture you will note that instead of a window, tall glass doors have been built in. Here one can step out on to a velvety lawn, surrounded by gay flower beds backed by leafy palms and flowering trees—delightful!

Breakfast, you will agree, under these ideal conditions, would be most pleasant, in addition to being a most convenient arrangement for the housewife.

* * *

FOR the alcove or breakfast nook an ordinary white deal kitchen table can be lacquerd in keeping with your existing color scheme; or, if your kitchen is white, any desired color can be introduced.

For instance, a black lacquered table with chairs in black and apple green, light muslin curtains carried out in apple green, would introduce a strikingly modernistic note to this most efficient of rooms.

* * *

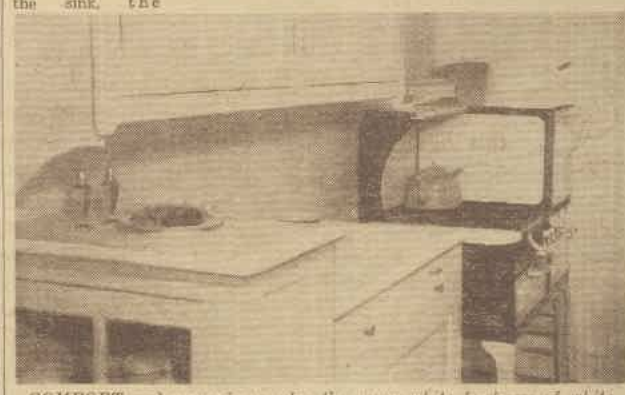
TO those who love color, and who are desirous of introducing a brighter note into a kitchen which is dreary, I would suggest:

Cover the floor with a green linoleum, and paint the woodwork with a lighter shade of the same color. Cover the walls with cream Sanitas, having a tile effect and touches of green.

Your aluminium utensils will look splendid against the green. The pipes, door knobs, etc., can be painted with aluminium paint, so that the general effect will be the reverse of dreary; in fact, this kitchen would display originality—a pleasing individuality—and should be the object of envy.

Finally: We can't all have a panoramic view, or a pretty garden to look upon from the kitchen windows, unfortunately. But if chimney-pots be yours, why not introduce a gay window-box, or some small pot-plants, the pots gaily painted. You will not worry about the "view"—for growing plants and budding flowers have a charm all to themselves.

EVEN stars dine in the modern kitchen! The breakfast alcove in the kitchen of Irene Dunne, of Radio Pictures.



COMFORT and convenience, plus the snowy-white freshness of white enamel. No laborious bending at the oven door in this efficently-planned kitchen. Note the ample drawer and cupboard space provided—a feature which is of tremendous assistance to the housewife.

Something NEW again in Competitions!

"GIVE & TAKE"

First Prize £75
Second Prize £20
Consolation Prize £5

£100

NOTE. This is a WEEKLY COMPETITION No. 2

GIVE AND TAKE is our latest competition surprise. Try and win it now.

This is what you have to do. The "Give and Take" Coupon below contains ten ordinary words—but each has either one letter TOO MANY, or one letter MISSING—so

Where you see "GIVE," you just ADD one letter to make the solution.

Where it says "TAKE," you TAKE away a letter to find the right word.

A clue to each correct word is given. Thus with No. 1 you give A to the letters already there and obtain CASH—the right answer to the clue, and so on.

Don't write out the full words again—only fill in the actual letter given or taken in each case, at the side. If making further attempts use the other columns, too.

CLOSING DAY, 4.30 p.m. FRIDAY NEXT, APRIL 27

All this week's Solution Letters are included in the following "Key" List, each may be used once, or more, as necessary:—

D, R, K, G, M, H, P, N, E, W, T, S.

"GIVE and TAKE"

1	GIVE	*Another word for money.*	CSH
2	TAKE	*Keep.*	DRETAIN
3	GIVE	*Sports enclosure.*	RINKG
4	TAKE	*Want of trust.*	MDISTRUST
5	GIVE	*Mix up.*	UDDLE
6	TAKE	*Decayed.*	ROTTEDN
7	GIVE	*May be attractive.*	SHO
8	TAKE	*An animal.*	RAMT
9	GIVE	*Children like these.*	PATIES
10	TAKE	*A small pie.*	PASTTY

Down one column for each entry.

ENTRIES COUPON:

One Entry 6d	Two Entries 1/-	Three Entries 1/6	Four Entries 2/-	Five Entries 2/6	Six Entries 3/-	Seven Entries 3/6	Eight Entries 4/-	Nine Entries 4/6	Ten Entries 5/-
A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

CONDITIONS.

All words in Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary. The correct solution is made up and known to its editors only by the Auditor for "GIVE & TAKE" COMPETITION (Room 5), Mr. Oswald Barnett, M.Com., F.C.A. (Aust.), Melbourne, with whom full Prize Money has been lodged. The final judging of the Competition will be referred to him, and all entries are accepted on the distinct understanding that his decision will be final and legally binding on all competitors. Proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery. Send Postal Note, if possible, and keep a record of the number on it. 1st Prize of £75 will be paid to the correct or nearest correct solution. 2nd of £20 is the next nearest correct respectively. Ties divide. A Competitor sharing either 1st or 2nd Prize Money, or both, cannot receive a share of Consolation Prize Money. An entire correct solution must have no errors, in their respective order down one column. The Consolation Prize of £5 will be divided between entrants who have the first eight correct letters in their respective order, down one column.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

A Competitor can only win one share of First and two of Second Prize-money or one share of Consolation Prize-money.

Correct Solution and Prize Winners will be published in the Sydney "Daily Telegraph" and the Melbourne "Sun-News" Pictorial, on SATURDAY, APRIL 28, together with No. 3 COMPETITION.

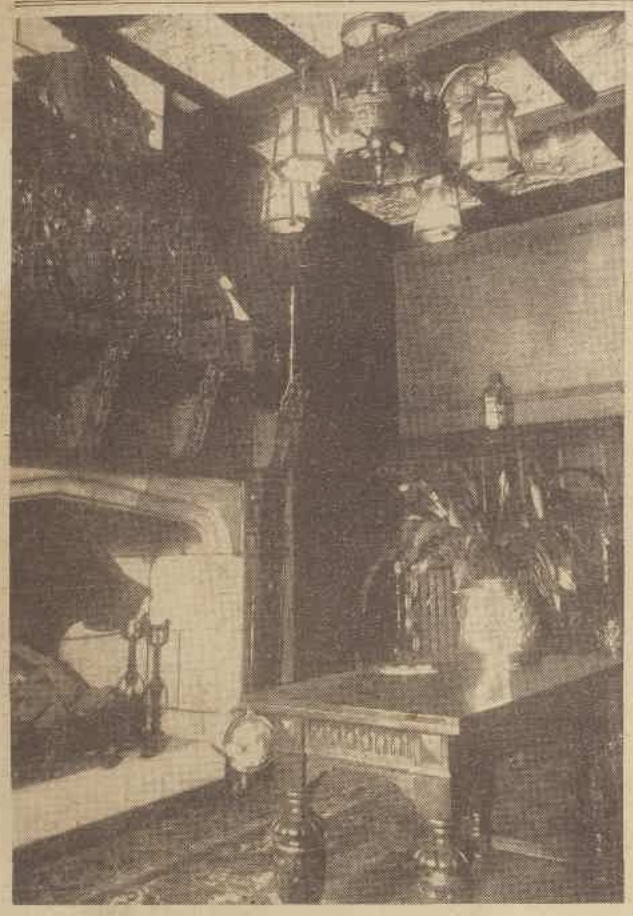
POST ENTRIES TO THIS ADDRESS:—

"GIVE AND TAKE" COMPETITION (Room 508, 5th Floor), Manchester Unity Buildings, MELBOURNE

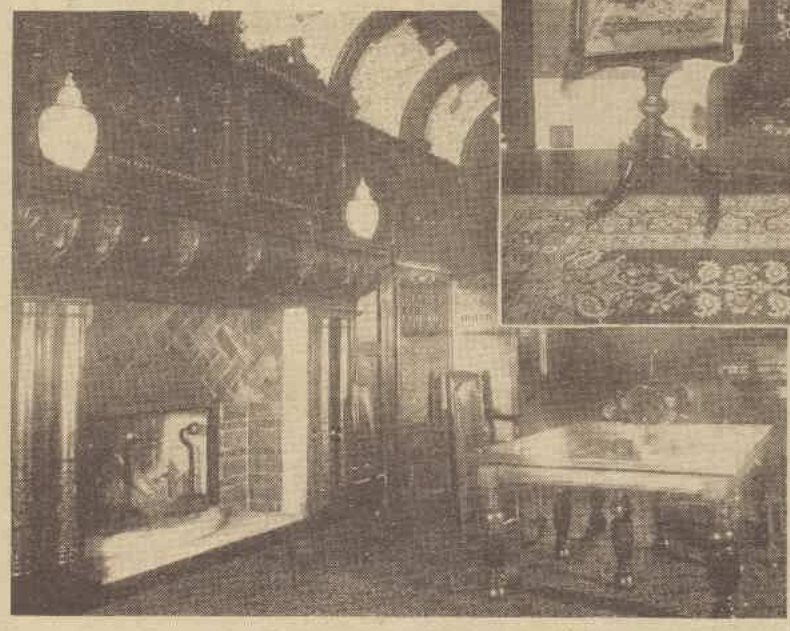
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604420

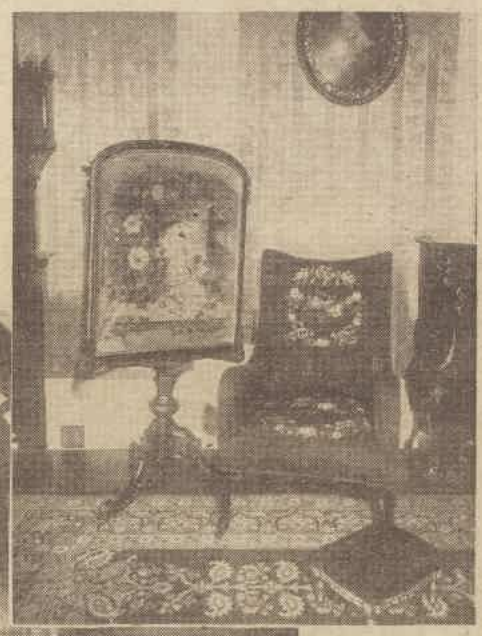
"GLADSWOOD"—Home of Stately Beauty

. . . Where Guests Still Arrive Occasionally By the Waters Of Double Bay



A VIEW of the vast entrance-hall of "Gladswood." Planned in the manorial manner, it has a large fireplace where, in winter, a piled log fire blazes cheerily. In summer great tubs of blossoming azalea trees shed their beauty on the scene.
—Women's Weekly photo.





A VIEW of a boudoir. Mrs. Spencer Brunton herself worked the coverings for chairs and cushions in gros-point on a background of pretty nosegays.

EVERY home which is cherished by its owners, inevitably acquires a distinctive individuality, and this holds good especially of such homes as "Gladswood," whose owners, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Brunton, are essentially home-lovers and noted for their hospitality. During a long period of years, they have spent much time and thought on their home, and "Gladswood" has responded most satisfactorily to their devotion.

THE house was bought by its present owners from Mr. Kelly, father of three sons, two of whom, Messrs. T. H. and Willie Kelly, are still living and are widely known in Australia. The third brother, Frederick Septimus Kelly, was a well-known athlete and oarsman, and winner of the famous Diamond Sculls. He was a close friend of Rupert Brooke, who mentioned him frequently in his memoirs. Like Rupert Brooke, he, too, was killed in the Great War. As one might expect, the names of all three of the Kelly brothers have been deeply carved in the old boat-house walls!

AFTER it was bought by Mr. Brunton, Mr. Jocelyn, a well-known architect, added a wing to the house. Later, his daughter married Mr. Brunton's son, John.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Spencer Brunton was Nellie Thorn, whose mother's name was identified with numerous good works before many of Sydney's present charitable organisations were instituted.

EVERY lover of fine needlecraft would delight in Mrs. Spencer Brunton's boudoir. She acquired a magnificent fire-screen of the time of Queen Anne, and its beauty and cleverly-designed grouping inspired her to learn gros-point and petit-point. She has worked chair coverings in black gros-point ornamented with flowers to match the marvellous screen. Cushions which are the work of her skilful fingers add their restful and ornamental touches to the room, which shows the Queen Anne ideals at their best.

It is interesting to note that many men, as well as women, succumb to the lure of gros-point and petit-point. Princess Mary's husband, Lord Harewood, Lord Spencer, and Lord Gainford are all adepts at it, and the new Governor of Victoria, Lord Huntingfield, has just finished a tapestried reproduction of his home in Suffolk in petit-point.

Among the many highly-valued treasures of the Bruntons is a portrait of Mr. Brunton's cousin, Sir Lander Brunton, who was the famous Court physician to Queen Victoria and King Edward. Another is a very fine portrait of the late Dame Nellie Melba, who was a close friend of Mrs. Brunton's. This picture is inscribed "To Nell from Nellie."

THE walls of the boudoir are hung with brocaded satin with moire stripes in rose du barry shading. These panels are padded so that the beauty of the brocade is shown to full advantage. An Old Master's picture of a famous beauty smiles down from the walls.

One of the most enticing spots in "Gladswood" is the entrance hall, which has a huge fireplace always filled with logs, and a magnificent mantlepiece. Persian rugs of exquisite workmanship adorn the parquetry floor, and the light is cheerily caught and deflected by an old-world copper warming-pan and large polished brass pots which hold flowering plants. In spring, an enormous azalea tree sheds the beauty of masses of blossoms over the charming scene.

The doors of the dining-room, drawing-room, billiard-room, and study, all are in the central hall. The entresol leads into the drawing-room, which is so large that the Bechstein grand occupies a relatively small space. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Brunton both love good music and good plays, and are "first-nighters" at opera and theatrical performances.

The dining-room is large and lofty and furnished in the Jacobean period, with the exception of a buffet which has all the latest electrical appliances on it for keeping dishes warm.

THE great dining-hall where the hospitable host and hostess of "Gladswood" have presided over many stately functions.

CARE OF TORTOISESHELL.

When washing tortoiseshell brushes, be careful not to wet the backs. If they do get splashed, dry them very carefully and rub them well with sweet oil, afterwards polishing with a piece of silk.

PRESENTATION CABINET of CUTLERY
containing
STAINLESS STEEL CUTLERY and STERLING SILVER-PLATED SPOONS and FORKS
53 Pieces
£12/17/6, Reduced to
£11/5/-
W. Jno. BAKER Ltd.
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INTERIOR DECORATORS
Curtains *Loose Covers*
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WE MAKE UP YOUR OWN MATERIALS WILLINGLY.
Our advisory artist will guide you in any color scheme you desire to obtain, without any obligation on your part.
"Service and Attention given at all times."

The Power of the Penny

HAVE you ever thought that the problem of provision for your non-earning days is really only a matter of pennies after all?

Less than the sum that is spent day by day in unwanted trifles—a deduction from weekly income so small as to be scarcely noticeable—will guarantee an income for life when you retire.

That is the PRUDENTIAL way—to make the pennies of the earning days provide the pounds needed when earning days are done.

Ask the Prudential to tell you about the Guaranteed Income Policy, by means of which (as an example) a man of 25, on payment of less than tenpence a day, may secure an income of £2 a week for life on retirement at 65, and be splendidly covered by a life policy in the meantime.

LIFE POLICIES IN FORCE 28,000,000

What 10d. per day can do for YOU!

Prudential Assurance (Inc. in England) Company Limited.
HERALD BUILDING, PITT STREET, SYDNEY

PULSFORDS

119 BATHURST STREET (between Pitt and George Sts.)

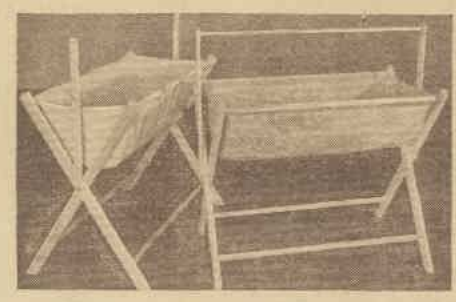
Exceptionally Keen Prices in Nursery Furniture

PULSFORDS pay special attention to the needs of mothers in furnishing the nursery at little cost. Hygienic construction and good strong materials for service are featured, and all are thoughtfully designed. Prices are marked as low as possible; PULSFORDS' guarantee of quality assures you of the very best value. You are invited to come in and inspect next time you are in town. PULSFORDS' easy terms are available on all these items.

Shown at left:

KINDERGARTEN SET of Oval Table and two quaint chairs, painted with nursery design, and lacquered in any colour scheme desired. Keenly priced.. 32/6

THE PLAYGROUND is a boon to mothers, and gives freedom and safety to baby. The one shown below is 4ft. x 4ft.; strongly made; unstained 18/6



THE "LULLABY" CALICO COSYBYE is 3ft. 3ins. long, and folds up quite flat for carrying or storing 9/6

THE SECOND COSYBYE, in Blue Damask, is very pretty, and same size as above 12/6

ASK ABOUT OUR EASY TERMS

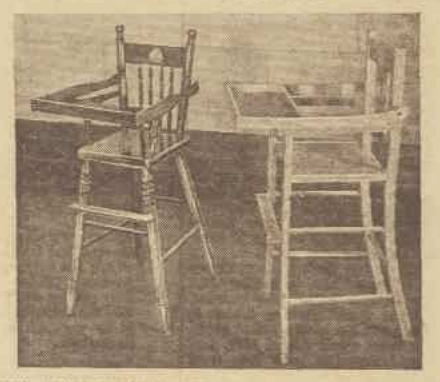
THE PRAM on left, above, of closely plaited cane painted in ivory; inside is upholstered in Blue, with Blue Cushion 87/6

THE OTHER PRAM is larger size, and very roomy; the outside is in deep Cream; inside has upholstered Cushion in soft Pink £6/17/6

THE STROLLER, shown above, has brightly coloured ticking, slung like a deck chair, and woodwork lacquered any colour; folds up flat for easy carrying 21/6

With Leather Straps instead of arms 19/11

SEAGRASS STROLLERS, with folding handle 23/6



THE FIRST HIGH CHAIR is made with turned legs and rails and shaped tray, finished in Walnut tone 11/9

THE SECOND CHAIR is in Oak, natural tone, and is very strong and well balanced 16/6

COTS AND MATTRESSES

This Cot is in Oak, light or dark tone, very strongly made, with quality wire mattress. 4ft. x 2ft., 47/6; 4ft. 6in. x 2ft. 6in., 52/6

A nicely designed Cot with panelled ends and good wire mattress; in light or dark toned Oak 67/6

We have also a 4ft. x 2ft. Oak Cot, complete with flock mattress and pillow. Complete for 63/-

COT MATTRESSES, well filled Kapok. 4ft. x 2ft., 21/9; 4ft. 6in. x 2ft. 6in., 23/9

KAPOK PILLOWS, each 3/-

SPECIAL TERMS FOR COUNTRY CUSTOMERS — WE PACK FREE

PULSFORDS

119 BATHURST STREET, SYDNEY

"Where Quality Costs Less."

SAVING on the LIGHT BILL

Points to Consider When Buying "Cheap" Electric Lights

By Our Special Commissioner

The housewife who saves 1/- purchasing a cheap imported electric lamp is penny wise and pound foolish. Efficient and economical lighting can only be obtained by the use of correct lamps.

To-day, the Australian public is being offered cheap imported lamps, made under sweated labor conditions, in competition with the quality Australian article, which is regarded as equal to the world's best.

WITH the approach of the long winter nights, the question of the electric light bill becomes acute for the thrifty housewife, for whose benefit I have written the following article on residential lighting.

It is remarkable that the majority of householders, with an eye to economy, endeavor to effect a saving in their lighting accounts by purchasing cheap grades of imported lamps, which are retailed in many shops at prices ranging from 7½d. to 1/- each.

The majority of these cheaper lamps are manufactured in Japan, under cheap labor conditions, where they are sold to the world at 16/9 per 100, or a little less than 2d. each. That very fact should speak volumes for the quality of the workmanship and material put into them. After freight and import duties have been paid they can be landed in Australia at 6/9 a dozen.

A housewife who purchases a lamp at 7½d. pats herself on the back, and regards herself as a success as an economical shopper. For an Australian made lamp of similar candle power, she would have had to pay somewhere in the vicinity of 2/-, so that she has apparently saved 1/6 on her purchase.

Leaving out of consideration the fact that housewives who purchase imported Japanese goods are literally taking the bread out of the mouths of wives and children of Australian unionist workers, let us consider the purchase from a purely economic point of view.

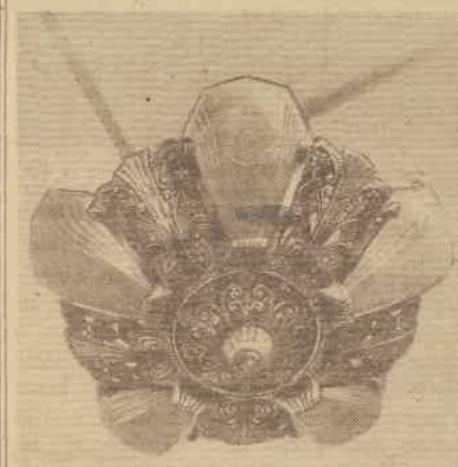
I had an opportunity during the week of witnessing a demonstration of the Photometer, an ingenious device invented by Philips Ltd. for the testing of electric lamps, which convinced me, and would convince anyone seeing it, that lamps of Australian manufacture are of a much higher grade than imported articles.

One imported lamp, marked 50 candle power, when tested by the machine, was found to be consuming 40 watts, and giving a light efficiency of 100 degrees.

A second cheap imported lamp branded 32 candle power was proved to be consuming 45 watts, and only giving an efficiency of 115 degrees on the same basis.

An Australian lamp, 40 candle power, when tested, was found to consume 40 watts, and to give 135 degrees of efficiency as compared with 100 and 115 in the other cases.

It was pointed out to me that the tolerance allowed for variation in quality Australian lamps is a margin of about two watts, while imported lamps of 100 candle power often consume as much as 120 watts. Others marked 75 watts were found to only consume 70 watts.



THE demonstration clearly showed that with the use of the cheaper lamps you either have loss of light or loss of money through excessive use of current.

It was demonstrated to me that people using cheaper lamps could, by switching over to quality lamps, save either 20 per cent. of their present lighting bill or obtain 20 per cent. more light for the same cost as they are now paying.

Electroliers from Mark Foy's, which exemplify the artistry of the best types of modern lighting. Bronzed, with bronze trimmings relieved with amber, they are beautifully designed and diffuse soft, restful light, as well as being charming additions to the furnishing ensemble.

I saw tests of the use of 60-watt lamps, both imported and Australian, and was amazed at the difference in the lights cast into a cabinet. The Australian lamp gave forth a bright white light under which the smallest print could be easily read, while in the other case the light cast into the cabinet was of a dull yellowish color.

Tests made of those two lamps showed that the imported lamp was consuming 5 per cent. more current than the local article. I also saw later that a 40-candle-power Australian lamp gave forth a better and brighter light than the 60 c.p. imported article.

The average life of a lamp, whether Australian or imported, is reckoned to be 1000 hours, during which time it consumes about 20/- worth of current.

Occasionally the cheap grades of lamps last for a long time, and householders are satisfied with their purchase, but the longer they last the more current is being used, and in many cases it is merely one shilling wise and one pound foolish.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604422

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

The VOGUE for APPLIQUE

. . . . . Our exclusive transfer helps you to obtain rich effects on exquisite household linen with a minimum amount of time and trouble. .:. .:.

Undoubtedly, applique is striking in its effect. It looks, too, infinitely more difficult of accomplishment than it really is.

Tea, luncheon, and breakfast cloths would be fascinating appliqued with the lovely fruit design which you see here. This transfer design, containing four large and six small motifs, can be had for 6d. post free.

A CLOSE-UP of the exquisite applique fruit and leaf design. Transfers may be had on application (containing ten motifs) for 6d. post free.

STRIPED PIQUE, in tones of blue, gold, leaf-green, and crimson, was utilised as the motif for this decorative cloth and matching serviettes, in sun-gold linen.

By the way, 36-inch check ginghams make ideal breakfast cloths. They can be appliqued in plain color.

White applique on black and white, white on red and white, or chock on plain cambric in any desired shade are just suggestions.

Of course, you can buy the beautiful household linens in all widths and colors to-day.

To make a 45 x 45 breakfast or luncheon cloth, with six matching serviettes, you require two yards of 45-inch material. To make a teacloth 36 x 36, with six serviettes to match, you require 2½ yards of material.

Three-quarters of a yard of 36-inch material is necessary for the applique motifs. This exclusive transfer sheet, costing 6d., contains four large motifs, and six smaller ones for the serviettes.

The Making: Cut the linen square for the cloth, and the balance into six squares for the serviettes. Now cut each design from the transfer sheet and place on the cross on the pique (or whatever material is used for applique purposes). Allow a full inch border of the pique material all round. Press with a warm iron, and then cut out each design. Tack the motif to the linen, and, in doing so, see that the leaves are placed two inches from the base of the cloth and about half an inch from serviette borders. Outline with buttonhole stitch, and overcast the inner lines and fruit stem. Then, with a sharp pair of scissors, cut the material away from the button-holed edge along the top of the leaves; continue round in the same manner until you reach the middle base of leaves. Now, finally, cut away both materials from lower border of leaves and fruit.

Put Our DRIED FRUIT In EMPIRE *Puddings*

The analyses of dried fruits given by recognised experts confirm the importance of these items in our dietary.

For reasons of self-interest and to encourage an industry that gives employment to hundreds of returned soldiers, women should make themselves familiar with the various ways in which these valuable foodstuffs can be utilised, and encourage their consumption.

APRICOTS from an Australian orchard being prepared for drying.

AN extensive campaign in Great Britain and Canada has put the Dried Fruit Industry of Australia in a much sounder and more secure position than it was some years ago.

Room for Development

But there is still boundless opportunity for development both at home and abroad.

The annual value of the industry to the Commonwealth has been estimated at more than £3,000,000, the total Australian production of currants, sultanas and raisins being 78,000 tons and dried tree fruits, including prunes, peaches, apricots, nectarines and pears, totalling 4946 tons.

Of the above-mentioned quantity of dried vine fruits 49,900 tons were produced in Victoria, and those who have travelled through the Murray and Murrumbidgee areas devoted to the growing of vines, will realise that our production might be vastly increased, provided that markets could be found for the output.

Returned Soldiers

A VERY large proportion of the dried fruit producers are returned soldiers, and that fact gives them a special claim upon us.

But the reason for using dried fruits is not confined to its commercial significance, nor gratitude to our returned men.

It is a matter of self interest, for in all questions of diet, personal considerations must come first. Our health, our power to work, resistance to disease, and our consequent value to the community depend largely upon what we eat.

It is by virtue of the cellulose they contain, and the mineral salts, as well as the fact that the carbohydrate content is in the form of fruit sugar that the dried fruits, besides their valuable use as an energising food, have qualities that make them valuable from a health point of view.

They are particularly valuable in the diet of children. Dr. W. R. P. Emerson, in "Nutrition and Growth in Children", declares that ten large raisins yield 100 calories. Other eminent dietitians have extolled the virtues of dried fruits as substitutes for the sweets, jams and sugary cakes that so many mothers feed their children upon.

There is an almost limitless number of ways in which these foodstuffs can be used, and in order to encourage their consumption the Dried Fruits Board has issued a revised edition of its Sunshine Cookery Book.

It contains hundreds of recipes, suitable to be served at all times and on all occasions, and a copy of the book will be posted to our readers upon request to this office.

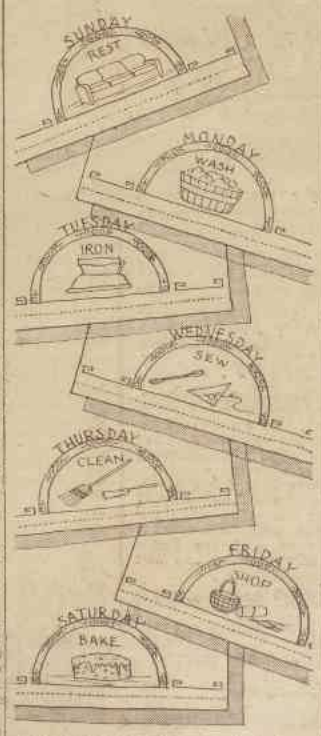
The problem of the school lunch can be easily solved by the use of dried fruits, as well as the problems that confront the housewife who wishes to introduce variety into the meals served to her family. This new cookery book will help her find the solution.

It is curious that in our use of dried fruits we have been guided largely by tradition. They have their greatest use here at Christmas time, in our hottest season. They are specially suitable at that season on the other side of the world, and specially suitable for us in the winter months that are ahead.

LINEN TEA TOWELS

Bearing Novel Mottoes for Every Day in the Week . . . . Traced Ready for Quick Embroidery.

SEE them pictured here! Are they not novel—and helpful? Housewives in need of the best quality towels will appreciate these, and girls, who are desirous of adding attractive, useful articles to the bottom drawer, or glory box, will be intrigued with the "reminder" mottoes.



THESE LINEN tea towels feature colorful check borders and hemstitched ends. They each measure 24 x 31 inches, and can be had for 1/10 each, or 12/6 the set of seven.

MARK FOY'S

Spotlight

3 Outstanding Light Values

New. . . . and very beautiful these Electroliers. Illustration on the left shows a five light 42in. drop, with a spread of 21in. The Electroliers have to be seen to be appreciated. . and at Mark Foy's they are sterling value.

Foy's price, **87/6**

Complete with lamps.

Three-light Electrolier, with Amber-tinted shades. . . 45 inches drop. . . spread of 15 inches.

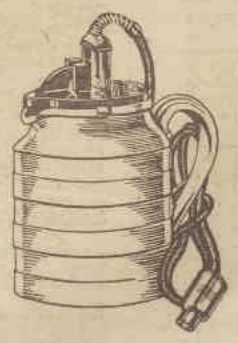
Priced complete **59/6**

Wall Bracket to match the 3-light fittings are priced at **22/6**

Also other designs to suit all types of rooms are displayed.

"Target" Iron, the Iron with the guarantee for quality and efficiency. Complete with 3 yards of Power flex and plug to suit your power point.

Foy's Value . . . **11/9**



"Target" Jug . . . 6/9

"Target" Boiling Jug will boil 3 pints of water in 4 to 5 minutes. Guaranteed against element failure for 12 months.

Foy's value: **6/9**

MARK FOY'S Ltd.

Liverpool Street, Sydney

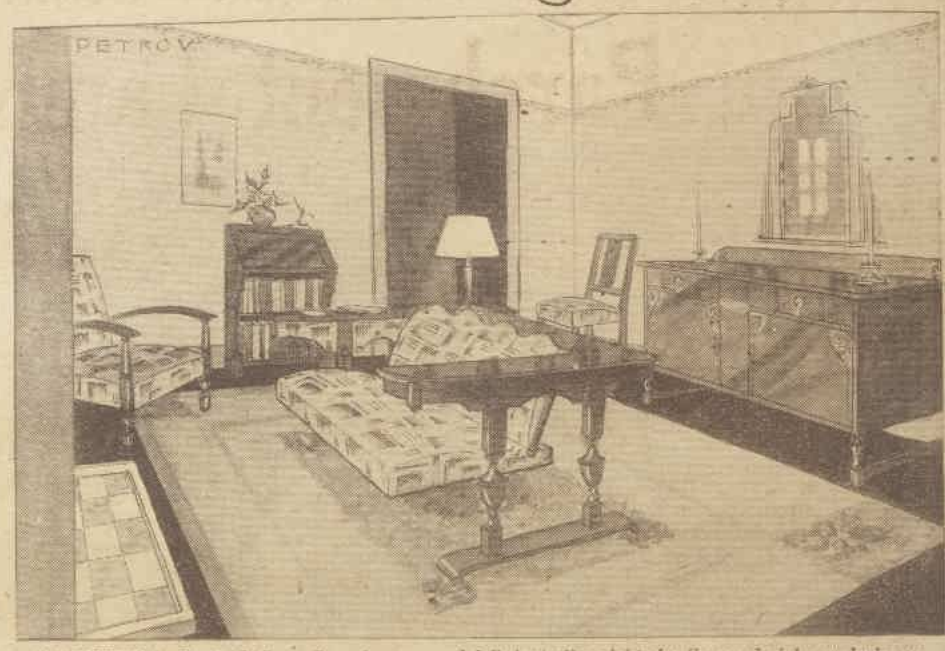
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4604423

And Now . . . Modernism in Magical Mood

A Touch of a Lever and The Dining-Room becomes a Cosy Living Room!

The practical interpretation of the foregoing statement means that the very latest in dual-room furniture has arrived, and makes its bow to Australian home-lovers.

Very smart, very attractive, and whispering of ease and comfort—and spaciousness—it has been designed ostensibly for the small home, and for those who dwell in flats with but two or three rooms at their disposal.



PATENTED in England, Grace Bros. have secured full Australian rights for the wonderful new dual-room furniture, which Petrov, our artist, has sketched for you. See story.

FURNISHING is always an enthralling topic to women, and the modern trend for simplicity, usefulness, bright, cheerful colors, and a throwing out of unnecessary ornament makes this a most interesting age for home-makers.

The idea that only women of wealth can hope to make charming homes is a fallacy. It isn't only the big and expensive houses which can be made gracious and lovely homes.

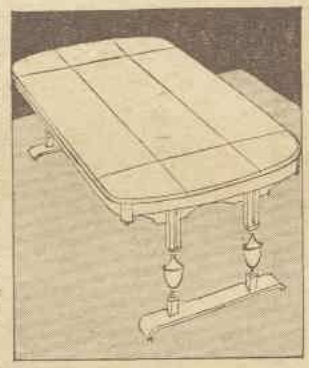
A tiny bungalow, a small flat, can be delightful if furnished the right way.

The women of moderate means, by judicious choosing, by eliminating the unnecessary, by remembering that the art of furnishing is founded upon simplicity, can have the most charming of homes.

TO many of us, however, with but two or three rooms at our disposal, the economy of space presents a real problem when it comes to furnishing—and entertaining.

A dining-room is necessary, and yet so unnecessary when the meal is over!

A combined dining and lounge or living room always seems such a jumble, so . . . . the dual-room furniture enters the scene, and solves the problem in an amazing and yet practical way.



HERE YOU see the very latest, the table "settee," in rich two-toned oak—as a table! Above, it is shown as an inviting, restful lounge. Nothing here to indicate its dual purpose, other than the manner in which the wood is sectionalised, and that only adds the more to its attractiveness.

Above, Petrov has sketched this new dual-room suite for you. This suite comprises a "settee" table, four dining chairs, two fireside chairs, and an attractive sideboard in two-toned oak.

The sideboard features panels of figured oak, giving it extra beauty and richness.

One can hardly imagine that a few minutes previously this "settee" was a dining table agleam with silver, glass, china, and all that goes to make up an enjoyable meal.

Cleared, the simple moving of a lever has turned it into a comfortable lounge. Both end sections of the table serve as arm rests, a place for books, ash tray, and table lamp.

Readers will be very interested to note that this "settee" table is absolutely foolproof in adjustment.

The upholstery of this, as well as the chairs, is carried out in modernistic tapestry—a design featuring rich, subdued tones.

Patented in England, Grace Bros., Ltd., have secured the Australian rights of this wonderful piece of furniture, which is a tribute to the genius of the modern designer.

Home lovers, therefore, may see the dual suite at their leisure, for this is now specially displayed at the big Broadway store.—E.E.G.

2UW Highlights

Owing to pressure of space in the "Home Maker" section, details of 2UW features for the week have been published on page 22.

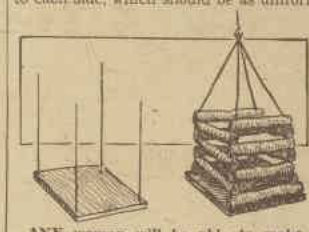
Make This Rustic Hanging Basket!

ELEGANT hanging baskets for the porch or bush-house can be made at home.

First take a square of wood (note sketch) and fix to the four corners four long, stout, but very slender wires.

The best way to do this is to drill holes at the four corners, which may be done with a small red-hot skewer; pass a wire under the wood, and bring the two ends up through two opposite holes. Cross this with another wire in a similar way. Tie the two wires together where they cross by a piece of thinner wire, and then press the square of wood down close upon them. Tree branches about three inches wide, even, smooth, and equal, are now wanted.

Cut these in lengths, a little off the square—about an inch. There are four to each side, which should be as uniform



ANY woman will be able to make rustic hanging baskets from the directions given here.

as possible. Drill holes in all of them an inch from the edge. Then string them on the wires in the way shown.

Unite the wires at the top by making a loop to each at the same distance from the basket with the aid of a pair of pincers, slipping a larger wire ring through them; an S-hook will be stronger.

For indoors the sides of the basket between the logs can be filled with artificial moss. Potted palms or maidenhair fern would be delightful.

Bark, such as you buy at florists, will serve to line it for the bush-house or porch, and any plant desired can flourish to perfection.

TO prevent a door rattling, take an ordinary cork, and with a sharp knife cut off two thin slices. Now, with fine brads fix one piece to the door jamb at the top, and the other piece near the bottom. This has proved most successful.

POSITIVE PROOF of PERSIL'S CLAIMS.

"DOUBLE -YOUR-MONEY-BACK" GUARANTEE!

PERSIL WILL OPEN YOUR EYES

How can we possibly make the "Double-your-money-back" guarantee? Here's the answer: Persil has delighted millions of women in England and Europe. We know that Persil will mean the end of washing-day drudgery for *you*, too; we know that Persil will give *you* the easiest wash and the whitest clothes you've ever had. We want to convince you of it, so we make this amazing guarantee.

3,000,000 English women use Persil regularly—and every week thousands more Australian women follow their example. Will *you* find the way to easier, brighter washes this week?

STOP SLAVING...Let PERSIL work for you

How is it that Persil, without a moment's rubbing, makes clothes cleaner than ever? Oxygen-washing—that's the secret. As soon as Persil goes into the water millions of tiny oxygen bubbles start streaming through and through the fabric of your clothes. They sterilize, cleanse and purify every stitch and thread. You've never seen anything so gentle, yet so thorough, as Persil. Tiring, destructive rubbing is unnecessary now!

WHITE whites . . . . SAFE washing for everything

Your clothes are washed so extra-clean by Persil's penetrating oxygen suds that they are bound to dry with a wonderful new brightness. You'll say you've never seen the whites so white before, after your first Persil wash. And then the *gentleness* of the Persil way of washing makes it just the safest thing for colours, silks, woollies and all delicate materials. You've got to wash the Persil way to realise how safe washing can be!

SAVE every time you wash ...absolutely NO bar soaps NO soap powders or other extras are needed..... PERSIL washes best alone

"ALL THAT PERSIL SAYS IT DOES IS TRUE"

"Anyone once using Persil will, I am certain, never go back to the old drudgery of washing with any other preparation. The ease of doing a day's work (now done in half a day) is amazing. No praise on my part will convince anyone, just try it, you, like myself will be satisfied that there is nothing to compare with Persil. I am a semi-invalid and have only been able to tackle the laundry work since using Persil. To crown it all it costs no more than other preparations that mean hard work and leaning over a washboard. All that Persil says it does is TRUE. Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) (Mrs.) L. M. DAVIES,"
Highclere Avenue, Punchbowl.

£100 GUARANTEE THAT THE ABOVE LETTER IS GENUINE & ENTIRELY UNSOLICITED

THE SIMPLE WAY IS THE Persil WAY

Persil (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 1590B G.P.O., Sydney. 31.77.7TN

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Brighten Your Home with Beautiful

Parchment Lampshades *from* —

GRACE BROS.

Attractive, colourful Lampshades add charm and distinction to the simplest home furnishing schemes. Grace Bros.' huge range of new Lampshades, the largest in Australia, makes selection a pleasurable and simple matter—there are new styles, shapes and colours, specially designed for every room of the home. You are invited to see these new creations that exemplify the latest ideas for interior decoration. The prices are particularly keen throughout.

An Exceptional Value

PARCHMENT SHADE

At Left!

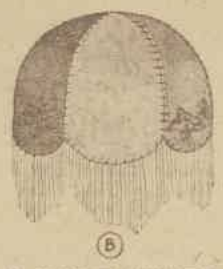
A—Illustrated is a nicely coloured Shade, 14 inches in diameter, hand-painted, and laced.

PRICE, ea., ONLY . . . **2/11**

With Long Silk Fringe!

C—Illustrates a beautiful large Shade; nicely decorated, and finished with Silk fringe. 14 inches diameter. Wonderful Value.

PRICE, ea., ONLY . . . **12/6**



A DOME SHAPE

B—Here is a Shade suitable for any room. Effectively hand-painted, and laced. Finished with Silk fringe. Diameter, 10 inches.

PRICE, ea., ONLY . . . **5/11**

LAMPSHADES — in any color required

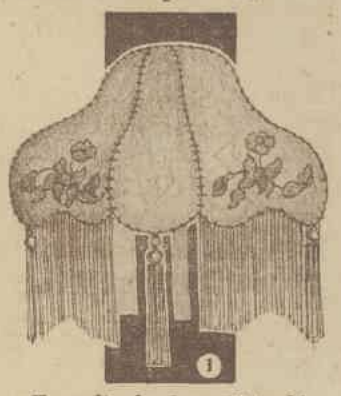
Below!

F—A Most Attractive Shade, in pretty shape; daintily hand-painted, hand-laced, and finished with Silk fringe. 14 inches diameter.

Price, ea., Only, **7/6**

E—Illustrates another exceptionally low-priced Shade; effective shape, with neat design and Silk fringe. Diameter, 12 inches.

Price, ea., ONLY . . **6/11**



Exceedingly Low Priced!

I—A well-made Shade, 14 inches in diameter. Effectively hand-painted and hand-laced, and finished with long Silk fringe and tassels.

PRICE, ea., ONLY **10/6**

Our entire stock of PARCHMENT SHADES is made of the best heavy quality material, and features some wonderful markings.

Hand Painted and . . . Silk Fringed

K—Simplicity of design is the keynote of this neat Parchment Shade, hand-painted, and finished with Silk fringe. 13 inches diameter.

Price, ea., ONLY . . **5/11**

An Extra Special!

D—Depicts an unusually low-priced Shade — remarkably so when the size and quality are considered. Nicely decorated, as shown. 12 inches diameter.

Price, ea., ONLY . . **5/11**

Lampshade Dept., First Floor, Furniture Building

FOR the HALL . . . . . .

H—This smart Shade can be obtained in any required colour. Hand-painted in attractive design, and finished with Silk fringe and tassels.

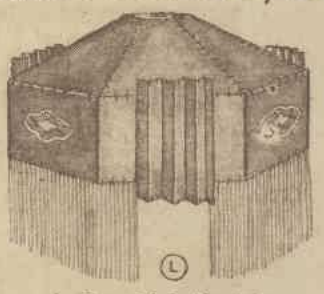
Price, each, only **11/6**

Smart — Uncommon

G—Illustrates the new Moderne style of Parchment Shade, and makes a most effective Shade. Hand-laced, and Silk fringed.

PRICE, ea., ONLY **7/6**

Our Lay-by Dept. is Cordially at Your Service



A Beautiful Shade!

L—Another "Art Moderne" design—and what a lovely Shade it is! Hand-painted and laced, and finished with Silk fringe. 16in. diameter. Suitable for any room.

PRICE, each, ONLY **15/11**

New Shipment of —

Figured Linens, Cretonnes and Shadow Tissues

Not a "JOB" PURCHASE — But Carefully Selected NEW GOODS

30in. CRETONNES

All the newest modern and semi-modern designs in colourings to suit all furnishing schemes. Note the particularly keen prices:

Per Yard:

1/- 1/3 1/6 to 4/11

48in. SHADOW TISSUE

Popular designs in heavyweight furnishing qualities. Choose from our excellent range, and you will be assured complete satisfaction. **Price,** yard, from . . **2/11**

30in. SHADOW TISSUE

Heavyweight quality that will give long service. Attractive designs and popular colourings. Extra Special Value at **Price,** yard, from **2/11**

50in. FIGURED ART. SILKS

In an almost endless variety of delightful colourings and designs in soft textures. **Price,** yard, from **4/11**

30 Inch

FIGURED LINEN

In either Jacobean or Tudor designs, in true period colour combinations on useful Fawn ground. An ideal loose cover or curtain fabric.

PRICE, per yard,

2/11

Furnishing Drapery, 1st Floor, Furniture Building

'PHONE M 6506 —GRACE BROS. LTD.— BROADWAY SYDNEY

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SPECIAL VALUES FROM

OUR New Art FURNISHING SECTION

Modern attractive materials, already keenly priced, are offered with price reductions. In spite of this value, we are making plain curtains and valances free of charge from any material purchased from the Furnishing Department at 2/11 per yard or over.

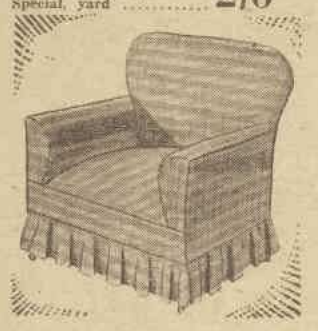
FREE • CURTAIN • MAKING

3/11 SWISS VOILE

This charming and dainty material in ecru shade makes the ideal cross-over and frill curtains and offers remarkable value, being 58/60 inches wide and of excellent quality.
Usually 3/11 yard.
Special, yard 3/6

NASTURTIUM CRETONNE

This favorite design is offered in heavy linen-finished Cretonne. All the beauty of the colorings of the nasturtium are printed on black, green, biscuit, fawn or brown grounds. 30 inches wide.
Usually 2/11 yard.
Special, yard 2/6



LOOSE COVERS TAILORED BY EXPERTS AT VERY MODERATE CHARGES.

CHINTZ CRETONNE

Dainty English Chintz Cretonne in a fine quality. Ideal for curtains, bedspreads, etc. In charming colorings on cream grounds. 30 inches wide.
Usually 4/11 yard.
Special, yard 2/11

TRUSCHA CLOTHS

The most versatile fabric ever offered, suitable for curtains in any room or verandah, loose covers, bed covers, stretcher covers, cushions, upholstering, etc. In novel designs, crossover check, pin stripe, lattice and new dobby effects in self and two-tone colors. Guaranteed fadeless in rose, blue, green, rust, tango, orange, lemon, beige and fawn. 48 inches wide.
Usually 3/11 yard.
Special, yard 3/6

Tapestry TABLE COVERS

Just landed! Attractive hard wearing quality in Tapestry Table Covers, designed as illustrated; also with plain centre and floral border, fully fringed. In red, blue, green and brown.
Size, 58 x 75 inches.
Usl. 13/11.
Now 12/11
Size, 58 x 90 inches.
Usl. 16/11.
Now 15/11

HORDERN BROTHERS

OWING to the pressure of increased business, Hordern Bros. have made extensive alterations to the second floor, which extends from George to Pitt St. In "Clothe Hall," as the large department is aptly named, every type of furnishing fabric may be purchased by the yard. All tastes are catered for, from the most conservative to the ultra-modern, and there is a most interesting display of period reproduction fabrics. An electric staircase has been installed, giving easy access to the floor, and huge windows provide direct daylight lighting—great convenience for the selection of fabrics. This photo shows a corner of the floor on the George Street end. —Women's Weekly photo.

EVEN THE LADY choosing the newest and most irresistible of designs in wallpaper has affected the smartest in art moderne and futuristic wallpaper designs for her dress and cape. The four designs, shown here, sketched by Petrov, are by courtesy of H. R. Hey and Co., wallpaper specialists, of 118 Liverpool St., Sydney.

MODERN WALLS
A Pleasure to Live With

We have become "wall conscious." No longer is a wall something that must be covered haphazard with any old thing merely to hide the nakedness of its plaster.

And because of its beauty, artistry and adaptability, wallpaper takes precedence over every other material for decoration.

ALTHOUGH wallpaper is never, in any tastefully furnished room, the principal feature, it is certainly one of the most important parts of the enrichment, and will invariably be the means of enhancing the appearance of the whole apartment, or of completely destroying the harmony of the general effect.

Just as a discordant note can ruin the harmony of a chord or melody, so a wrong texture, color, or design will spoil the harmony of a room.

This thought occurring to me as I write bids me to tell you of a room which has recently been transformed by wallpaper.

It was a dull, lifeless sort of room for a breakfast-room, browny-looking walls with a dado of green and henna. Imagine it!

What to do? Paint, distemper or wall-paper?

"Let's have a look at some of the new wallpapers!" was the suggestion. So off we went.

A lovely rough-cast type of paper in a yellowy-buff shade was chosen.

The white ceiling gave way under energetic hands and distemper brush to a creamy shade, and, as for the room which had the sulks—well, it smiles. This dowdiest, dreariest of rooms is now the sunniest room in the house, and will continue to be on the dull, wintry days ahead.

At the same time, I had a peep at the many, many other wallpaper designs that rely for their effectiveness on the remarkable balance and joyous blending of colors.

I selected from among the fascinating examples four—and here you see what artist Petrov did with them.

He has dressed the lady absorbed in contemplation of the sample book in wallpaper.

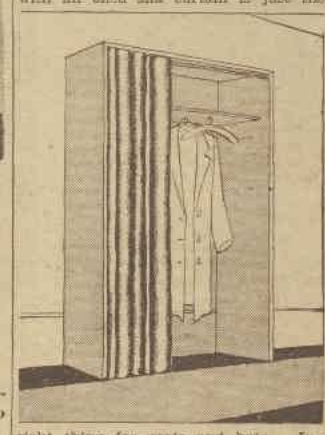
Her dress shows the new development—the art moderne or futuristic type of wallpaper. Very new and very smart. Her cape features a texture paper, slightly art moderne, with a pattern running through it.

The page she is contemplating is really a glorious design in "real life." Rich tapestry effects, rich colorings. No sketch could do it justice, while on the opposite page the dignified beauty of the verdure tapestry pattern is indicated.—Eve Gve

Around the Home
Some Suggestions, & Helpful Hints

A Cheaply Made Hat and Coat Wardrobe

WHEN the hall is very narrow a very shallow wardrobe composed of two side pieces and a top fitted in front with an oiled silk curtain is just the



right thing for coats and hats. Incidentally, some fascinating colors, rich and deep-toned, can be obtained nowadays in oiled silk. Most of the bigger stores stock it.

To Join Tortoiseshell

THE ordinary methods of joining tortoiseshell is by the combined effects of heat, moisture, and pressure. Bind the two parts together with a wet cloth, or piece of linen. Heat a pair of tongs, and with these press the joint together.

A Cheerful Bathroom

HERE is a happy color scheme for transforming a dull, water-marked bathroom into the radiant spot it should be. Have the ceiling and upper part of the walls washed over with kalsomine, primrose color, and the balance redone in pale apple-green enamel. Green and white checked curtains would make a pretty finish.

Mending Garden Hose and Watering-Cans

LEAKY watering cans may be successfully mended with insulating tape. Stick the tape on the outside. With reasonable care it will remain quite watertight for years. This tape is also useful for mending leaky garden hose. Also for labelling tin canisters used in the kitchen. It adheres much better than a gummed paper label.

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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

- By JANE ANNE SEYMOUR -

FOR some unknown reason the University Settlement Dance, apart from the Undergrads' Ball, is always the most popular dance of the Varsity myriads, and this year was no exception. Tickets were limited by Mrs. H. Dent and Mrs. W. Hull, the hon. secretaries, to 500, but far more than that number managed to be present in spite of last Thursday's torrents.

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AFTER the ceremony in the great hall, when about ten very nervous debutantes were presented to the Governor and Lady Game, everyone repaired to the Union, where some, like Professor Harvey Sutton, preferred to spend a staid evening at bridge, and some danced in the refectory.

Those present included the Peden family, always Settlement enthusiasts, Barbara, whose leg is out of commission, playing bridge, Sir John watching the dancers, and Margaret dancing with fiance Ranald Emanuel. Other keen Settlement workers included Evanne Wood, Nora Green, and Helen Taylor, and one also noticed Anne Gordon, in artistic blue draperies, treading a measure with General Iven Mackay; Patty Rickards, newly-elected secretary of "Shirley," with Freda Furram, the retiring secretary, who is demonstrator in psychology at the University; Mr. G. V. Portus, having his last flutter before leaving for Adelaide; Ted Pilkington, escorting a cousin during fiancee Evelyn Sweet's absence in New Zealand; Bee Wines, who was taking a night off from rehearsals for the Players' Club's next show, where she is to be a "peculiar" woman; Ron. Walker, lecturer in Economics, talking French to his young Belgian bride; and Miss Gladys Marks, in vivid red, looking very fit again after her trip abroad.

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MISS GATEWOOD DAVIS, secretary of the Board of Social Studies, did her bit by looking in at the Settlement dance for about half an hour, then hurried through the rain to Double Bay, where a number of women graduates were entertaining Mrs. Von Hein (formerly a Sydney University colleague, Marie Erhardt), who left a few days ago for Germany, where her home now is.

Mrs. Von Hein, who is slim and tall, with vivid red hair, is a tremendously vital person, and soon had all her friends chatting of old times, and singing songs, from "Waltzing Matilda" to "The Broken Ring." The hostesses were the Misses Kathleen and Elvira Lyons, and others present were Eileen O'Connor, Eileen Fitzpatrick, Mrs. M. Monckton, Mrs. Rachel Lewis, and Mrs. Mills.

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ON Friday last (also the 13th), Colonel and Mrs. R. C. Simpson gave a "superstitious" party at their home, Kambala Rd., Bellevue Hill, with pictures of people walking under ladders or opening umbrellas for place cards.

Guests included Enid and John Riddle, Beatrice Fawsitt, Betty Hungerford, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ord, Ronald Henderson, Charles Morphett, Captain, Mrs. and Norma Heward, Eric Luscombe Newman, Dick and Marjorie Simpson, Gwen Marshall, Denys Radford and Elizabeth Conroy.

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MANY lovely brides have walked up the red-carpeted aisle of historic old St. Stephen's, but none made a fairer picture than golden-haired Peggy Bullmore, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Bullmore, of Woollahra, when she exchanged wedding vows with George Campbell. She wore a golden beige afternoon frock, picturesque black velvet hat, and a posy of rare orchids.

Her father gave her away, and her young brother, James, was best man. The early part of the honeymoon is being spent in the Mountains, and the young couple will sail for England by the "Orama" next Tuesday. Doubtless they feel a romantic attachment for this boat, as it was while travelling out from England on it a few months ago that they first met.

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POUISHNOFF, who has been giving a number of successful recitals in Melbourne and Adelaide, had his lighter moments there, also. He is passionately fond of dancing, and when not practising or appearing on the concert platform was to be found at various cabarets. Like Levitzki, Poulshnoff is unmarried.

THE girls were very interested at David Jones' business lunch this week to notice that Strella Wilson, the guest of honor, although she has become so slim did not diet, but enjoyed roll and butter, fruit salad and cream, and other such banes of those who want to reduce.

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MRS. R. W. AARONS, formerly Miss Edith Vick, of Charters Towers, is having a very busy time at present, on a twelve-weeks' honeymoon in Sydney. On Friday last she entertained at the Hotel Australia Mrs. Salmon and Miss Peggy Salmon, of Charters Towers, and her two sisters-in-law, Mrs. L. B. Barclay and Miss M. Aarons.

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ON Friday Admiral Dalglish and Captain Walker gave a cocktail party on board H.M.A.S. Canberra, to which about 150 naval officers and their wives and friends were invited. The party was in honor of the new Admiral (Admiral W. T. R. Ford) and also to farewell Admiral Dalglish.

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RHODA AND CEDRIC HUGHES have just left in great style for England where they are looking forward to meeting their friends, the Cobcrofts. On his return, Cedric, who has finished his law studies, will practise with his cousin, Geoffrey Hughes.

The only unfortunate thing about their departure was that Joan McDermott, who had been seeing them off, caught her foot in the wharf, and slipped and broke her left arm. The break, in the forearm, is, however, more inconvenient than bad. When I saw her she was dressed up in a nurse's uniform, because of its loose sleeve, and planning to get a coat to cover it with loose sleeves also

A DELIGHTFUL picture of Marni Watt (right) and Margaret Forsyth, taken near the swimming pool in the garden of Marni's home. Marni is the daughter of Professor R. D. Watt and Mrs. Watt, of Vaucluse, and Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Forsyth, of "Dunnedoo," Mudgee. —Dayne.

MAXINE, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Gumbleton, who recently returned to England after a visit to Mrs. Gumbleton's mother, Mrs. Harry Watson, of "Whitley," Sutton Forest. Maxine's mother, formerly Winifred Watson, was a noted beauty of the social circles of this State when she lived here. —Dayne.

MISS KATE KELLY, whose home is at Hawthorn, Melbourne, always looks forward to visiting Sydney to meet her friends again. At present she is staying at "The Lido," North Sydney.

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SOMETHING of the glamour of the tropics will be transported to the "Nieuw Holland" for the "Night in Bali" ball on April 21. Gorgeous Eastern garments will be worn by those taking part in the interesting Balinese presentation, "The Seven Gods of the Himalayas." Guests, on arrival, will be presented with posies of frangipanni, which are to be brought by plane from Queensland for the occasion and, with the blossoms and decorations for the official table are the gift of Mr. Fred Searl.

A film depicting life in Java will also be shown during the evening. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Game will be among the distinguished guests.

BETTY, who recently returned with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Mitchell, after spending the school holidays with them at her home in Salamaua (New Guinea), has resumed her studies as a boarder of "Meriden." On Saturday morning she was hostess to a number of little friends when she entertained at a party arranged by her mother at David Jones'.

Among those present were Barbara, Betty and John Logan, John Gates, and Eddie Simmonds, who all received a surprise gift on arrival. Betty's sister, Mrs. R. W. Richmond, was also in the party. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell will sail for Salamaua shortly.

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THERE was a long "guest of honor" list at the Women Graduates' party at Manning House this Wednesday, and a very interesting one. It included Margot Hentze, who has just graduated B.A. yet already has received the distinction of being appointed assistant lecturer in history at Sydney University (Miss Gladys Marks and Miss Camilla Wedgwood are the only other women lecturers here). Miss Camilla Wedgwood, after a year's living on the edge of a volcano in New Guinea, studying natives, is lecturing here for two terms

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ANOTHER notable was Mrs. Fisher, wife of the newly-appointed economist to the Bank of New South Wales. Mr. Fisher was formerly Professor at Otago University, and he and his wife, also a graduate, had a unique honeymoon just strolling across Siberia and Russia generally. Other guests of honor were Mrs. T. A. G. Holmes and Mrs. M. L. Eldridge, B.Sc., Queensland, who is at present in Sydney doing research work at the University.

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MR. AND MRS. W. E. AREY and their daughter Marjorie, who arrived from Auckland a few months ago and took a flat at Rose Bay, have heard so much about the "awful Sydney winter" that they have decided to escape it by sailing for England on April 25 to pick bluebells in country lanes.

Mrs. Arey has played a good deal of croquet in Sydney, and Miss Arey, who is an excellent tennis player, has given a good account of herself at the White City. Mr. Arey's specialty is bowls. They hope to be in Auckland to eat their Christmas turkey, after which they will return to Sydney and build a permanent home here.

ON Friday evening Mrs. Arthur Kingston, the young New Zealander who is in Sydney for about a month, entertained some of her friends at "Clifford," Wylde St., at a cocktail party. Those present included Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harty, Beaupre Bassett, Doris Fitton, Don Finley, Mrs. Stanley Phippard, and Eric Sholl.

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MISS THEO COWAN, who is staying at Wentworth Falls, is coming to town on April 24 for the day, as she is giving an address at the Forum Club on "Pottery And Its Relation to Sculpture." (I hear that Miss Cowan is showing one of those delicate terra cotta figures which were discovered in Tanagra—not an original, for all the originals were instantly acquired by museums—but a most interesting reproduction.) Another charming terra cotta statuette which Miss Cowan is using to illustrate her theme is made of clay found at Mosman.

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ANOTHER cruiser was Mrs. A. Ranken McLaurin, delegate for Holbrook to the Country Women's Conference, and her son Colin and daughter Enid. After spending a few days in Sydney Mrs. McLaurin intends to sail to Melbourne and then motor back to Holbrook, which is near Albury.

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ON Sunday, in the afternoon's downpour, the newly-married Mr. and Mrs. James Todd arrived in Sydney for a short holiday from New Zealand. Mr. Todd, although for some years past he has lived at "The Hermitage," Mount Cook, New Zealand's Kosciusko (he is, naturally, an expert ski-er), is really an Irishman, and is taking his bride home to Fermanagh, Ireland, for her honeymoon.

Mrs. Todd was Miss Mabel Cartwright, of Pleasant Point, New Zealand. They are staying in Sydney at "Guyong," Double Bay, with Mrs. Todd's aunt, Mrs. R. H. Todd.

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MATRON BAXTER (Glergarlen) looked very smart when she stepped on board the "Zealandia" on Saturday. She wore a nut brown dress made of wharpp (the modern equivalent for tweed) trimmed with brown and white check. Her short coat, little hat, bag and shoes were all made of brown and faced with the check. Miss Baxter intends to spend a month or six weeks touring Tasmania.

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A VERY smart party, at which cocktails and bridge were the chief features, was given by Mrs. V. P. Rosich (whose husband is inspector of the Bank of N.S.W.) at "Kismet," Double Bay, on Friday.

Mrs. Jonieson (Temora) was the guest of honor. Her niece, Mrs. A. G. Sieber (whose husband has Mr. A. C. Davidson's job while he is away), also Mrs. Wiber (Melbourne), Miss Alice Sullivan, and many others were present.

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2UW HIGHLIGHTS for Readers

Conducted by Linda F. LITTLEJOHN

Should Bachelors Be Taxed?

HITLER has decreed that both bachelors and spinsters shall be taxed, and from the proceeds £50 is loaned to newly-weds to buy furniture, "providing they are of pure stock and considered in every way suitable as parents."

This decree introduces a somewhat involved train of thought, presenting, like the good old conundrums, a poser of this sort: "When is a bachelor not a bachelor?" For, if the object of taxing the man who has clung to single blessedness is to assist his contemporaries who have assumed the responsibilities of matrimony, then a man about to take a similar plunge would have his own future to consider and could hardly be expected to contribute to a common fund.

That sportive officer who yearly presents long-suffering citizens with assessment forms would have a perfectly fresh field to exploit. The new form for bachelors would, it stands to reason, be compiled somehow like this:—

Age?..... Are you about to be married?.....If so, when?..... What are your claims to parental suitability?.....

(To be witnessed by a J.P.)

If a married woman after living for two years in Sydney is legally domiciled in Timbuctoo or whatever address her husband should choose, if she is no longer a British citizen on marrying a Spaniard, then a bachelor can hardly be regarded as a complete bachelor if he has arranged to be married in, say, three months time!

Mrs. Irene Greenwood and Mr. Charles Lawrence will debate this weighty problem in spirited vein over the air from 2UW on Tuesday afternoon at 2.40. Listen-in and see which of these entertaining speakers convinces you. Then write to 2UW and give your vote.

MRS. IRENE GREENWOOD
—Monte Luke.

Best Letter Competition!

Inaugurated to promote, between 2 p.m. and 3 p.m. from 2UW, the ideal women's session, the best letter competition has proved a signal success.

Owing to the heavy mail that has been received, 2UW and The Australian Women's Weekly have decided to close the competition and commence immediately to put into effect the suggestions received.

For the main part, remarks from readers and from listeners have been extremely laudatory, and Mrs. Littlejohn, Miss Dorothea Vautier, and all those connected with this session are deeply appreciative of the letters received.

The Abolition of Slavery

CONSEQUENT fiction has perhaps established an aura of romance round the subject of slavery. The atmosphere of beautiful old homesteads and faithful retainers can be construed to gloss over the attendant horrors and rank cruelty of the system. At 11.15 a.m. on Friday, Mrs. Littlejohn will give an instructive and authoritative talk on one of the most arresting personalities of that era. Her subject will be, "Lord Shaftesbury and his work for the abolition of slavery."

The Soviet Girl

SO much has been heard of conditions in Russia under the Soviet regime, of the manner in which women are pressed into work in factories, of the extraordinary marriage laws, and of the life as a whole, that Dorothea Vautier's discovery that the Soviet girl has charm and studies her appearance with the same keen interest as demonstrated by Australian debutantes, is definitely a revelation. On Wednesday, April 25, at 2.45, she will describe a fashion parade and further details of a day in the engagement-book of the Soviet girl.

Humorist and Harmony

ON Tuesday, April 24, the ever-popular Charles Lawrence will take the microphone with an entirely new message to put across. He will announce new releases of sheet music and give authoritative criticism of them. Well, after all, a humorist should know something of harmony!

For Music Lovers

THE late Sir Edward Elgar, Bart., O.M., K.C.V.O., is perhaps the premier English composer of this century. Though he ranks among the greatest composers of the world, the characteristic that endeared him to all who were privileged to know him personally was his love of youth. His was a lovable, sympathetic disposition, and this feeling he has portrayed in his music.

The "Wand of Youth" suites, which will be heard over 2UW on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, are portrayals in miniature of the great master's conception of the phantasies of the child's mind.

Sir Edward Elgar was keenly interested in Yehudi Menuhin, the wonder boy violinist, and, fittingly enough, a recital by the latter artist will be broadcast on Monday night at 9.30.

Prize-winning Letter

HERE is the winning letter this week:—

"'The One Hour With You' Session, as I term the 2 to 3 p.m. programme, sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, means a very pleasant sixty minutes listening. Its chief characteristics being music and talks, maybe some of the newest compositions could be put over the air at times, for there must be many listeners who prefer music of a lighter vein.

"The 'So They Say' subjects offer a great variety of choice, a sense of spirited movement in many fields, and we welcome the 'Book Reviews' for various reasons. The talk on John Masefield was distinctly interesting, also his recorded poem, which he recited himself. The personal touch adds interest to such a talk.

"Radio competitions deserve a word of comment. They not only add anticipation to the hour, but as the entries are contributed by 'amateurs' (or I presume they are) it is most entertaining to hear these contributions read out, commented on, and finally judged.

"Travel talks are a delight, but they 'ruffle' me up and make me wish to 'set sail.'

"A definite feature is 'The Careers for Women.' Miss Hale's talk of last week was not only enjoyable, but was most beneficial.

"To conclude, I might add, 'The Hour' keeps one's mind and knowledge 'fit.'"

£1 prize to Mrs. R. Whyte, 108 Brook St., Coogee.

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

About thirty guests descended upon the K. Cudmores as a surprise to wish them bon voyage last Friday?

Everyone at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on Saturday afternoon made a point of looking in to admire Bea White's wedding decorations?

Mrs. Marguerite Shirlaw is spending a month with the Chancellor of Annamalai University (India) and his wife, and has been invited to Government House?

Enterprising manufacturers have this year made wooden bangles in the colors of the Great Public Schools and the girls are eagerly buying them up to wear on Regatta day?

Didn't Mind the Rain

WHEN sheets and sheets of rain poured down on Thursday evening last, each guest suspected he (or she) would be about the only person present at Nancy Houston's cocktail party in honor of her sister, Mona, who is just out from England.

But, as things turned out, practically everybody braved the weather—even the doctor from the "Australia," who, as he was going on to Cremorne later, came supplied not only with extra shoes, but extra socks.

A Point of Etiquette

AS the surroundings at "Cranbrook" would lend themselves so well to a procession of debutantes, although they have never been presented at any school dance there yet, some of the parents wanted this year to have debutantes at the annual ball (May 10). But Mrs. William Butter threw a new light on the situation by raising a point of etiquette.

It appears that if there are debutantes, girls who are not "out" cannot attend, and as, at a school dance, many (including Claire Butter) are too young to make their debut, it would mean cutting out a lot of aspiring dancers.

Hard to Settle Down

AS—so we hear—Elizabeth Stephen is going to live in a very quiet little town in England, she will probably miss the gaieties of Sydney very much. The party Dame Eadith Walker gave in her honor was so particularly marvellous that everyone, however blase, is still raving about it. Not only were there scarlet carpets for miles round the gardens, but the Pine Tree outside the main entrance, approached by about a quarter of a mile of colored lights and festoons, was turned into an enormous Christmas tree. The inside of the marquee was lined with ten thousand real red roses in the ceiling, and marigolds around each column, while Elizabeth's nickname, "Woggy," was written in colored lights across the room, and even when one cut the pink and white ice creams in half, the letter "w" was found in the middle. The night after Elizabeth's party the same marquee was used for a ball given to all the employees and tenants on the estate, who presented Elizabeth with little parting gifts — including a boomerang.

Dame Clara Butt

HER countless admirers will rejoice to hear that Dame Clara Butt is sufficiently recovered to be able to travel, and leaves for England by the "Strathaird" this Saturday.

The operation which Dame Clara recently underwent was performed by Dr. Ben Edye, not, as previously stated, by Sir John McKelvey.

Mrs. Sam Hordern's Disappointment

MRS. DAVID HILL had arranged to accompany her mother, Mrs. Sam Hordern, to Melbourne for the wedding of Mr. Sam Hordern, who is Mrs. Hill's nephew, and Mrs. Sam Hordern's grandson.

Unhappily, Mrs. Hordern's sister is seriously ill, and, as Mrs. Hill would not go without her mother, they had to cancel their plans for attending the wedding.

Valerie Frances Brown

HAVING had her seventh daughter christened Valerie Frances with great ceremony in the old family church at Binalong, given by the Browns, Mrs. Toby Brown has brought the infant to Sydney, and is looking for a flat.

Her four elder children are at school here. Valerie Frances is still surrounded with ceremony, having a Tressilian nurse in charge of her, and living to a clockwork system.

Dr. Sussman's Prize

DR. ERIC SUSSMAN has always been a great Art enthusiast, and has a collection of many fine and interesting works, being an especial admirer of Fred Leist. He also gives an annual prize to Art students.

Last week he gave a party at his home in honor of Mrs. Frank Harty (Delphine Stephens), who for the second year won his prize. The subject of the portrait was Delphine's young brother, Charles.

Gwyneth Pritchard Engaged

THE engagement is announced of Gwyneth Pritchard, elder daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Pritchard, a former president of the Institute of Architects, and of Mrs. Pritchard, to Eric Hill, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hill, of Bellevue Hill.

Gwen is an old "Ascham" girl, being one of "Ascham's" champion athletes. She will probably live in Orange after her marriage. Eric has given her a unique ring—a large diamond surrounded by smaller ones on each side, which form a true lovers' knot.

Appreciative Queenslanders

MANY distinguished Queenslanders attended the opening of Mr. P. Stanhope's interesting exhibition of monotypes at the Academy Salon, Gowing's Buildings. Lady Anderson Stuart, who officiated at the opening ceremony, lived in Queensland before her marriage (she was Dorothy Primrose). Mr. Moreton, president of the Queensland Association; Mrs. J. J. C. Bradfield, Mrs. E. Hargrave, Misses A. Leeper, V. Lavery, and Erica Boyd, the pretty president of the Younger Set of the Queensland Association, were all among the appreciative throng.

Down from Queensland

MRS. GEORGE THOMAS, of "Bulala," Roma, has come down from Queensland with her two sons, Rowan and Alan.

Before her marriage Mrs. Thomas was Helen Chisholm Ross. They are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Chisholm Ross, of "Bulala," Berry St., North Sydney.

Mr. "Bersark" Shaw!

JEAN GARLING, who returned in the "Atsuta Maru" last week, after visiting the East, considers sea voyages a complete wash-out from the point of view of health, as she became seasick every time the ship rolled, which was frequently, but she finds them very intellectually broadening—in many ways.

For instance, the Japanese found English words very difficult, in spite of just taking them down by Morse code, and one day there appeared on the ship's wireless news: "Mr. Bersark Shaw is at present visiting New Zealand."

Honeymoon in Smoke

HAVING been the subject of pages of photographs and of descriptive personal paragraphs for several days before and after their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hordern have temporarily disappeared, in the traditional and romantic way of all newly-weds.

It is remarkable that two people, made so familiar to the public by continuous Press publicity, could have found such a satisfactory hiding place from the curious populace.

Members of the family and intimate friends know their whereabouts, but they have been sworn to secrecy. Mr. and Mrs. Hordern will sail for Honolulu on May 2 by the "Monterey" from Sydney, motoring to Sydney in the car that was a wedding present.

On the "Monterey" they will probably have their own luxurious suite, which includes a romantic little balconette cut off from the rest of the deck, and made gay with bright-colored awnings.

Visitor from Papua

MRS. DON IRVINE, of "Gilli Gilli," Papua, is in town, en route for Melbourne, where her relatives live. "Gilli Gilli" is one of Levers' plantations, and quite a show place. Distinguished visitors to New Guinea are usually entertained at the bungalow on "Gilli Gilli," and there they see vistas of coconut palms and stretches of blue water such as novelists write about. Beatrice Grimshaw lived for years on an adjacent island.

Nancy Sutherland's Plans

ALTHOUGH she will miss the fine view from her present home, "Runnymede," Point Piper, Nancy Sutherland, who is to marry Noel Baker, at St. Stephen's, on the 28th, will have all "modern" gadgets to keep her happy in her flat in Guilfoyle Av., Double Bay.

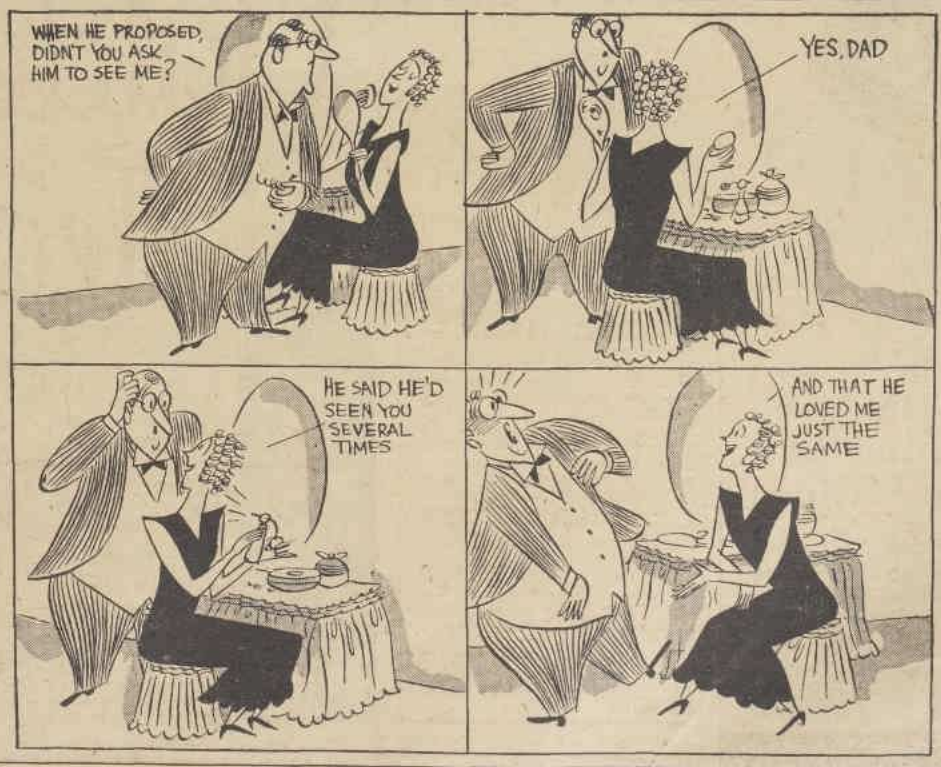
Nancy's bridesmaids will be her sister, Ailsa, and Noel's sister, Norma. The reception will take place at "Runnymede." Nancy has been given many parties by her old schoolfellows of "Shirley," including one this week by Pearl Galbraith, and another by Mrs. Kenneth Everingham (Sybil Ogilvie).

Philip Game's Success

BEING a young man with as many possibilities for outside distractions as could be, it is very much to Philip Game's credit that he has just been awarded first-class honors at graduation, and the Deas-Thomson scholarship in geology. Philip is still in Lord Howe Island, so his friends have not been able to ask his plans, only wire congratulations.

Probably his hopes of obtaining a job in Sydney will now be realised, and perhaps also—which he would like, too, as he believes there are more openings for geologists over here than in England—he will stay here for good, even after the Governor's term in Sydney has expired.

In and Out of Society .·. By WEP



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TWO *Very Popular* MODELS

They are included in Our PARIS-VIENNA Service ...and chosen by Readers!

IN response to repeated requests from our readers, directions for these two attractive jumpers have been specially printed. The original publication some time ago of our exclusive Paris-Vienna series created widespread interest. The jumpers themselves are most unusual in design, and feature fascinating finishing touches that are very new.

THE SUGGESTION of smocking on the one at the right, and the unusual shoulder line of the model above, are very unusual and very smart.

Do Not Miss ...This Chance

FULL directions for the two exceptionally attractive jumpers on this page are now available at the prices indicated at any of the following addresses:—

The Australian Women's Weekly—

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.

BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.

MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.

NEWCASTLE: Carrington Ch., Watt St.

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

Write in to our office, enclosing 2d. in stamps and a stamped addressed envelope, and full directions will be posted to you.

These directions have been compiled by our expert in such a way as to make the knitting perfectly simple.

Directions Can Be Adjusted

By "GERDA," Our Knitting Expert.

To adjust directions given for a certain size jumper to fit a larger or a smaller size model is a comparatively simple matter, and, in reply to the many queries I have received, I have compiled the following table.

IN this table I have dealt with stocking stitch, as being the simplest stitch, and one that is very much in favor this season, when the smartest jumpers are following the tailored trend and relying on finishing and color schemes rather than elaborate knitting to achieve effect.

STOCKING STITCH

Using No. 9 bone needles and 3-ply wool, cast on—

114 stitches for 32in. bust.
124 stitches for 34in. bust.
132 stitches for 36in. bust.

For a 38in. bust, cast on 132 stitches for the back and 148 stitches for the front. For a 40in. bust, cast on 138 stitches for the back and 156 stitches for the front.

With 3-ply wool and No. 9 needles, cast on:—

122 stitches for 32in. bust.
128 stitches for 34in. bust.
136 stitches for 36in. bust.

For a 38in. bust, cast on 136 stitches for the back and 138 stitches for the front. For a 40in. bust, cast on 150 stitches for the front, and 136 stitches for the back.

Using 4-ply wool and No. 9 needles, cast on:—

104 stitches for a 32in. bust.
110 stitches for a 34in. bust.
116 stitches for a 36in. bust.

For a 38in. bust, cast on 116 stitches for the back and 128 stitches for the front. For a 40in. bust, cast on 120 stitches for the back and 136 stitches for the front.

For sizes 38-inch and 40-inch bust there should be an extra decrease of four stitches when the shaping of the armhole commences. That is to say, for size 32-inch bust the first row for the armhole starts with a decrease of six stitches and then a gradual decrease of one every alternate row. For the larger sizes there should be a decrease of ten stitches, and then the decrease of one as for the smaller sizes.

For decreasing to shape the armhole the following table will be found to be an excellent guide:—

Sizes 32-inch, 34-inch, and 36-inch busts, cast off six stitches at the beginning of the armhole, then continue to decrease as follows:

Size 32-inch bust, cast off one stitch each end alternate rows, four times.

Size 34-inch bust, cast off one stitch each end alternate rows, six times.

Size 36-inch bust, cast off one stitch each end alternate rows, eight times.

Sizes 38-inch and 40-inch busts, cast off ten stitches at the beginning of the armhole, then continue to decrease as follows:

Size 38-inch cast off one stitch each end, alternate rows, six times.

Size 40-inch, cast off one stitch each end, alternate rows, eight times.

As a general guide for casting off stitches at the shoulder seam, divide the number of stitches (which will, of course, vary with each size) by four, and cast off that number of stitches in every alternate row. For instance, in size 32-inch bust there would be approximately 32 stitches on the needle when the neck and sleeve decrease is completed. Dividing that number by four will give a group of eight decreases, and eight stitches are therefore cast off every alternate row.

Decreasing at the neck will also vary a little according to the size. For a general guide take the directions given and add or decrease one stitch extra for each size.

£250 Knitting Contest

There are one hundred and fifty-seven prizes to be won in our big knitting competition, and any entrant may enter more than one section and thus win more than one prize.

Entrants are asked to note, however, that each garment is eligible for one section only, and must be accompanied by four successively dated coupons.

CUT your coupons from the paper each week and have them on hand when your entry is ready to be sent in.

SECTION 1.
Lady's Jumper or Cardigan
1st Prize £20
2nd Prize .. .. £15 10 Prizes of .. 10/-
3rd Prize .. .. £5 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 33 Prizes valued at £60.

This Section will be open to all entrants. Each garment must comprise a color scheme of not less than four distinct shades. (Shades in marl wool will not be considered as constituting a color scheme). Knitting, design, originality, and general effect will all be taken into account in the judging.

SECTION 2.
Lady's Jumper or Cardigan
1st Prize £20
2nd Prize .. .. £15 10 Prizes of .. 10/-
3rd Prize .. .. £5 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 33 Prizes valued at £60.

This Section will be open only to those who have not previously won a prize in any knitting competition. Any design may be used, and entrants' attention is directed to the book published by The Australian Women's Weekly featuring, with directions, the latest designs from overseas.

SECTION 3.
Man's Cardigan or Pull-over
1st Prize £20
2nd Prize .. £7/10/- 3rd Prize .. £2/10/-
10 Prizes of .. 10/-
Total of 12 Prizes valued at £35.

SECTION 4.
Baby's Outfit
1st Prize £10
2nd Prize .. .. £3 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £20.

To comprise not less than three garments, including a frock or coat.

SECTION 5.
Pull-over or Cardigan for Children Between 8 and 14 Years of Age
1st Prize £20
2nd Prize .. .. £5 10 Prizes of .. 10/-
Total of 12 Prizes valued at £30.

These garments will be designed mainly for school wear, and entrants can evolve attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 6.
Best Outlay of 5/-
1st Prize £15
2nd Prize .. .. £3 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £25.

Best Outlay of approximately 5/-. The Judges will award the prizes in this Section to the garment or garments which, made from the stipulated outlay, represent, in their finished state, the best value for the money. Any garment, or garments, will be eligible for entry in this Section. Sets of berets and scarves, ladies' lingerie, men's socks and ties, hug-me-tights or dressing jackets; an endless variety of garments may be evolved by the enterprising knitter for 5/-. The market value of the garments, together with the standard of the knitting, will be the guiding factor in judging this Section.

SECTION 7.
Lady's Singlet
1st Prize £15
2nd Prize .. .. £3 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £25.

Artistry of design will be regarded as a special feature in this Section. Fine lace stitches, touches of hand embroidery, or appliqué can be used.

Conditions

1. A dated entry coupon will be published weekly in The Australian Women's Weekly during the progress of the competition, and each entry must be accompanied by four coupons of successive dates.
2. The name and full address of competitor and the number of the section in which the exhibit is to be judged must be printed in ink on calico and sewn firmly to the garment.
3. Each entry must be entirely the work of the competitor, but any number of entries may be sent in by one competitor. Each entry must comply with condition 1.
4. Entries must be handed in or posted to the head office of The Australian Women's Weekly in the competitor's State, namely:—
   N.S.W.: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St., Sydney.
   Queensland: Shell House, 301 Ann St., Brisbane.
   South Australia: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.
   Victoria: Age Chambers, 239 Collins St., Melbourne.
   Entries close on June 15.
5. Insufficiently stamped entries will not be accepted. If an exhibit is to be returned by post, the competitor must send sufficient postage to cover cost.
6. An official receipt for each exhibit will be supplied to each competitor, and must be produced when application is made for the return of the garment at the close of the competition.
7. Every care will be taken of the entries, but The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept any responsibility for goods lost or stolen in transit. Entrants are advised to send parcels either by rail or by registered post.
8. Entries may be pressed, but must not be washed or cleaned.
9. Judging will be done by experts, and the results will be announced as soon as possible after the closing of the competition. The judges' decisions will be absolutely final.

The Australian Women's Weekly knitting book contains twenty exclusive designs for 6d. Buy your copy now, or write to this office enclosing 8d. in stamps to cover postage.

Entry Coupon on inside back cover.

Brasso!
the tin with the blue and white stripes

Brasso gives you the brightest of shines. When you polish with Brasso you use less polish and polishing is easier. Always use Brasso—be certain it's Brasso you use—sold only in this tin!

BRASSO LIQUID METAL POLISH

Sold only in the blue and white striped tin.

A RECKITT'S PRODUCT MADE IN AUSTRALIA

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High Blood Pressure Every Year Kills More People Than Does Cancer, for High Blood Pressure Destroys the Arteries and Heart.

SYMPTOMS OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.—The most frequent symptoms of High Blood pressure are as follow:—

1. Chronic headaches.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness, and heaviness of the head.
4. Flushes to head and throat.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. Falling eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ATTACKS YOUR HEART

If you suffer in this way act quickly and at once, because High Blood Pressure gradually gets worse and worse, attacking and weakening your heart and hardening and thickening your arteries, so that you are never quite well at any time, and you must die before your time unless you get attention quickly to keep the pressure down to a safe level. Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid occasionally after meals. Menthoids, being a most powerful herbal antiseptic medicine, in convenient form, which neutralise and expel the toxins and poisons from the blood stream and relieve the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal. For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is sufficient for this purpose.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure, for Menthoids sweep your blood stream free of poisons, keep your arteries youthful, and tone up your stomach, liver, and kidneys and make you feel young and vigorous.

If you suffer from any of these symptoms go to your chemist to-day, and get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and take one Menthoid at meal time. You can get large flasks of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids containing enough for one month's continuous treatment for 6/6, or smaller flasks for 3/6, from any up-to-date chemist in the Commonwealth.

FREE DIET CHART

In every flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is included a copy of the diet chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure. If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postal note to this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send in to MENTHOID LABORATORIES, Dept. 3, Box 3817T, G.P.O., Sydney; your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will reach you by return mail, complete with Diet Chart enclosed.

Be sure and get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs. ★★★

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Our FASHION *Service* *and* Free Pattern

WW521.—Cosy tweed Costume, with seam from armholes, forms front panel as a continuation to the skirt, which features inverted pleats. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 yds. 54in. wide; other sizes, 32 to 40ins. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW522.—Something startling for a new tweed frock, with wide sleeves broadening the shoulders. Large buttons ornament side fastening. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¾ yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW523.—A striking model with contrast neck trimming. Skirt shaped in harmony with blouse fastening. Front and back skirt panels are fashioned with inverted pleats. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide; contrast, ⅜ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW525.—A short fur coat, made in comfortable style, with the collar fastening up to the throat. Side fastening arranged with large buttons. Material for 36-inch bust, 1¾ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

WW526.—The quaint sleeves provide a smart finish to this blouse. Crossover fastening extends below the belt. Material for 36-inch bust, 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide; contrast, ⅜ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

WW527.—Make your new winter skirt from this design. It is made with a snug high yoke, to which the inverted pleats are attached. Material for 31-inch waist, 2¼ yards, 38 inches wide. Other sizes, 27 to 35 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/-.**

WW528.—An ideal skirt for a new winter costume. Front and back panels are shaped at the waist, and trimmed with buttons. Material for 31-inch waist, 1¾ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 27 to 35 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/-.**

WW524.—A matron's frock to grace an important function. Roll collar extends to side fastening. Skirt is fashioned with group of pleats. Material for 36-inch bust, 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW529.—Designed for light winter fabric, with contrast collar and cuffs. Shaped yoke provides front fastening. Pattern for a child 2-4 years. Material required, 1¾ yards, 54 inches wide; contrast, ⅜ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

All these patterns may be obtained on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated from The Australian Women's Weekly—
Adelaide: Shell House, North Terrace.
Brisbane: Shell House, Ann St.
Melbourne: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.
Newcastle: Carrington Chambers, Watt Street.
Sydney: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

FREE PATTERN

OUR free pattern this week is specially designed for the schoolgirl. Just in her teens and growing dress-conscious, she will appreciate this smart little model that has a delightful suggestion of a waist.

Other designs illustrated include something cosy for early winter, also new style skirts to wear with your hand-knitted jumpers.

Our free pattern is cut to fit a girl of 12 years.

Material required: 3 yards 36 inches wide; contrast, ¼ yard 30 inches wide.

All turnings must be allowed for when cutting out.

"I would not be without my Schumann's!"

"And when I say Schumann's I mean the best Mineral Spring Salts that money can buy. For years I have taken salts but I recently changed to Schumann's and to-day I feel better than ever. My family also are fit and well, and I know my grandchildren will be taking Schumann's in years to come. In these days when business and life generally call for more than a small share of keenness . . . Schumann's is a necessity for every home. Take my advice and commence a Schumann's Course to-day. You'll never regret doing this."

GET THAT SCHUMANN FITNESS

Just a half teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long tumbler of warm water every morning will soon expel from your blood stream the poisons which caute such complaints as CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, BAD BREATH, LUMBAGO, etc. In a few days you will have forgotten lassitude and weariness and be bubbling over with energy.

REMEMBER THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR SCHUMANN'S.

At all Chemists and Stores

Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts

"Purifies but does not Purge"

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£150 IN CASH PRIZES

23	1	20	19	15	14	19
1	7	5	14	3	9	5	19

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

Each number in the squares represents a letter; 1 is "A," 2 is "B," 3 is "C," etc. All the letters make two words which for advertising purposes we are anxious to impress on the minds of every man, woman, boy and girl. These two words appear once in this advertisement. **Try your skill.** It is not difficult. The person who successfully solves this puzzle will win £25, but in the event of there being more than one correct answer the £25 will be equally divided amongst all successful contestants. The contest closes on 30th July, 1934. **There is nothing to buy and nothing to sell and no entrance fee to compete for this £25 cash prize. Post your answer now** and also become eligible to compete for the big prize money of £150 we are offering in our special winter advertising contest. **First prize in this contest is £100 cash. 2nd £15 and 3rd £10.** Cut out this ad. or send your answer on a separate sheet of paper, but **do it now. To-day, while you think of it.** Enclose stamp for result of your effort and full details of the £150 cash prize distribution. **Write clearly, printing your name and address.** The Sales Manager, Watson's Agencies, 208 Rickard House, Pitt St Sydney.

Pictures Worth Framing. *Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the front page of The Australian Women's Weekly may be had from this office for 2/-.*

Why Does Anybody Bother to BE A SNOB?

It's so Unlovable to be One

LOUISE MACK Advises

"I could be very happy," writes "Mater" pathetically, "only that my neighbors on both sides are snobs. And, oh, how they ram it in! Related to everybody that's anybody. They never let up on it. I try to be philosophic, but it hurts to be constantly reminded that I do not know 'Lady This' or 'Lady That,' and they do. It sounds silly, I know; but it hurts all the same. What do you advise?"

CLIMBING, climbing, climbing!

How can you pause in your upward climb to be nice to Nobodies when there are so many Important People to be nice to, and the climb to the Top is so long, so hard, so very dangerous, unless you take the greatest care of the lower steps.

That is the gospel of the snob.

Of course, it savors also of Policy—Life Policy, shall we call it?

The great Henry Labouchere, one of England's wittiest writers, once made a brilliant epigram on the snobbish and pushing qualities of a certain knight-novelist-politician noted for his pushingness into upper circles.

"The silence of Westminster was broken only by the sound of Gilbert, climbing, climbing through the night!" said dear old "Labby" ruthlessly.

WHAT beats me is why anybody bothers to be a snob.

It's so dull, so absurd, so grotesque, and above all, so entirely unlovable!

In fact, if I had to pick out the most unlovable quality in man or woman, I should pick on snobbishness.

Nobody likes snobs. And certainly everybody despises them. They are like celluloid; shining, yet so hard and empty inside, full of vacuum; they are the types who have successfully reached the bronze age!

* * *

ONE of the strangest forms of snobbery is what I call Tram Snobbery, estimating social standing from the district in which one lives. It's common to every State.

However, against all that, I know one woman who creates a curious secret furore wherever she goes because when people ask her where she lives, she calmly mentions one of the best-known industrial suburbs, and they don't know whether to faint or scream, whether to believe her or not, in fact.

* * *

YET I must, in fairness, put in a plea for a certain kind of snobbery, known as exclusiveness.

But exclusiveness may be policy; and that is not exactly snobbery.

Or it may be that the artist in one chooses acquaintances as a connoisseur chooses exactly the right picture for a certain room, the exactly right jewel to go with a certain dress, or even the exactly right wine to go with a certain dish.

So, in that case, exclusiveness is not snobbery; it is, in fact, the hall-mark of the true artist! Some people have an innate instinct for the best, and the best welcome them, recognising their own kind, but that is not snobbery, because they are all one and the same, liking each other without looking down on the people that don't interest them.

There is, too, in some people a strange arrogance that seems at times to stand in the place of ancestors as though it emanated from a conscious aristocracy of the soul.

Is that snobbish? No.

It bears no relation to where-do-you-live-and-who-do-you-know?

I advise "Mater" to try and realise that she is a much nicer specimen than her two snobbish neighbors.

CAROLE LOMBARD, Paramount player, displays this startling hostess gown of yellow flamisol. The draped skirt, the slit, the girdle that terminates in a train, and the sloping shoulder effect are all redolent of the pre-war period.

BREAKING INTO SOCIETY ... *by* "STEVE

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

I Saw the Light

WHEN I was but a child my father said to me: "Save your pennies and put them in this yellow box, and when you get 12 I will give you a shilling and you can put it in the blue box. Then when you get 20 shillings I will give you a pound and you can put it in the red box." Many years later I discovered that the red box was the gas-meter.—**H.M.**

❖ ❖ ❖

Canny Cocky

A FARMER resident in a northern suburb has a parrot which says, "Naughty boy!" every time anyone passes his cage.

One morning last week, in the wee sma' hours, Joey was heard muttering, "Naughty boy, naughty boy!" in a very excited manner, so the man of the house crept out of bed in time to discover two thieves rifling the clothes line which happened to be full on account of the wet weather.

A shot was fired, and the police were called, but the naughty boys got away—minus the clothes.—**B.B.**

❖ ❖ ❖

Tough Birds!

A MAN was engaged on a dredge working in the lower reaches of the Brisbane River, when two shags were drawn into the suction pipe and, after negotiating two bends in the 30ft. long pipe, and passing through the pump, they were discharged in slush at the end of the pipe-line.

One bird cleared its wings and feathers of mud and flew away; the other had a slightly damaged wing, but it attacked anyone who came near and, after about five minutes, it was able to fly.

About the same time my friend recovered from the slush a silver spoon from H.M.S. "Renown," the vessel which brought the Prince of Wales to Australia.—**"Cal."**

Found Its Mate

DURING the Christmas school holidays, my little niece, playing in the sand, found a nickel stud earring. It was put in an old vase and not bothered about. Two weeks ago, my friend, helping a man look for some cash he had dropped, found the mate to the earring. Now I have a pair, as strangely the other was not thrown away.—**J.A.R.**

❖ ❖ ❖

Mother Love

WE lived on one of the Northern rivers at a point which is fairly wide, with farms on the other side. A strange cat came and made her home in the long grass in the paddock, and when my little girl found her she had four nice little kittens, which she was not long in bringing to visit us. Not wishing to have so many cats at the house, I suggested to my husband that he should take two of the kittens over the river and leave them in one of the farmers' barns, which he did. Next morning, pussy was nowhere to be seen. In a little while I heard a rather tired "meow", and on looking down, there stood pussy dripping wet. She had swum the river and she continued to swim across to the other kittens and spent every night with them for over a week, arriving back each morning in the same condition.

The peculiar thing about it was that she was nowhere in sight when my husband took the kittens away.—**F.E.B.**

❖ ❖ ❖

Value for Money

FATHER DISLIKED the sermon, mother disliked the blunders of the organist, and the daughter thought the choir's singing atrocious. The subject had to be dropped when the small boy of the family with the schoolboy love of fair play, chipped in: "Dad, I think it was a jolly good show for a 'trey.'"—**A.M.**

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Are you discussing furnishing?

This "Art Moderne" Lounge Suite has reversible, inner spring, Loose Cushion Seats of latest design. The suite is upholstered in attractive English material and is splendid value at This Week's Cash Price, £17/17/-.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

17/6 DEPOSIT **4/6** WEEKLY

W·W·CAMPBELLS'
will give you
2 YEARS TO PAY!

W. W. Campbells' new "50 Pay Way" gives real credit to all young people and others about to furnish. This liberal scheme applies to all general furnishing orders of £50 and over. Using this amount as an example, each fortnightly payment will be only 20/- (equal to 10/- a week). You make 2 payments as a deposit, and the remaining 48 payments fortnightly. This unusual offer only applies to Metropolitan orders. It is a straightforward and new scheme and is backed by W. W. Campbells' 50-Year reputation for honest trading. Call and make your own selection.
For those who are adding to or replacing their furniture, W. W. Campbells' Warehouse Easy Terms are always available.

Our Wonderful values are again demonstrated by this Two-tone Oak Dining Room Set. 5ft. Sideboard has three drawers and two cupboards; 5ft. x 3ft. Refectory Table has four massive turned and fluted legs and Four Chairs (two only in illustration) have lift-out upholstered seats and backs shaped for comfort. The suite is handsomely decorated with mouldings and is a gift at the Introductory Cash Price, £10/17/6.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

10/- DEPOSIT **3/-** WEEKLY

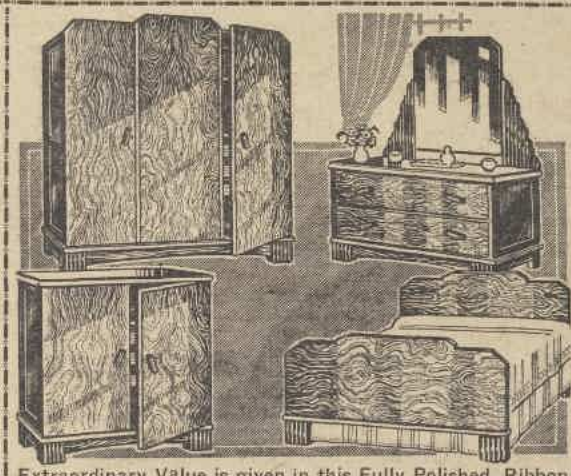
OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT

Why be Without a Quality Radio?

You can secure a 1934 5-Valve "CAMBRON" SUPERHET, as illustrated, for £15/19/6 Cash — or —

17/6 DEPOSIT **4/-** WEEKLY

New 6-volt Valves. Amplion Speaker, Giving Glorious Tone. Local and Interstate Reception. 12 Months Guarantee.
Free Delivery, Free Service, Free Installation. Backed by a Firm with 50 Years' Trading.



Extraordinary Value is given in this Fully Polished, Ribbon Grained Walnut Veneer Bedroom Suite. 4ft. 9in. Wardrobe and Double Loughboy are both fully fitted, 3ft. 6in. Dressing Table has extra-large Frameless Landscape Mirror. The Suite is remarkable at the Introductory Cash Price, £15/15/-. (Bedstead Extra.)

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

15/- DEPOSIT **3/6** WEEKLY

Trousseau Chest is 4ft. high by 3ft. wide and is a beautiful article at the Special Cash Price, 65/-.
Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails and adjustable mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.
4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted, handsome appearance. This Week's Cash Price, 92/6.
Oak Cot complete, with genuine Kapok Mattress and Pillow. This Week's Cash Price, 29/9.
Oak Breakfast Room Chair. Special Cash Price, 6/9.

GENUINE LINOLEUM
TWO YARDS WIDE
5/3, 6/3, 7/6 PER YARD

IMITATION LINOLEUM
TWO YARDS WIDE
3/6, 4/3, 4/11 PER YARD

WONDERFUL REDUCTIONS
BRITISH AXMINSTER CARPETS

	9ft. x 6ft.	9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.
Usual Value:	£4/10/-	£5/12/6	£6/15/-	£7/17/6
NOW AT—	£3/10/-	£4/7/6	£5/5/-	£6/2/6

AT 249 Clarence St. One Door from Market St.

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"Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

SO many children are constitutionally handicapped in early years, struggling along the path of existence, prey to all manner of prevailing ills.

What a happy turning of the tide, for the anxious mother to watch her sickly child grow into a state of rosy health, rapidly, day by day, by the sole aid of SAUNDER'S PURE MALT EXTRACT.

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Saunders' PURE MALT EXTRACT

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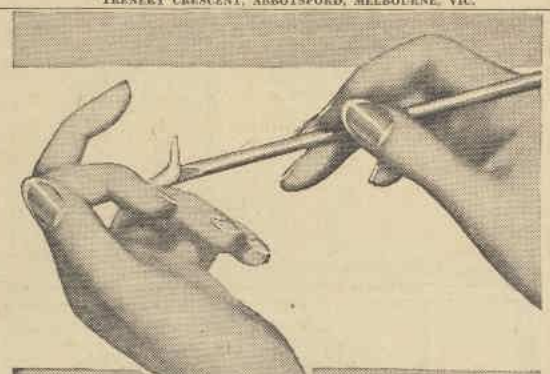
TRENERY CRESCENT, ABBOTSFORD, MELBOURNE, VIC.



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"I am delighted with the results achieved. So far I have lost 3 inches from my bust measurement, and I hope to lose another 3 inches. Thanking you for all you have done for me." (Mrs. M.A., W. Vic.)

Tear This — Post NOW!

JOAN POWELL, DEPT. W.W.,
Lombard Chambers,
Pitt St., Sydney.
Please send me under plain wrapper your amazing "something" about reducing my bust.
NAME .....
ADDRESS ..... 21.4.34.

For *Young* Wives & Mothers

... BY ...
MARY TRUBY KING
Daughter of Sir Truby King, Authority on Baby Welfare.

Answers to a Medley of Questions

Every mother has individual problems in rearing her children, and in the following article Miss Mary Truby King replies to a few of the many that she has received.

PROBLEMS of diet are common to all mothers, and there is nothing more important in the maintenance of health.

Mrs. McW., Gladesville, writes: "I have been a keen reader of the Mothercraft page since its inception. I have three fine healthy boys.

"What I want to know is this: Should I give an aperient to them whether they need it or not? By always giving them fresh fruit and vegetables I find their bowels are always regular, so I never give them medicine; but so many mothers believe in giving their children a dose of oil every week, whether they need it or not, and I wonder if I am wise not to do so?"

Reply: Fresh fruit and vegetables, plenty of exercise, fresh air, and water to drink are nature's aperients. Giving a child a dose of oil, whether he needs it or not, is just as absurd as giving him a good hard beating whether he needs it or not! You are doing right by giving nature's aperients—your friends are doing a great deal of damage to their children's systems by giving aperients from the chemist's shop. Castor oil should NEVER be given for constipation.

Mrs. B., Victoria, writes: "I do think most systems of infant rearing do not stress enough the dangers of over-feeding in early babyhood, combined with the dangers of under-feeding and haphazard feeding from weaning to school age.

"A neighbor's boy was brought up on pure milk and pure cod liver oil, with cereals, broth, etc., from six months of age. He was a huge boy compared to my little one, but he was backward both in speech and teething. Now that he is three he is pathetically thin, with noticeable shadows under the eyes, while my child is full of life, firm, clear skinned and plump, but not too fat.

"I put his splendid condition down to not having given him anything but humanised milk till his ninth month (I was, unfortunately, not able to feed him naturally), and then having introduced solid foods one at a time and in their logical order. Don't you think a lot of harm is done by women wanting to make their babies as fat as those of their neighbor?"

Reply: Very frequently in these articles the danger of over-feeding in early infancy has been stressed, likewise the inadvisability of giving cereals and broth from the sixth month. You were indeed wise not to follow your neighbor's example, for her child is suffering the natural reaction from a much over-taxed digestive system which is now not even capable of dealing with the right quantity of food for his age.

Mrs. R., Brisbane, writes: "My child, aged four, simply hates milk puddings. The sight of a dish of rice or sago milk pudding is the signal for a battle which usually ends in more pudding going on to the floor than down his throat. I know milk puddings are so good for children—what am I to do?"

Reply: Many children have a great dislike for such puddings, and it is not wise to force them to eat food which habitually rouses their anger, because such food when taken does them little or no good.

Food must be enjoyed to be digested properly.

Try giving milk shapes, such as spanish cream, or milk jellies. If these are disliked, make sure the child drinks his pint of milk daily (either warm or cold) and forget that there are such things as milk puddings. They are very over-rated in any case. It is the milk in them which is necessary to the child, not the rice or the sago.

White rice and sago are not the best foods in this line—brown rice and semolina are to be preferred—but, if the child takes its milk as a drink, and eats a piece of wholemeal bread and butter, or a hard crust and butter, it is infinitely better for him than any milk pudding.

MRS. BERNARD GLOVER, mother of the bonny girl pictured on this page, says:

"There are quite a number of Truby King nurses in Buenos Aires. One visited Shirley several times and said she was a real Truby King baby. She was entirely breast fed till nine months, and was not completely weaned till eleven months. Shirley is plump, firm, and most frightfully energetic."

SHIRLEY, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Glover, of Buenos Aires, South America. She is one of the many babies overseas who exemplify the benefit of Truby King methods of mothercraft.

TO *Be* LOVED

Continued from Page 5

"IT has meant many things to many men from the beginning. It has known greed, ambition, and desire of power and Empire. Only rarely has it known love. Men have sought it out for the hope of miraculous gifts, youth, richness, and happiness.

"Only here and there out of hundreds has there been a man who could see it as it is, and so love it. The great green solitude; the slow rivers moving gently to the flashing sea. The monotonies of its softness, brightness, and vastness, potent, tremendous and worthy."

"You sound like a wireless lecturer," Grace had said to him after all this. "First thing you will be doing when you write home to your aunt is signing your letters as Wentworth was known to do—'Yours always, for our beautiful and beloved Australia.'"

"Well, my dear, and why shouldn't I?" Anthony had said slowly. "The place is worthy of it all, even if my gabble does make me a sentimental idiot."

THE following summer the drought came, and with it the bushfires. Late one night she awakened with a hissing screaming in her ears. She sat upright, horrified, eyes straining in the dark. It was a long roaring hiss all around the house, and high above it going on and on, and on insupportably.

Even as she stared she saw that the dark was not dark, but a ghastly saffron creeping on the walls from the livid sky beyond the yelling wind. Even as she awakened Anthony and leapt out of bed to make ready to run into the nursery to John, she knew it was fire and wind as she had never known—frightful hot wind let loose to sear the very cells of her body with fear.

Anthony was out of bed.

"The horses!" he had said. "I must set them free. You go, too, John. I won't be longer than I can help."

She stood alone and the dreadful saffron light deepened in the yelling heavens as she hurried down the corridor; and the air, like a hot torment, tore about her body.

In the yellow glare of the nursery she saw that John was already awake, sitting up in bed, a little huddled figure staring at her as she moved hurriedly forward.

"What is it, mother? What is it?" John whispered as she put her arm around him.

Please turn to Page 30

HOST BOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgona Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories. ★★★

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Melasol contains 40% Ti-trol, the powerful Australian germicide and deodorant. Unique because non-poisonous and non-irritant. Recommended by the medical profession.

Also unequalled for:— Poisoned wounds, cuts, sores, and skin eruptions.

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...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

EARLY SIGNS OF TUBERCULOSIS

PATIENT: My husband suffers from frequent colds, accompanied by high temperature, but practically no cough. Does this suggest that he may have consumptive tendencies? I should like to know something about the early signs of tuberculosis.

THE condition you mention does not indicate tuberculosis, but if you have any other reasons for your fears you should most certainly consult a doctor.

Tuberculosis is not the dread disease it used to be a decade ago, yet it still takes a yearly toll of thousands of human beings and it continues to be a menace that we must combat with every means possible.

The thing to do, of course, is never to be afraid to find out whether or not tuberculosis is in the making when suspicious signs and symptoms exist. In its early recognition and treatment of the disease lies the real hope of the sufferer.

If people would recognise the possibilities of the disease and would go to a physician for a thorough examination at the very first suspicion of its existence, the death rate would be cut down to almost negligible proportions.

A cough that persists and cannot be cured should always send the patient to the doctor. The sputum may or may not contain tuberculosis bacilli. But the lungs themselves may yield the necessary evidence through direct examination and with the aid of the X-ray and the fluoroscope.

Pain in the chest may be present or absent.

✣ ✣ ✣

OFTEN the individual feels tired all the time no matter what he does to overcome the feeling. We may become chronically tired from other causes, to be sure—sluggish bowels, for instance—but the tuberculous individual soon becomes exhausted on slight exertion.

An afternoon rise in temperature is a common symptom. To determine this symptom accurately it is best to take the temperature every hour of the waking day, and for several consecutive days at a stretch.

Night sweats are not infrequent. The individual awakes and finds himself drenched in perspiration. In this connection one must bear in mind the possibility of too heavy bed coverings, especially during winter. Most people sleep too warm. This makes them restless, and frequent moving about may make the body perspire. A frightening dream may also cause sweating.

Marked and rather sudden loss of weight should be considered in relation to tuberculosis. A healthy person may vary in weight from month to month but a loss of ten pounds or more within a short time is a different matter.

The early indications of possible tuberculosis which I have mentioned refer particularly to lung infections. Tuberculosis, however, may attack almost any organ and tissue of the body. In these other forms there are symptoms directly referable to the parts involved, whether they be the bones, the joints, the kidneys, the throat, the digestive canal, the brain or whatever.

Tuberculosis of the stomach is rare, although diarrhoea that continues may give the first hint of lung trouble.

The object of all tuberculosis treatment should be the checking of the process and the healing of the organ that is attacked. When that occurs the case is spoken of as an "arrested" one. Scores and scores of arrested cases are living contented and efficient lives.

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest, a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.***

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Let's Talk on Astringents

HOW to ward off tell-tale lines ...and preserve your loveliness!

PROPERLY used, astringents refine the texture of the skin, reduce large pores, overcome redness of the face, make the skin smooth, firmer, more velvety, chase away lines and wrinkles — in short, rejuvenate.

A YOUNG woman of my acquaintance, after a recent bout of illness, decided to visit a reliable beauty salon for toning-up purposes, and placed herself in the capable hands of the specialist.

At the end of the first session, which consisted of vibratory and hand massage, face pack, and so forth, she was given a skin food, creams, and a specially good astringent to use at home.

"Now what on earth do you use the astringent for?" perplexedly asked my acquaintance.

This leads me to believe that there are many others who might under similar circumstances have asked the same question.

An astringent is, to rifle the dictionary, a drawing together of the tissues; binding, contracting, a medicine that astringes or contracts. . . .

You use it to refine the texture on the skin. You use it to reduce large pores.

If the skin has a tendency to be oily, you make frequent use of astringents or astringent toilet preparations.

You use astringents to enliven the cells in skin, or neck, and face.

Mild astringents, such as toilet vinegars, help to overcome redness of the face.

Lemon juice is an astringent; so is water is splendid. Splendid, too, for the shiny nose, forehead, and cheekbones.

THE IMPORTANT TOUCH to all make-up is the foundation—according to Lona Andre, of Paramount. Lona never fails to lightly rub an astringent over her face to close the pores and refine the skin before applying foundation cream, rouge, and powder.

Dry Skins

ASTRINGENTS are not recommended for dry skins, skins that chap easily (excepting cold water). It should not be deprived of the scanty oil supply it already has. And the pores in the skin seldom need contraction.

Cold water is a wonderful astringent. It is invaluable! It makes the blood-vessels open and close properly so that they function—give the skin a good color.

Cold water stimulates circulation and tones up the muscles.

Ice for Beauty

ICE is simply a concentrated version of cold water as a tonic and closer of pores.

I have read articles on extracting skin glamour from the family ice-chest.

But—a word of warning:

Ice applied directly to the face too often is liable to "swell" those minute blood-vessels directly under the skin and cause permanent disaster to your good looks.

Properly used, however, dull, uninteresting skin takes on a new vivacity. The muscles under the skin are so affected that they make the skin smoother, firmer, more velvety.

It should be remembered, too, that if the sudden application of ice causes slight shock to your nerves, it may be wrapped in a scrap of soft muslin or towelling for the facial rubbing.

Before application, the face must be carefully washed in warm water. The best toilet soap that money can buy should be used. A few extra pence spent on soap, pays.

Now rinse your face thoroughly in several waters and dry the face gently with a soft towel.

The next step is to take a small piece of ice and massage first the cheeks, with round and upward, gentle movement. Dry.

Lines around the mouth, eyes, and forehead can be treated the same way.

Sensitive Skins

A FEW drops of simple tincture of benzoin mixed with rose water make a mild and harmless astringent, or, for the very sensitive skin, rose water alone will beautify as well as act as a tonic.

Value of Skin Food

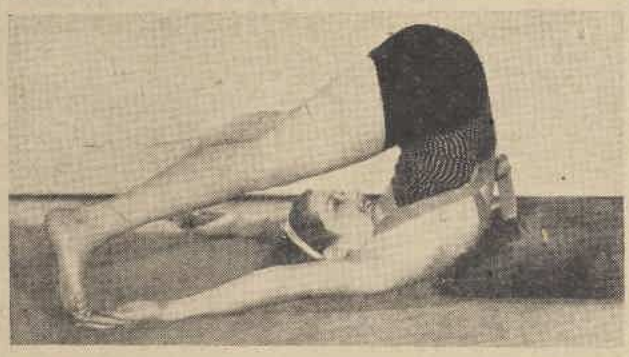
OF course, every skin needs nightly applications of good skin food.

A greasy skin should have a special light cream which need only be used a couple of times a week to keep it soft and velvety to the touch.

Dry skins need a heavier skin food, and this should be used every night.

Weekly Diet Hint

In order to gain weight it is necessary to eat a variety of foods and to maintain a dietary balance. Therefore it is unwise to increase on eggs and milk, for instance, while at the same time cutting down on meats, vegetables and fruits. A good plan is to eat three regular meals daily but to drink a glass of milk with cream during the middle of the afternoon and another at bedtime. To each, a raw egg may be added.



EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY.—This will strengthen and harden the muscles of your back and legs, as well as exercising the muscles of the abdomen. Lie stretched on your back on the floor, arms above head, swing up and touch your toes, now, as you go back to the original position, lift the legs and swing them over your head, keeping the knees and elbows stiff. Repeat ten times, and increase each day until you are doing it about twenty or thirty times. Demonstrated by Suzanne Karren, of Fox Pictures.

For Oily Skins

JUST a few drops of benzoin added to the rinsing water after the face and neck are washed at night is a simple method of counteracting oil ducts. Or a squeeze of lemon juice to the rinsing water.

Toilet waters, the toilet vinegars you see done up in attractive bottles, are astringent; also witch hazel, tincture of benzoin, some vegetable herbs, and vegetable essences.

The white of an egg was favored by an older generation. It is used to-day. But frequent use is inadvisable.

WAVE *Your Own* HAIR!

Attract to yourself the genuine admiration that is the tribute to the well-dressed head.

PRESENT-DAY fashion demands perfectly groomed hair with its well-defined ringlets and curls.

The new, pert hats which sit so jaunty on the head reveal so much of the hair.

To those of us not blessed with natural waves or to whom necessary, frequent visits to the hairdresser are an impossibility, come now these novel little appliances—known as the Wella Wave Fixers and Curlers—which produce firm, undulating waves, fascinating ringlets, curls, or beautifully tight rolls according to your desire.

A friend of mine who recently blossomed forth with the most natural-looking of waved hair I have seen for a long time, told me she owed her beautiful head of hair to the Wella Wave Fixers. "They are cheap and so very easy to adjust. That is why I like them," she said.

By Evelyn

When Buying Your Powder...

Heaviness is no indication that a powder will be adherent. A fine light blend which looks too gossamer to stay still anywhere usually proves to be much more lasting in its beautifying effect.

MISS EVELYN HALL

The Beautiful Operatic Star and Radio Artiste, is another of the lovely stage stars who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

A Perfect Complexion

THOSE clear, transparent skins, fine-textured as the petals of a flower—how are they achieved? And how preserved? Cosmetics, however, skilfully applied, cannot disguise an unhealthy skin; greasy, clogging creams but help to mask blemishes. That your skin may possess the fine, luminous quality that is so lovely, it is necessary first to clear it thoroughly of all impurities.

Mercolized Wax is the simplest, safest, and most effective beautifier of complexions. It absorbs and thus removes impurities; clears the skin and keeps it clear. Mercolized Wax is guaranteed not to contain any form of mercury and does not encourage hair growth. Regularly night and morning use Mercolized Wax, as it is invaluable for Windchap, Freckles, Sunburn, Surface Skin Imperfections, and an Ideal Powder Base.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Mercolized Wax

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7 kinds of stains discolour teeth .. Colgate's Removes all Seven

THE things you eat and drink leave *seven kinds* of stains on teeth; *all* a menace to the beauty of teeth unless removed daily.

Two cleaning actions needed

Most toothpastes have only one way of attacking *all* stains. All stains will not yield to *any one* way. Some can be removed by *emulsive* action. Others respond to *polishing* action.

Colgate's does a *complete* job because it gives you both actions. As you brush it over your teeth it foams—a peppermint-flavoured foam. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists recommend — completes the job of removing the stains; leaving your teeth thoroughly clean; your mouth refreshed; your breath fragrant.

Notice the difference!

Stop trying to get your teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only *half* the job. Send 3d. to cover cost of packing and postage to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. Ltd., Box 2701C, G.P.O., Sydney, for a free sample. Notice how much cleaner it gets your teeth—what a difference it makes in your appearance.

The 7 causes of stains that discolour teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods,
Group No. 2—Sugar foods,
Group No. 3—Protein foods,
Group No. 4—Fatty foods,
Group No. 5 — Minerals,
Group No. 6—Fruits,
Group No. 7 — Beverages — and tobacco.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

1/3d. *a Large Tube, also in powder form* **1/6d.** *a bottle.*

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BUCKINGHAMS OXFORD STREET SYDNEY

TO *Be* LOVED

Continued from Page 28

"DON'T be afraid, darling! Mother is with you now!"

"Where is Daddy, Mother? I have been calling for him and for you. It is so hot, and my room is full of clouds; they hurt my throat."

"Daddy won't be long, sweetheart. He has gone to see to the horses. There is a big fire outside, and my little son must be brave!"

"Has he gone to see my pony, Mother? And will he think of my rabbit and my cocky? And will the fowls and the ducks get hurt?"

"No, darling. Daddy is sure to remember them all." She was now shaking with a kind of grim teeth-clenching fear against the mad forces of the fire outside that was making her small boy afraid. She felt that she must control her nerves if she must keep her son brave, and guard the life of her unborn child. She would shortly bear Anthony's second child—a daughter they wanted.

She got John out of bed and snatched up his dressing-gown and shoes. Smoke entered her mouth and made her cough. If Anthony was unhurt he would come to her soon. Doors were clapping now like pistol shots. Shutters tore loose. She could not tell whether the other rooms were being blown or burnt down. And then as she paused, wondering what would be the safest place to go a God-given sound came to her—a sound which was practically dominated by the wind which struck the house, and shook it on its foundations. It was rain. Wild, crashing rain, bursting and surging over the fire in a calamitous watery surge.

THE saffron light went out, leaving pitchy blackness and a deafness of unimaginable uproar.

Again and again the whole house quivered to more severe shocks which might have been trees falling and crashing in that unutterable tumult against the roof. Then with a screaming hiss the windows and part of the wall crashed in, and a tree branch and a stream of bricks like huge fists struck her across the shoulders and chest. She staggered, her knees sagged, and John slipped in a limp heap before her. And, in the faint realisation that John was dead, individual sounds were lost, swallowed up, dominated by a dark silence. Then out of the solemn depths of it she heard a human voice, and felt a human hand. It was a man's voice, a man's hand. She knew she was saved, and that the man was Anthony.

WHEN she had come to herself again she was in hospital. The nurse crept close and peered down on her face. Afterwards when she was stronger they told her that her husband was recovering from severe burns, and that her son, John, had been seriously hurt. She looked into the nurse's eyes and said:

"Why must you lie to give me strength to live? I know my son is dead! He was dead when he slipped from my arms after the crash."

Now all those horrors returned to her, lapped as she was in a flood of tender weakness for the small new babe beside her. She would undoubtedly love it, as she had loved John. Perhaps it was dreadful to love anything as she did this small bundle, and be made so desperate by it. As her mind grew clearer in its familiar resentment, a conviction was forming there. If she allowed herself to be dominated by Anthony again, she would never get away.

All the rest of her life—before this babe could add her voice to her father's; before she could change from a sweet warm heaviness against her breast to another sun-browned youngster with a trick of softening her accent to an aboriginal sing-song. Before she developed a passion for outlandish animals and birds. Before she heard the 'kookaburras' deep laughter, and felt the soft woe 'possums against her baby cheek, and developed a belief that Christmas in midsummer was right and proper—she must persuade Anthony to take her home.

There was one piece of her soul she would leave in this country—a human piece of her in the silent grave beyond the hospital. Must she give her all to this relentless, unstaring side of the earth?

As if the sudden knowledge untied a deep tension she slid gently into a healing half-doze that was more a reverie of crowded winter streets in the blue of 5 o'clock. Of autumn hills crisp with crimson against a thin high sky; of new snow in sunshine muffling a long slope where her son—grown older, dressed in mittens, warm coat and leggings—tumbled and laughed in the blowing snow dust, his cheeks a bright pink.

A week or more later she returned to her charred home with her baby, leaving Anthony in hospital not entirely recovered. She found the house was nothing more than a charred remnant of the big clean thing it had been.

She walked down towards her own room looking at the wreckage with dull eyes. All her furniture was charred, smashed, and dripping with dirty water. The ceiling sagged in the middle, and long slow drops of stagnant water dripped from it. Outside from the verandah she looked with indifference at trees stripped grey of leaves and bark tangled and matted inextricably on what had been lawn and road and driveway. All the verandah screens had been charred and half blown down. And the huge, naked, half-burned branch of the tree which had struck and killed John was still jammed between the broken walls and half-burnt floorboards.

She found the kitchen was not quite wrecked enough to be useless. The roof was still on, and the floor was almost free of water. There were tinned foods, jams, and pickles in the big side cupboard, and a ham. There was some dry wood in the fuel box.

A LITTLE group of natives came struggling through the wreckage of what had been her corridor. She stared at them in astonishment, and suddenly she saw that they were some of the blacks her husband had employed. She opened the kitchen door wider for them, looking at their faces earnestly and anxiously to see what the fire and the storm had done to them.

They came into the kitchen eagerly, huddled and forlorn. Their shacks and belongings had been blown away. They had not gone to other blacks' camps, but had dwelt in the caves awaiting their master's return. There was John's nurse among them, and Sam, the kitchen boy; and Clarry, the cook, whose young baby was wailing feebly in her arms; and there were several new employees, one who had a great half-healed gash across his left cheek; and another limped frightfully. They stood by rolling terrified eyes at her.

She felt a warm rush of friendliness and thankfulness for the eager black hands, the strong, willing shoulders. They were as necessary to her as she was to them, she thought, in a blur of activity, setting Sam and Clarry fixing some food, and John's nurse to attend the baby who still cried in his mother's arms; setting the capable men clearing up the almost hopeless wreckage of the back verandah, and attending to the wounded, and putting hot coffee into their half-starved-looking hands.

Over their food they told tales of the devastated countryside, of the dead and the wounded. Later she found that the vineyard was destroyed—an abominable tangle of desolation. The pleasant acres her husband had left were a black mass of mud and charcoal.

Before the first day was over she set the men working with axes, clearing the yard, and the drive, scratching in spite of fatigue some sort of order out of utter confusion. The three women worked in the house, and she worked beside them, refreshing them in the evening with boiled rice and boiled ham.

The next day she found that the greater part of the vines with care could be encouraged to grow green again. Perhaps by next year they would be bearing fruit.

SHE could not understand the fever that was in her for restoring, building, making all orderly and green again. She just wanted things as they had been, green and thrifty, and tidy, as Anthony had left them. Soon he would return to baby and her restored, and move like a dynamo among the axes, between the propped-up vines wearing heavy boots and leggings, and doing the work of ten men. Seeing everything, directing everything; keying the work up to his own pitch. He would not tolerate this brown and black desolation under the high blue sky.

For another week she went about among the workers with a face set in grey lines of fatigue. There was no hint of relenting in her workers, not the slightest indication of letting down. They, too, worked for the welfare of Anthony and her. And the day her husband returned she saw in all that deadliness tiny flickers of green sprouting from the partly-crippled vines. When she met Anthony she put her head on his breast and wept with sheer joy of heart.

But within a few days she discovered to her bewildered dismay that her husband's purpose, his will, his dogged courage, his great laughter, his strange feeling for this new country—of which she had been jealous and not been able to share—were practically extinct. It was then that she learned her own driving powers.

Several men came and surveyed the ruins. Anthony, unknown to her, had offered the ruins for sale. One man wanted the land and offered reasonable terms, but Anthony said:

"No, sir. I am asking spot cash! I am leaving the place for good, taking my wife and child back home. My eldest was killed in the fire, you know."

Grace sat listening in the battered room that still smelt of wet plaster and soaked wood, and looked out through the torn wall to the backyard which had once been the chicken yard and the back garden. It seemed years now since she had lain in hospital, and made up her mind to take her baby away. Now her opportunity had come, and with it her husband's soul was crushed and broken.

The second man who wanted the land offered her husband the price he had asked, and arranged to draw up the agreement the following day.

It seemed all so strange. She found Anthony solemn, silent, and alone. And for the first time in her life she felt the stronger of the two.

Please turn to Page 32

MISS 1934

The only noise the economists make seems to come from their exploded theories.

Chemist Tells Recipe For Family Cough Remedy

HELP PEOPLE SAVE MONEY

Here's a recipe, given by a leading chemist, that will enable people to make the best family cough remedy, and at the same time save much money. Everybody knows that a good cough and influenza remedy consists of two main sections:—

The first section is the undiluted medicinal ingredients; and the second is, of course, the necessary water and sweetening. The preparation of the medicinal ingredients requires trained knowledge, but the water and sweetening can be added in the home just as easily as in the pharmacy. And you save a lot of money by doing so. Now, prove these facts by trying this HEENZO recipe: Into a jug put four tablespoonsful of sugar, three of either treacle or honey, two of vinegar, and a large breakfastcupful of warm water. Stir till dissolved, and when the syrup is quite cold, pour into a large bottle and then add a two-shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO, obtained from your chemist or store. By doing this you will have a family supply equal in quantity and superior in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the best ready-mixed cough remedy that, if purchased in the usual way, would cost up to £1. An outstanding feature about HEENZO is the fact that it is a safe remedy for babies as well as adults, and over 12,000 people have written letters proclaiming it the best remedy they have ever used for quickly banishing coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and influenza.***

DRIVE OUT

RHEUMATISM AND BACKACHE

London Doctor's Prescription.

Don't suffer crippling Rheumatic pains or backache when you can get instant relief from Dr. Harrison's Pills! This remedy immediately gets to the root of the trouble by ridding the system of the cause—uric acid. This uric poison is slowly, day by day, breaking down your health, causing aching back, limb, joint and muscular pains, and probably weakening the heart. Harrison's Pills quickly and effectively free you from the danger by dissolving and driving from the system the uric acid crystals now making comfortable life impossible for you. Why wait until you become crippled, mentally and physically? Your very brain retires to do its best while you are tortured by the uric acid fend. Get genuine relief once and for all. . . . Take Harrison's Pills to-day and regain your old sparkle, activity and youth. Harrison's Pills end the pain and the cause! Any good chemist or store can supply Harrison's Pills in three sizes: 18 Pills, 2/-; 32 Pills, 3/-; 48 Pills, 5/-; thus providing the least costly form of proven relief from uric acid, rheumatic, kidney and bladder pains and disorders to be had in this country.

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BREAD ... *and Brioches*

By MARGARET SHEPHERD
Instructor to Leading Hospitals

Bread, in one form or another, has been the staple article of diet throughout the ages. The light, crisp loaf of to-day, however, is a far cry from the small flat cake baked by our cavewomen ancestors.

Bread can be made from any grain — wheat, rye, maize, oats, or rice. The firstnamed is best, as it contains more gluten than any of the others. Should rye flour be used, it is necessary to add some wheat flour, otherwise the loaf is moist and heavy.

FROM a dietetic viewpoint the whole wheat flour is preferred as only the outer husk is removed, leaving the bran, minerals, proteids, and starch, the last named being the larger part of the grain. In the process of milling to make white flour, all the valuable essentials are lost, leaving only the starch which makes a whiter and lighter, but less nutritious, loaf.

DUTCH APPLE CAKE is as attractive to the eye when served as it is to the palate when eaten.

Liquid or compressed yeast may be used for raising breads. The compressed yeast has proved satisfactory, and is easily obtained in the city. Always see that it is perfectly fresh, that is, light in color, and free from dark streaks.

Once upon a time all country homes could boast of a brick oven for baking bread; nowadays we depend upon the kitchen range or gas stove, which are unsuitable for baking large batches of bread or loaves weighing more than 2lb. It is necessary to thoroughly heat the oven before putting the bread in, and to keep it at an even temperature with the oven door shut. If bread is baked in loaf tins they are easier to handle.

When the loaf is cooked it loses one-sixth of its weight in baking. The top crust is nicely browned and crisp, while the bottom crust is hard and resonant, if struck with the knuckles.

When the bread is cooked stand it upon racks to cool so the air can circulate around it. When cold, wrap each loaf separately in white greaseproof paper, then in thick brown paper. Place it in a pantry, well away from draughts or dampness. Hot fresh bread is very indigestible, and should not be eaten until it is at least one day old.

WHOLEMEAL BREAD

One pound flour, 1oz. yeast, ¼ teaspoon sugar, ½lb. butter, 2lb. wholemeal flour, 1¼ teaspoons salt, 1 cup milk, ¼ cup water.

Method: Place the wholemeal and sifted flour in a warm basin, rub in fat. Put the yeast and sugar in a basin or jug. Add the liquid. Mix well together. Make a hollow in the centre of the flour and pour in the liquid, sprinkle salt on the flour around the edges of the hollow. Stir with a wooden spoon until flour is well mixed. Cover with a clean towel and allow to stand in a warm spot till double its size (about one hour). Turn on to a lightly floured board. Knead till smooth. Shape into two loaves, or shape and put into greased bread tins. Stand in a warm place for 10 minutes, then bake in a quick oven for 20 minutes. Reduce the heat and cook in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour. Turn on a cake sieve to cool and cover with a clean cloth.

YEAST

One oz. hops, 2 medium-size potatoes, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 pints water, 1 cup flour.

Boil hops, potatoes and water 20 minutes. Strain, add sugar. Allow to get quite cold. Mix the flour with a little of the liquor. Add to the remainder of the yeast, and bottle. Cork well, using a seasoned bottle. It is difficult to get a well-seasoned bottle, but this method will have the desired effect: Brew yeast in small quantities several times in the same bottle, leaving a little of the old brew in each time. The yeast requires 8 to 10 hours to ripen in the summertime, and 20 to 24 hours in the winter.

LEMON YEAST

Use a seasoned bottle as for other yeast. Mix well together the juice of one large lemon, 3 tablespoons moist sugar, and one pint of boiling water. Bottle while warm.

SALAD ROLLS

Two cups scalded milk, ¼ cup butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons salt, 1oz. yeast or 1 yeast-cake, ¼ cup lukewarm water, 3 cups flour.

Add sugar, salt, and butter to milk. When lukewarm add the dissolved yeast-cake. Mix in the sifted flour. Beat thoroughly, cover, and allow to rise until light. Cut down and add sufficient flour to knead on a floured board (about 2 cups). Allow to rise again; toss on a floured board and knead well the second time. Roll out to one-third of an inch in thickness. Cut out with a round cutter and make a deep crease in the middle of each with the floured handle of a wooden spoon. Press the edges together. Place close together in a flat baking-dish. Allow to rise. Glaze with milk and butter or sugar and water. Bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes.

BREAD STICK

Bread sticks are made as salad roll recipe above, using the white of one egg to the yeast and warm water. Knead, allow to rise, shape, let rise again.

To Shape.—First shape as small biscuits, roll on board without flour until eight inches in length, keeping rounded ends and uniform size. Commence baking in a hot oven, reducing the heat until the sticks are crisp and dry.

SWEDISH ROLLS

The same ingredients as salad rolls.

Roll to ¼in. in thickness, spread with butter. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons of sugar mixed with ½ teaspoon cinnamon, and 2 tablespoons of finely-chopped raisins and citron. Roll up and cut in three-quarter inch pieces. Place in a greased baking-dish; allow to rise. Bake in a hot oven. When cooked, brush over with slightly-beaten egg white diluted with 1 dessertspoon water. Return to oven to dry egg.

DUTCH APPLE CAKE

One cup scalded milk, one-third cup butter, one-third cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1oz. yeast or 1 yeast-cake, 2 eggs, 2¾ cups flour, 2 sour apples, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons raisins, ½ cup sugar.

Mix the butter, sugar, salt, and milk together. When lukewarm add the yeast-cake and unbeaten eggs. Then add the flour, mixing together to make into a soft dough. Cover, and allow to rise. Knead on a floured board, return to basin, and again allow to rise. Spread as thinly as possible into a greased shallow baking-dish. Brush over with melted butter. Peel and core apples, cut in eighths. Press the wedge end of the apples into the dough lengthwise. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixed together. Allow to rise, sprinkle with raisins. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Cut in squares. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream.

(All recipes tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen).

NO WONDER the baker beams with pride when these crisp brown rolls are the result of his efforts.

Use DRIED FRUITS

£1 Prize for the Best Recipe

The use of dried fruits in cooking is not only furthering the interest of one of our national industries, it is providing a nourishing and palatable addition to the family menus.

FEELING that many of our readers have served dishes in which dried fruits were the basic ingredients, we are offering a cash prize of £1 for the best recipe received at this office before Thursday, May 3.

This allows readers two weeks in which to look up those dried fruit dishes which have been so popular and send in the recipes.

Each week £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and three consolation prizes. Send along the recipes for your favorite dishes, and remember that a special prize of £1 is offered for the best dried fruit recipe. The prize-winner of this competition will be announced in our issue of May 10.

This week's prize-winners are:—

APPLE FERGUSON

Two oz. butter, 3 cups breadcrumbs, 3 large apples (unpeeled and grated), 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup sugar, juice and rind of 1 lemon, ½ nutmeg, 3 eggs beaten with a large teaspoon of baking soda.

Rub butter into breadcrumbs, add sugar, apples, sultanas, nutmeg, and lemon; lastly add beaten eggs. Mix well and steam for 3 hours. Serve with the following:—

HARD SAUCE

Beat ½lb. of butter to a cream, gradually add 1 cup icing sugar, and when white and light add the unbeaten white of 1 egg; beat for 5 minutes. Grate over with a little nutmeg. Allow to stand for about 3 hours to harden.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Twitchett, Scorsby St., Kerang, Vic.

CARAMELLED ORANGES

Carefully peel 6 oranges and remove all the white. Then cut the oranges across in rounds, removing the pips and any white in the centre. Make a caramel of 4oz. of loaf sugar and ½pt. of water. Put into saucepan and boil for a few minutes. Place alternate layers of orange slices and caramel until all is used. Whip ½pt. of cream and cover the top with it. Chop up some almonds and sprinkle on top of the cream, or, if preferred, leave almonds whole and decorate the top of it like sentinels.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Hicks, 23 Manilla St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE CHUTNEY

Four pineapples, 1 small bottle (½pt.) limejuice, 1 head of garlic, ½ pkt. spice, ½lb. raisins, 1 large onion, 2oz. salt, 6 chillies, ½pt. vinegar, 2oz. preserved ginger, ½lb. brown sugar.

Cut the pineapples in half lengths, remove the core and scrape the pulp into the saucepan with the minced onion. Add the vingar and limejuice, minced chillies, garlic, ginger, and raisins; then add the salt and spice and boil slowly for 2 hours. As pineapples are plentiful at the present time this is a good way to make use of them.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Murton, Florence St., Teneriffe, Brisbane.

CARROT PUREE

Six large carrots, 2 quarts of good stock, ½oz. butter or clarified fat, ½pt. milk, 1oz. flour, salt, and a pinch of cayenne pepper to taste.

Scrape carrots, cut each into eight pieces; make fat hot, add carrots and fry gently for five minutes but do not brown them. Add stock, simmer till tender (about 1 hour), rub through sieve, reheat, add milk. Blend flour with a little cold milk, add it, cook gently for 5 minutes; season with salt and cayenne. A most nourishing dish, as carrots contain iron.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Martell, 51 Charles St., Norwood, S.A.

HOET HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar, it is a brew of excellent quality.***

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Delicious and Wholesome
made from choice red plums, is the ideal jam for
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TO sleep—all through the night—dreamlessly as a child. And then to awake refreshed and invigorated—ready with a new zest for the work and pleasure of the day.

Like most grown people, you have probably lost this secret of childhood—this wonderful capacity for the sound sleep that re-creates energy and vitality. But "Ovaltine" will help you to regain it.

"Ovaltine" is scientifically prepared from the finest qualities of malt, milk and eggs. Unlike imitations, it does not contain Household Sugar to give it bulk and to reduce costs. Nor does it contain a large percentage of Cocoa. Reject substitutes.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

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for

AUSTRALIA'S JOLLIEST BABIES

Believing that Australia has the Jolliest Babies in the world, we want to find Australia's Jolliest Baby.

And so, this £100 Quest for the Jolliest Baby, with £50 first prize, £25 second, £10 third, and 100 consolation prizes of handsome Baby Gift Boxes that are sold everywhere for 4/6 each.

It may be that your baby is Australia's Jolliest. The winner will not necessarily be a very beautiful baby, for the competition is to be judged purely on the jolliness of snapshots received. And imagine the start your baby could have in life after winning a £50 prize.

Any baby of two years or less on the 17th May, 1934, can enter, and any of the entries may be the winner.

THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE

It is quite simple to enter your baby. There is no entrance fee. All you need do is to take a snapshot of a jolly moment, fill in the free entry form obtainable at your chemist, and post the two to Johnson and Johnson Ltd., 517 Dowling Street, Moore Park, Sydney, to arrive no later than 17th May, 1934. Your chemist will give you further particulars with your entry form.

Johnson's baby powder

"Best for Baby—Best for You."

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Q.D.J

IT HAPPENED *Like This*

Continued from Page 11

AND then she saw Hugh. He came to a table close by with a lovely young wisp of a creature at his side. He sat with his back to Mildred while the girl faced her, and Mildred, with narrowed, observant eyes, studied her.

Everything was new to the girl, she was all enthusiasm and eagerness, her eyes danced and her red, mobile lips seemed to ask innumerable questions, and yet through it all she endeavoured to appear sophisticated and at ease. That is a way youth has. It seeks to veil its really rather delightful enjoyment with assumed boredom and blase languor. Fortunately it fails.

Mildred looked at the sleek, black hair that coiled beautifully at the nape of her lovely white neck, at her exquisite hands and the diamond solitaire on the left one. But the girl lacked that subtle knowledge that women call "making the best of one's self" . . . she used the wrong shade of cosmetic, and she had obviously attempted to pluck her own eyebrows, her dress was the wrong cut for her figure and at the neck a brassiere strap kept peeping into view. When she had learned these little things, learnt poise and grooming she would be wonderfully beautiful, but now . . .

"I would not be harming her to take him," Mildred thought, her eyes gleaming with the conquest she felt sure of now that she had seen the girl, "for she has so much ahead of her yet—she is still young." Then she leaned across to Frank. "There is that Mr. Huntly we met at Yvonne's one evening. He is with his fiance; ask them to join us and we can make a foursome."

And so presently Hugh was looking into her eyes, lovely, eloquent eyes they were, too, mumbling an introduction that she never heard. For the rest of the evening, although they tried to keep the conversation general there seemed so much to say in lowered tones to each other that time and time again they would forget the other two—or perhaps Mildred remembered them, for her eyes were half closed when she looked into Hugh's and her lips wore a faint, indefinable smile.

She was confident in her beauty and poise, her immaculate grooming, and with that deadliest of all weapons, a keen understanding and discernment was serenely contemptuous of the girl whose only outward charms were youth and a promise of beauty, and who looked at her with troubled, anxious eyes. Even Frank grew restless.

But at last they left the crowded restaurant and went out into the street.

"Hugh and I are going to a theatre," Sheila said; "we shall have to hurry."

"Oh, never mind the theatre, you must all come to my flat. Frank will shake you a cocktail. I promise you he makes good ones. Come along."

Hugh had been anxious enough to go, and so presently they had all entered the taxi that Frank called. Hugh thought: "I'm being damned unfair to Sheila, but I'll make it up to her later."

BUT there was triumph in Mildred's heart as she switched on the soft lights of her lounge. Here were culture and taste, here were worldliness and ease, a background into which she fitted perfectly.

She was clever there, for she knew she could never have met this girl successfully on youth's ground and she had no intention of trying, for every point must be a winner. Let the girl come here where she would appear gauche and ill at ease . . . And so, with incomparable skill, she steered the conversation into channels where she could be most brilliant, she was a mistress of satire and verbal impression of events and experiences. The men laughed and applauded her, they admired and desired her.

But Sheila sat quietly just beyond the circle of the lamp light, neither drinking the cocktails nor smoking, just quiet and out of place, rather bourgeois. Then presently Mildred turned the attack full upon her.

"If you have been to Rome recently you will have seen that work of Vulca that was unearthed recently, Miss—— I don't think I quite caught your name . . ."

"Sheila Nolan. No, I have never been to Rome, Mrs. Wray."

"Sheila Nolan," Mildred repeated curiously, "I once knew a child of that name, oh, a long while ago."

"Yes," there was little interest in the girl's voice, for she was deadly tired of this humiliation and the defeat where she never sought to fight.

"In a little town called Roganville," Mildred's voice went on. She was dreaming back into the far and unforgotten years.

"But that is where I come from."

"You?" Sudden hardness had crept into the elder woman's voice; she had forgotten Hugh for the moment and the game she had been playing, the earnest game. "Tell me more about yourself."

"There is really so little to tell. My people are dead and I have lived with my father's sister all my life. She brought me up."

Mildred leaned forward, tense. "Was her name Emma?"

"Yes. Do you know her, then?"

SUDDENLY Mildred laughed. Laughed until she wept and the tears running down her cheeks washed little grooves through the skilfully applied rouge; a hammer of pain was beating in her heart, pain that was bringing again those fatal lines to eyes and lips, that with one vicious stroke had slain her youth.

"Mildred, please, what is it?" Hugh was terribly concerned, but Frank only smiled and clapped him on the back.

"That's all right, boy. You look after the little lady. Mildred has only had too many of those heady cocktails. I've seen her like this before."

"Have you?" Hugh said dully, the veil of infatuation slipping from his honest eyes. He saw only a mature woman laughing hysterically, drunk. The spectacle was not pretty.

"Perhaps we had better go, Sheila," he said. "I'm sorry, dear."

"Yes, go." Mildred rose to her feet, her laughter dead. "You know, I've tried to take your man from you, don't you? I could have, too, only it wouldn't have lasted. I'm so much older, you see," bitterly she faced the truth, "so much older. So you're Emma Nolan's niece? That's funny, oh, that's funny. Frank, let them out."

After the two young people had gone, bewildered and sensing pathos which is, after all, so much worse than tragedy, she rose and pressed her fingers against her temples. "No, Frank," she said. "I'm not drunk, quite. Do you still want to marry me?"

"You know it. But I don't understand. What happened to make you change your mind? You said to-night you had tried to get Huntly."

"I did, but that is over now. The girl, Sheila——"

"What about her? What did she do to make you change like that?"

"It was what she said——"

"What was that? I didn't hear."

"You see, she happens to be my daughter. Life's a bit ironical, don't you think?"

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The AUSTRALIAN Women's Weekly *Knitting Book*

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TO BE LOVED

Continued from Page 30

"SO this," she said, "is how you love Australia now that there is something big here for you to do. Think of the poor, homeless blacks. Who is going to rebuild their shack? And Clarry's baby, who is so ailing—who is going to show her how to feed it properly if you take me away? And the house—it must be rebuilt. And fancy leaving here now without knowing which tree will live or die. Have you no desire to find out how the other growers fared in the fire and water havoc? Those fine men from whom you have learned so much, do you think they are whipped and running away? I know you are thinking of our dear, sweet John, but I've heard that many have lost children, wives, and husbands. You must not give up, Anthony. This country is a great rock where you have anchored your soul. I am learning to understand it, Anthony, as John would have understood had he lived. Write and tell this man that you have changed your mind—that your wife has changed her mind. Write, Anthony. Do as I say!"

She found the paper and pushed the pen into his tensed hand. And while he wrote slowly, looking up at her after each word, her eyes rested on a tangle of dead vines, some twisted tin, a battered bird cage, which had once housed John's rosella parrot, and from a hole by a huge plank in the cracked mud, bobbed now and again the white head of John's pet angora rabbit. That was all she could see below that vast height of sky towering to vivid blue at a zenith, which her eyes could not reach.

Anthony had finished his letter of refusal and held it out to her for her inspection before signing his name. With a gentle smile on her lips which Anthony adored, she took up the pen and added one more sentence to this letter, his new laughter in her ears.

"Yours always,
For our beautiful and beloved Australia,
Anthony and Grace Woodman."

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UNCLE DAVE'S *Advice*

Continued from Page 12

"BLACKMAIL!" cried Jack, hotly. "How do you make that out?"

"I should have thought it was sufficiently obvious," replied Ledway dryly. "For a young man out of employment to threaten me with exposure if I do not consent to his marriage with my only child—and heiress—seems to me——"

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Jack. "You don't understand. I daresay my income is as big as yours, and the fact that I don't have to work for it isn't any fault of mine. So far as I am concerned, you can leave your money to a deserving charity. Dimple—I mean Mildred—won't need it when she is my wife, I promise you that."

"Say no more, Mr. Warrington—I have just remembered who you are. Your late father was a justice of the peace, was he not? Just so!" Ledway rose heavily to his feet. "I give my consent. Marry Mildred and make her happy, my boy.

"As for myself—what you have discovered to-day, others will discover to-morrow; and the sooner I make my exit from the stage of life, the better. We'll go along now and find Mildred. Mr.—er—I ought to call you by your Christian name now, I suppose. What is it?"

"John, sir. I think Dimple is in the drawing-room. By the way, I hope you didn't mean what you said about making your exit——"

"I ALWAYS mean what I say, John." Ledway unlocked a drawer in his desk and took out a small phial. "As you see, I am not unprepared for such a contingency as this," he said, grimly.

"A few days spent in putting my earthly affairs in order, and then——" He shrugged his shoulders as he walked towards the door.

"But, I say, Mr. Ledway—you're pulling my leg! Why, good heavens! you can't mean——"

"Hush!" Ledway raised a reproving finger. "Mildred might hear. Listen. My doctor knows that I suffer from a weak heart. I shall—er—arrange to have a bad attack to-morrow, and send for him.

"A day or two later, I shall take the lethal draught—a rare drug which leaves practically no trace—and the doctor will have no hesitation in giving his certificate. You will know the truth, of course; but for Mildred's sake you will keep silent." He opened the door.

"J-just a minute, Mr. Ledway!" whispered Jack, agitatedly. "L-let's talk it over."

Ledway took the young man firmly by the arm. "There's nothing more to be said, John. My mind is made up. Come along, my dear fellow, come along!"

In the drawing-room, Ledway played the part of the genial father. "Ah! Mildred, my dear—what is this I hear? So you have been encouraging a strange young man's attentions? Tut-tut! There, there! Hold up your head, my dear, and give your old father a kiss. May you be as happy as you deserve.

"John—be good to her. Now I must run away and finish my letter to the Press—a powerful indictment of the present Government, my boy. It'll be a stinger, if it's the last letter I ever write!" With this cryptic remark, he bustled off.

"How did you do it, Jack dear?" whispered Dimple a few minutes later. "I was so afraid that dad wouldn't listen to you. He's so touchy when he's busy."

"Oh, I got round him all right, darling," replied Jack, hastily. "Sure the ring is the right size? Good!" His nerves were on edge, and he felt that he must get out of the house and consider what steps to take.

Was ever a newly-engaged man in such a fearful predicament? He couldn't possibly run away from his fiancee just as he had placed the ring on her finger, and yet he must decide quickly on a course of action and prevent a tragedy if he could. What a fool he had been to take Uncle Dave's advice!

"I say, Dimple," he whispered, "let's go for a run in the car, shall we? I—I don't feel much like talking at the moment—my heart's too full for words, I expect."

"I know just how you feel, dear," murmured Dimple, nodding understandingly. "It's so wonderful to be engaged, isn't it?"

She put her hand through Jack's arm and hid her face in his shoulder. "I—I've been thinking, darling. If you insist on a very short engagement, we might be—be married this day six weeks. It's Dad's birthday then, you know."

Please turn to Page 34

THE HUB'S 16th Anniversary SALE

Style-Right Evening Gowns

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No. 1.—Evening Frock of Marocain, fitting closely to the figure, with a graceful flare at the foot. Latest Hollywood design—the straight neckline with shoulder straps. Smart bow at back. S.S.W. and S.W. Usually 49/11. Sale, Each 35/-

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No. 2.—Marocain Evening Frock. Graceful skirt; neckline finished with bow. Double cape sleeve. All shades, also Black and White. S.W. fittings. Usually 29/11 Sale 19/11

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UNCLE DAVE'S *Advice*

Continued from Page 33

"TH — that'll be splendid!" replied Jack, hoarsely. He knew only too well that, unless present arrangements were considerably modified, Ledway would never celebrate another birthday, and groaned involuntarily.

Dimple was all sympathy. "Aren't you well, darling? You do look pale. Let me get you some brandy."

"No, no!—I'm all right, my pet. It's a touch of indigestion, I think. A rousing bit of speed work in the car will soon put me right. Ready? Good!"

Before he had driven five miles Jack came to a decision. The man who had got him into this ghastly mess would be the best one to get him out of it, he mused. He would call on Uncle Dave that evening, and talk the matter over calmly.

No good getting excited; one had to face the facts and make the best of the situation. It would be interesting to know what crime old Ledway had committed. It must have been something pretty serious to merit the sentence. Great Scott! what a disgrace for a man of good family to——

Dimple gave a cry of alarm. "Oh, Jack, dear, do be careful! You nearly sent that old woman flying." She giggled hysterically. "Only the other day a motorist got five years for manslaughter."

Jack started violently, and slammed on his brake. After all, perhaps old Ledway was more to be pitied than blamed. A man might commit almost any crime in a fit of absence of mind.

"Sorry, darling," he said, penitently. "I was thinking about—about you."

"Were you, Jack?" murmured Dimple, smiling happily. "Let's find a nice quiet shady spot; and you can tell me what you were thinking."

* * *

"Mr. Warrington," announced the parlor-maid.

Martin looked up from his desk. "Come in and sit down, Jack." He waited until the parlor-maid had closed the door. "You look worried, my boy. What is it? You can't make up your mind to take my advice, eh?"

"I've taken it, Uncle. That's what I'm worried about."

"Didn't Ledway bite?"

"Oh, yes, he fell into the trap all right." Jack gave a hollow laugh. "He's going to commit suicide in a few days' time!"

"What!" Martin sat up. "Come, come, my boy—suicide is not a matter for jest!"

"I'm not joking, Uncle. I worked the scheme exactly as you advised, and it came off exactly as you said it would. Old Ledway looked appalled—and seemed to crumple up. He didn't ask me what I knew, but admitted that he had done five years' penal servitude!

"That gave me a shock, I can tell you; but worse was to come. Since I had discovered his secret, he was convinced that others knew it, and declared that the only thing for him to do in the circumstances was to commit suicide."

Jack pulled out his cigarette case. "Now perhaps you'll tell me what I ought to do about it."

Martin cleared his throat. "Wait a minute, my boy. Tell me exactly what happened, and what Ledway said."

Jack told his story, and Martin rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Well, of course, it's obvious that you can't marry Miss Ledway now."

"Can't marry Dimple? Good heavens! —why not?"

"Tut-tut! don't be foolish, my boy. How can you—the son of a justice of the peace—marry the daughter of an ex-convict? As I see it, Jack, my advice has saved you from making a complete fool of yourself. You'll thank me with tears in your eyes in a week or two, when you've got over your disappointment."

"But, dash it all, Uncle!—don't you understand that I'd marry Dimple if her father was the biggest blackguard in the world?

"What I want you to do is to tell me how I can prevent Mr. Ledway from committing suicide. If—if he carries out his threat—and I never saw a man more determined in my life—I shall feel like a murderer."

Martin whistled softly, and drummed on the desk with the tips of his fingers. "If you don't feel disposed to break the engagement, my boy, we must make the best of a bad job. Ledway mustn't commit suicide yet, that's clear. As soon as you're back from your honeymoon, he can slip abroad and do the job quietly and decently under an assumed name."

"I say, Uncle!" protested Jack, "you're confoundedly cold-blooded, you know. After all, he's Dimple's father."

"It's the poor girl I'm thinking of, my boy," said Martin, gravely. "However, I'll turn the matter over in my mind and see what can be done to still the voice of scandal.

"Come along to-morrow afternoon about three, and bring your fiancee with you. In the meantime, keep smiling and don't forget that a still tongue makes a wise head."

"ALL right, Uncle. I'll bring Dimple along." Jack rose slowly to his feet. "Perhaps I'd better prepare you for the meeting. You'll be struck by the difference between Dimple and—and other girls. To begin with, her eyes are just like two limpid pools of——"

"Don't tell me any more, Jack!" broke in Martin, hastily. "Give me a delightful surprise to-morrow. You see the idea, don't you? I knew you would. Good-night, my boy."

* * *

Parking his car in the carriage drive, Jack looked at his watch. "I'm afraid we're a bit early my pet—it's only twenty to three. I'd better show you round the garden till it's time to wake up Uncle Dave. I expect he's enjoying his afternoon nap."

Assisting his fiancee to alight, he took her by the arm and led her down a secluded path. "We'll have a rest in the summer-house for a few minutes, shall we?" he suggested, eagerly. "Uncle Dave had it built to his own design. It's somewhere for him to retire to when he wants to be quiet, he says.

"You see, Dimple, it's completely hidden from the house and the road by a screen of tall bushes. This way, precious—through the rustic archway. Here we are!"

Jack drew his companion up to a pagoda-like building with stained-glass windows, and flung open the door. "Step right in, Dimple, and you'll see —— Great Scott!"

"WHAT'S the matter, Jack?" faltered Dimple, standing on tip-toe and peering over the young man's shoulder. "Why—it's **Dad!**"

For a few moments nobody moved, and then Ledway cleared his throat. "Dave—this is my daughter. Mildred—come and kiss John's uncle. John won't mind, I'm sure."

Martin, who was seated at a small table on which stood decanter and siphon, put down his glass, rose to meet the confused Dimple, and embraced her cordially.

"Jack's a very lucky fellow, my dear," he declared, heartily. "When he told me that he was going to marry my old friend's daughter I was delighted. Wasn't I, my boy?"

"Er—your old friend's daughter—oh, yes, rather, Uncle," replied Jack, faintly. "How—how long have you known each other?"

"Sixty years, I suppose," remarked Ledway, holding up his glass and regarding it thoughtfully. "Let me see—when my father resigned the governorship of Parkmoor Convict Prison, where I was born, I was nearly five. I met your uncle at the dame's school —and even then he was as full of tricks as a monkey."

Martin chuckled. "Joe taught me some new ones, I remember. Later on, when we left school, we put over some really first-class hoaxes, didn't we, Joe?"

"We were a pretty strong combination, Dave," admitted Ledway, "and, until growing responsibilities and so on curtailed our activities in that direction, we certainly carried out some—er—very interesting experiments."

"How long is it since the last one?" demanded Jack, grimly.

"Not very long, my boy," murmured Martin.

Ledway looked at the young man quizzically. "Some of the objects of our little experiments took umbrage. Others, blessed with a sense of humor, bore no malice. Now, you, John, look as if you could take a joke in good part."

Dimple spoke up promptly. "Jack's a sport!"

"I can vouch for that," declared Martin, raising his glass. "Joe—here's to the health of the young people. May they always see the humorous side of things!"

"They will!" promised Jack, with a sheepish grin.

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A LEVER PRODUCT

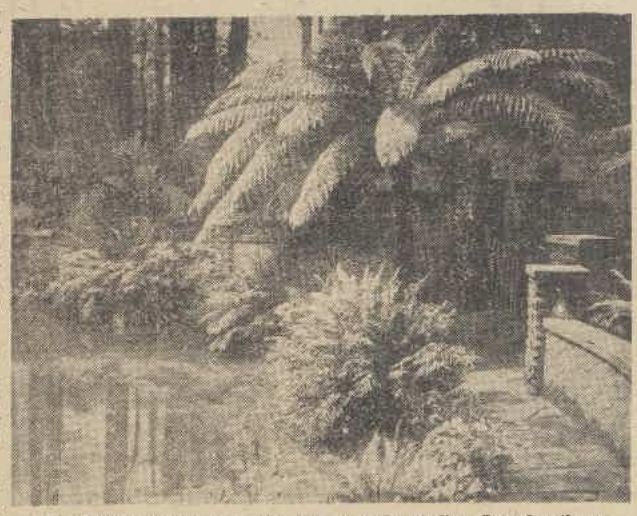
HOST HOLBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?★★★

FERNS *are* Delicately Attractive

Raise them yourself and grow them in Rockeries and Hanging Baskets. . . Says the Old Gardener.

Area is not the controlling element in making a garden. You may have but a limited space at your disposal, or you may have acres. It may be sunny, it may be shaded, but whatever it is it can be made to yield color and beauty—nature is prolific.

Every week the "Old Gardener" tells you in his own inimitable way how to grow to get the best from Mother Earth. This week he talks most interestingly on ferns—and here he comes.



SHADOWED by tall gums, tree ferns line the winding, flagged pathway. At their feet maidenhair raises its delicate fronds to the filtering light. Around the pool feathery fronds dip gracefully, gratefully, into the still water. A pleasant spot. . . . brimful of peace.
—Women's Weekly photo

GOOD DAY, Miss! Thought I would just look in to see how your little garden is progressing. You have made a wonderful change! I see you have commenced on the crazy pathway. Continue on that way, and, when completed, you will have one of the show gardens in the district.

That rockery is looking fine, too What a splendid contrast of color you have in it But I notice you've missed out on something. You have no ferns! And that gives me an idea. This morning we'll have a chat on the various ferns suitable for garden beautifying.

Now, before I describe the different ferns, I think it would be advisable for me to spare a few minutes to point out how ferns differ from flowering plants. First of all, the absence of blossoms strikes us, and you perhaps wonder how ferns multiply.

Well, look on the back of the fronds See all those tiny groups of small bodies. We will call them seeds, or spores, but the correct name is sporangia.

If you cut off those leaves when turning brown or dead-looking, and lay them in the shade, or on a damp, mossy rock, in a very short time hundreds of young ferns will make their appearance.

Then, when they begin to get their third leaf, prick them out, and plant into small pots, old jam tins, or anything suitable, and in a few months you will have enough ferns for yourself—also some to hand out to your friends as well.

Yes, Miss, all ferns require shade and damp atmosphere. We notice as we travel through the country, or the outlying suburbs, how healthy and vigorous the ferns are among the dripping rocks, and in the moist places.

THE EXQUISITE MAIDENHAIR

ONE of the most popular ferns of today which we all love is the maidenhair, and it is one of the best-liked with cut flowers on account of its delicate and attractive foliage.

Now look here, Miss! See this new cool damp place near this rock? It's just the ideal spot for the maidenhair. That soakage from the hill will give all the moisture required.

You ask if there are many varieties of maidenhair? There are, and most all of them can be raised from spores. Good plants, with proper management, can be had in one year by this method, and it is more preferable to raise them this way than by division of the roots. Now I'll tell you in detail how to go about it.

HOW TO RAISE FERNS

CUT off the fronds with the ripe sporangia, and place on a sheet of white paper in an airy place for a day or two The spore cases burst and allow the spores to fall on the paper. They are then ready for sowing.

Fill some pots with well-mixed loam and sand. Press firm into the pots and soak thoroughly.

Now sow the spores on the damp surface, then place the pot in a saucer of water in a shady position.

Put a piece of glass over the top. Keep the saucer full of water, and the capillary action of the soil will keep it sufficiently damp for germination and there is no danger of washing out by overhead watering.

After the spores have germinated, remove the glass-covering gradually by raising a little each day. When large enough, prick out into pots and treat as you would seedlings, but keep well shaded all the time.

All kinds of ferns, as I said before, can be raised by this method.

THE GOLD AND SILVER FERN

OVER here, Miss, is a good position for the gold and silver fern (Gynmogramma Decomposita) they are very easy to cultivate, but require a little more light than other varieties. They are wonderful for hanging baskets also, and do well in loam mixed with leaf mould and a little charcoal.

TRY SOME OF THESE

ALL the ferns which I will now mention will grow to perfection in good, loamy soil, mixed with leaf mould and a little sand—Nephrodium Cuspidatum, a beautiful and vigorous growth. Planted in the pockets of your rockery it will add beauty in a very short time.

Davallia Canariensis, the hare's foot fern, is a good grower, and spreads rapidly

Davallia Fyunsis is a fine specimen for rockeries or large bowls.

The Aspidium, or shield fern, is very hardy Cystopteris, a very small grower. The Woodsias is a densely-tufted chestnut-colored variety, very attractive and hardy. There are several varieties of the Osmundas family. These are also hardy, and easily grown.

The Polypodiums, of which there are about 400 species, are well worth a place in the rockery. Chellanthe Elegans and Gleichenia Cercinata are two beautiful specimens, while the genus Peteris family of ferns should never be missed in any garden or fernery.

There are several kinds of Asplenums which no rockery should be without. They give it that natural appearance.

Well, Miss, I'll really have to be going. Goodness me, look at the time.

Oh, you'll be interested to know that during Easter week I met hundreds of my gardening friends of The Australian Women's Weekly. It was quite a treat for me to come in contact with so many who are garden lovers. So from now on it looks as if I'm going to be busy putting their gardens in order.

Cheerio, see you next week!

WIFE: Who will mend your clothes when I am gone?

Husband: I will be able to buy new ones then.

FOR BETTER JUNKET THAN YOU'VE EVER TASTED

GLADS JUNKET TABLETS

WONDERFUL!

THIS MESSAGE WILL BRING JOY TO THOUSANDS

DON'T NEGLECT READING IT. IT MAY MEAN EVERYTHING TO YOU OR YOURS

It is a message of hope to those who are ill. It is a message which will save you from becoming ill. It will give you the joy of living free from all anxiety in regard to the health of those you love. It will put into your hands the inestimable gift of being able to bring that sick friend or relative back to health again, and it is all so simple.

The gift is THE WONDERFUL CENOVIS IRRADIATED MEDICINAL YEAST, the greatest gift of German science to the man, woman, and children of the world. All yeasts are wonderful health-givers, but irradiated yeast stands supreme in its healthgiving qualities.

Do you know that the illness from which you suffer is in all probability a vitamin deficiency disease? Among such diseases are digestive complaints and derangements such as constipation, diarrhoea, nerve troubles, anaemia, loss of hair, lassitude, insomnia, bent-bent or sciatic neuritis, neuritis and rheumatism, rheumatoid arthritis, loss of appetite and abnormal appetite, loss of weight, and many other common everyday complaints which only need the supply of the necessary vitamin to effect a cure.

CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST is richer in all vitamins than any known substance. One teaspoonful a day, with half a teaspoonful for children, will give you more vitamins than three full meals contain, and, combined with other valuable medicinal qualities which the Yeast contains, will make all the difference in the world to the health of the whole family. CENOVIS YEAST IS A NECESSITY NOT A LUXURY, and if you want the kiddies to grow up strong and healthy, able to resist illness which might attack them, it is your bounden duty to see that they get their necessary quota of healthgiving vitamins. CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST is your only standby, for whilst it is particularly and extraordinarily rich in Vitamins B1 and B2, it is also supercharged with Vitamin D, the vitamin which protects your children from rickets bad teeth, softening of the bones, infectious diseases, and all children's complaints. It also contains Vitamin E, the vitamin which keeps us young and vigorous. That is why CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST invigorates and rejuvenates even those who have been out of the running for years. You owe it to yourself to take a course of healthgiving CENOVIS. It won't cost you much. A 1lb. tin which costs you 8/-, contains sufficient for two months or more. Ask your local chemist to stock it for you, and save the postage. It is sold in 1/6, 2/9, 5/-, and 8/- sizes by chemists only, and the purchaser of each of the three larger sizes gets a Cenovis Beauty Face Pack FREE, just to let you know how nice you can make your face feel. These packs sell at 1/-. Ask your chemist. CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST SAVES POUNDS IN DOCTORS' BILLS. YOU CAN BAKE WITH IT, TOO. IT GIVES A WONDERFUL VITAMINIZED BREAD. CENOVIS BAKING YEAST sells at 1/3, 2/6, 4/6, and 7/6, and is both economical and easy to use. IMPORTANT.—IF UNABLE TO TAKE LIVE YEAST, BAKE FOR 6 OR 7 MINUTES IN HOT OVEN after spreading on tray, when it will become sterile and be just as effective; in fact, giving up all its vitamins. Ask your chemist or storekeeper, or write direct to the CENOVIS YEAST COMPANY, Pinks Building, 6 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Vic. Tel. C7890. G. V. Russell, General Manager; R. F. Russell, Manager for Victoria.

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Palmolive lather penetrates the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving the skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Get three cakes to-day. Begin the beauty treatment recommended by 20,000 beauty experts. Prove to yourself that Palmolive Soap, blended of olive and palm oils, will keep your skin soft, smooth, youthful.

The vial at the right shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake.

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FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

LIVING in a rustic, weatherboard cottage at the bottom of a narrow lane were two little children and a man. Michael and Miriam were the names of the children, and Uncle Pete was the man's name.

Fred had come across Michael one day, down the town, and as Michael had been heavily laden with parcels, he had helped him. From then on they had become the very best of pals, and not only did Fred like Michael, but he liked Uncle Pete and Miriam also.

Fred knew that Uncle Pete had once a son, who had been lost at sea. There had been a big shipwreck, and everyone had been saved except Uncle Pete's little boy. Though Uncle Pete had always appeared happy enough in the company of his niece and nephew, there would sometimes appear an unmistakable sadness in his eye, and when it came there, Fred immediately knew that he was thinking of his lost son. And then Fred would feel sad, and he would wish that there had never been a shipwreck, for then Uncle Pete would never have lost his son.

It was during one of these sad moods that Fred said, "Why don't you go away for a holiday or something, Uncle Pete?"

"That's a good idea, Fred," said Uncle Pete, his face lighting up. "I'll take Michael and Miriam too, and if Wunderlust will let you come, we'd love to have you."

Uncle Pete asked Wunderlust the very next day, if Fred could go away with them, and as Wunderlust consented, everything was decided upon, except to what place they would go.

"How about going for a cruise in one

"I SEE a boy on the island," shouted Miriam.

of those lovely big liners?" suggested Fred.

"That's just what I thought of taking," said Uncle Pete.

Well, from then on, Fred paid numerous visits to the shipping agents and procured pamphlets of all the different places such-and-such a line took you to, and all the lovely things you saw when you got there.

"Yes, we'll go to Quack Island, that's what we'll do," said Uncle Pete decisively, after he had examined all the pamphlets.

They packed a number of things for the trip, which was going to take about fifteen days.

* * *

THEY boarded the boat, and after several days' beautiful travelling, they landed at Quack Island. When they had looked all over the island, an old inhabitant advised Uncle Pete to hire a motor-boat and go to all the little islands surrounding Quack Island. Uncle Pete acted on his advice, and the next day got a boat.

A big man drove the boat a good way out into the ocean and took them to three islands. As they were coming back, he pointed to a spot in the distance, and said, "Do you see just over there? Well, that is where the 'Lesperta' was wrecked five years ago."

"Take us out that way, will you please, I was in that wreck," said Uncle Pete.

"I'm afraid that's out of my course, and if I take you there it will be extra," said the man in a gruff voice.

"I don't mind paying extra for a bit of service," said Uncle Pete a little bitterly.

So then the man took them to the place of the wreck and also let them get off at an island quite close to it.

* * *

WHILE Fred and Uncle Pete were looking at some peculiarly-shaped leaves, they heard a cry, and turned to see Miriam and Michael looking up at a hill, and Miriam was pointing.

"There's a boy on this island," she shouted.

Then the boy came down and spoke to them, and told them how he had existed on the different foods that he had found on the island. He spoke in glowing terms of the kind animals. When he told them he had come off a shipwreck many years ago, they knew immediately he was Uncle Pete's little boy.

So a very happy five people boarded the liner to go home.

(Another complete story next week.)

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,—

This week every one of my Pals must have written, for I have had no time to do anything else than read and answer their letters. And, after going through them very carefully, I have awarded the 5/- prize to Doris Connor, Mirani, via Mackay, Qld., for the best letter. Here is a short extract from it:

ABOVE is Doris Connor, of Mirani, who wins 5/- for her interesting letter.

"The township of Mirani is about 25 miles from Mackay, and is prettily situated on the banks of the Pioneer River. Sugarcane farming engages most of the people's time, and so Mirani nestles in the midst of sugarcane farms of varied sizes."

Doris also tells me that she rides to a school every day where about 150 pupils attend regularly.

Well, Pals, I hope you liked Doris' letter.

Good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,

From your Pal,

CONNIE.

"Mummie, if I were a great magician I should turn everything into chocolates."

"But you could not eat them all."

"I could, I should turn myself into an elephant."

Prize Card to Walter Johnston, 4 Cohen St., Manly, N.S.W.

In a Caravan

By THERESE WILKINS.

OH, for a trip in a caravan,
With a tiny bed, and a pot and pan,
And a few other things I would need on the way,
Then my life would be a holiday.

I would rise from my bed each morning,
When the sun tipped the purple hills,
And dust and scrub my caravan,
From the steps to the window-sills.

I'd have a cat to share my joys,
Be a comfort in my woes;
One day, perhaps, my dream will come true
Of a caravan—who knows?

Prize of 5/- to Therese Wilkins (13), "Padua," Acton St., Croydon, N.S.W., for this clever verse.

PLAY A GAME

ONE player, who represents Father Neptune, goes out of the room, and the rest of the players each take the name of a fish, and each fish, as Neptune calls him, goes out and stands behind Neptune.

When all have been mentioned, Neptune starts to run around with his train of fish behind him. Suddenly Father Neptune seats himself, and all fish try to find a chair. As there is one less chair in the room than players, one of the fish will be without a chair. The one who is left standing is Neptune in the next game.

Teacher: Tommy, why were you late for school.

Tommy: When I was crossing the road a man said 'Mind the steam-roller!' so I stopped to mind it.

Prize Card to Nola Nilon, "Cotten's Hill," Box 16, Forbes, N.S.W.

CATCHING BUTTERFLIES.—Prize Card to V. Magetre, 174 Balmain Rd., Balmain, N.S.W.

FOR FUN & FANCY

What is the difference between a cat and a comma?—A cat has its claws at the end of its paws, a comma its paws at the end of a clause.

Prize Card to Violet Fletcher, Victoria St., Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.

Father: You youngsters are the limit! When I was a boy I was glad to eat dry crusts.

Son: Gee, Dad, you are having a snifter time now you're living with us.

Prize Card to Betty Ladd, 22 Seahill St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Caller: I believe you telephoned for a locksmith?

Rosie: Yes, come right in; we lost the key of our tin of sardines.

Prize Card to Jean Eggleton, Speed P.O., Vic.

What is the difference between a sailor and a watch with a broken spring? One goes to sea, and the other ceases to go.

Which has the hardest life, tea or coffee? — Tea, for while coffee is allowed to settle, tea is compelled to draw.

Why should a train driver never have a watch?—Because the train would then always be behind time.

What could hungry people do with an empty tea-table?—Well, if they took away the first letter it would become eatable.

Prize Card to Ruth Farmer, Bag 161, Meegan, S.A.

Mrs. Brown (to small son): I can't have you dragging your train into the kitchen.

Tom: But, Mother, this is where we stop for refreshments.

Schoolmaster: Jones, you're copying from Brown, next to you.

Jones: No, sir, I was only verifying the accuracy of what I've already done.

Prize Card to Sylvia Faker, Gas Works, Glen Innes, N.S.W.

Prize of 5/- to Beryl Henderson, 139 Holden St., Ashfield, N.S.W., for this clever sketch. Color in with paints or chalks, and send all entries to Connie, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney. A prize of 5/- will be given for the prettiest entry.

WHAT AM I?

Black, am I so much desired; men sought me out till they were tired; they split my head and broke my face, and took me from my resting place. What am I?

Answer: Coal.

Prize Card to Betty Lamb, 46 Rochester St., Homebush, N.S.W.

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A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 8

"YES," he said judicially, "I want to lead you to friendship, and Christine to the altar, and the Odeon to success. I thought I could do all three easily, with one hand tied behind me. Now I don't know that I can do any of them."

"Nonsense. By this day fortnight you'll be married, your first night will be successfully over, and I—I'll always be your friend even after you've forgotten I exist."

"Promise."

"I promise. Now we must go, Toni."

"Very well," he said lifelessly. "I'll do what you say. I'll be good, but if you've any more kidney punches up your sleeves, do you mind keeping them till after my first night?"

He paid the bill and followed her silently out of the hotel, back to where Maurice and Eve were sitting contentedly over a fresh pot of tea.

"Come in," said Eve gaily; "you spoilt our first breakfast, so we're having a second."

"Good," said Jenny. Maurice had risen politely. She pushed him gently back into his chair and kept a friendly hand upon his shoulder. He looked tired but happy. "Mr. Gerrard's going to give you a present of the price of a licence. He thinks it's the most moral gift that ever figured in a list of wedding presents. And I'm going to phone Mum and tell her a story—some sort of a story, and she can come and stay with you till after the happy event. I think if Mr. Gerrard is extravagant, it can be done in three days."

"Great organiser, my sister," said Eve laughing; "only sensible member of the Foster family."

Maurice laid a hand on Jenny's. He looked at her with affection and admiration. "Great girl," he said.

"Seconded," said Toni.

"I know," said Jenny, "I'm a gift from God to tired actors. Now I'm going out to telephone to Mum."

Jenny came back to report that as usual Mum was charmed to hear of wedding bells, and would be down in time for dinner. The gathering that had seemed so ominous early in the morning was now extremely jolly. Maurice had a three months' load off his chest and was in high spirits. Toni hid his trouble and was a professional ray of sunshine. Eve was always ready to be pleased with everything and everybody, and Jenny felt relieved that Maurice's revelations had been no worse.

Toni got them all into his car and they drove at a breakneck speed to Winchelsea where they had a meal that was something between a tea and a lunch. They then drove back in time to meet Mrs. Foster.

She immediately took Maurice to her motherly heart. "She's the flower of my flock, Maurice, you must be terrible good to her."

"I'll do my best, Mrs. Foster." The young man was embarrassed.

"Ah, well," said Mum, as if it settled everything, "marriages are made in heaven."

"No, darling," said Eve, "you'll put the registrar out of a job."

SO they took Mum along to the largest hotel they could find and all dined luxuriously at Toni's invitation, and toasted the engaged couple in champagne. Toni flirted outrageously with Mum, whom he declared was far handsomer than either of her daughters, and Jenny derived amusement from seeing Toni treated just as if he were Ted, scolded and fussed over and somehow given to feel that it would be many a long day before he grew up. The pair were delighted with one another.

In the cool of the evening Toni drove Jenny back to town. As they left the streets behind them the holiday mood fell away. They had time to remember. There was something almost menacing in the darkness as it crept over the fields. Toni switched on the headlights and made for them a little island of safety from the enemy. Jenny shivered a little. She had come away without a coat. Reaction swept over her. It was the last time, and it was over. It hadn't been at all as she had planned it, and the little blue dress still hung under its tissue paper in a back bedroom in Soho.

It was Toni who broke the long silence. "The omen was good, Jenny," he said.

"Yes, dear."

"Only my heart is like lead—I wonder why."

She could give him no explanation that would sound reasonable, so she did not answer.

She hardly noticed the miles, and was astonished when she found herself in her own street.

"Good night, Toni," she said softly, "and good-bye."

"Why good-bye, Jenny?"

"I've told you," she said very softly. She looked at him squarely. "You mustn't make me forget my obligations elsewhere."

"But, Jenny, we don't, won't." He said eagerly, "Come now, be reasonable, have I ever forgotten either of our obligations? Have I ever laid one finger on you?"

As if that had anything in the world to do with it! Dear Toni, arguing like a British juryman. "No, Toni, you're all right, but what about me?"

"What about you, Jenny Wren?"

She paused and considered him with her head on one side, running away now from her own conclusions, frightened that she might already have said too much, covering her retreat with laughter. "Why, Toni, you forget, you're a professional charmer. That's how you earn your keep. Suppose I lost my heart?"

"You! You with your hard, practical little heart—— Ah, no such luck for me, Jenny. Now if it were Mum—— So, there's no reason to say good-bye, Jenny Wren. Just good night. Why, I couldn't do without you?"

"No, nor without Fletcher, or Stephens, or Walters, or Dixon—you said it long ago yourself—'spoilt child of success.'"

"Please go on spoiling me, Jenny."

She looked into his tired face that was so serious under its smiling mask. "I expect I will," she said softly. "Good night, Toni dear." The Italian grocer's doorway engulfed her. Reluctantly he turned his car in the direction of Christine's flat. He must hear about the charity fete.

It was queer, he thought, as he drove rapidly along the deserted streets, he had won Christine, she was going to be his wife, but he seemed to know no more of her than he did the first day he saw her over two years ago. She withheld and drew him on, refused and excited him, was silent and piqued his curiosity. To her mystery his generous nature gave kindly interpretation, but he was growing a shade weary of the pursuit. A wife who perpetually eluded one would not be a very restful companion.

He had hoped that by now the barriers would be down; that he would know "what song the sirens sang." But no. True, she allowed him to kiss her, to hold her passive in his arms, but the gesture now seemed to have no meaning. It brought them no closer together.

Christine herself seemed changed. She was more nervous, more excitable; had he been quite honest with himself he might have said more irritable. She had developed a strange trick of looking down the street before she would get out of the car at the stage door; she started on the slightest pretext, and once when a burly fellow had brushed by her rudely in the street he had found that she was trembling, though her eyes danced with excitement.

The flat was crowded with exhausted stall-holders and their friends. There was a babble of noise, a haze of smoke, and drinks were being industriously circulated. He gathered that Christine had been an enormous success. Indeed, he could not doubt it, when he looked at her. The long day had not dimmed her radiance. She had enormous powers of resistance. He had often noticed it before. Where other women wilted, grew a little frayed at the edges, a little careless about the make-up, Christine was always fresh and cool and lovely. She had enjoyed the fete. She had been the big attraction for every camera. She had been delightfully pestered by autograph hunters. Every man in the place had tried to be introduced to her. She had been in her element. No one had wanted her to dance or sing or act. All that was needed was that she should be beautiful and charming; things that she could do without effort.

Please turn to Page 38

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A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 37

"WHAT did you do all day, Toni?" she asked him at length.

"Oh, nothing much," he said evasively, accepting a whisky from a young man in a monocle.

"Bet he was out with a rival blonde, Chris," said the young man.

"No," said Toni, dreamily, "she was a brunette."

"Well, that's quite safe then. We know your chemical reactions."

"Sexual chemical reactions," murmured someone who was not too sober, "wonderful test for dyed hair."

"Hi, Toni, you're not listening to our wit and wisdom."

Toni started and turned on his best smile. "I am," he said vigorously. "I am. Let's have some more of it. Let's have a song. Who sings? Come on, Rex, tickle the ivories. Come on, Marie . . ." Toni had got to work. He was being the life of the party. But Christine knew with whom Toni had spent the day. It suited her far-sighted policy. She was discreetly silent.

ANNE faced Jenny gravely next morning. "Jenny, dear," she said, "will you dine with us this evening? I don't want Ted to get depressed, and he's so fond of you."

"I'd love to," lied Jenny. Dad was going to be out anyway, but she had meant to have a minor spring cleaning in her mother's absence. Still she did not like to refuse Anne's invitation.

So at closing time the two girls set off together, and it seemed to Jenny that Anne took on a new personality when they came to the large top room of Mrs. Ellis's irreproachable house.

The place really looked delightful. Anne had taste. She was a born home-maker, ready to take any amount of trouble to achieve her effects. Gay little curtains of inexpensive cretonne hung at the windows. The paint—all Anne's handiwork as she proudly explained—was a good bright blue. The distemper—all Ted's handiwork—was a sunny yellow. Anne's few good pieces of furniture showed to advantage now that there was more space, and under her guidance Ted had bought one or two charming things to complete their home. Already it was threatened by the shadow of unemployment. Jenny looked around with misgiving at the frail little barque that carried their happiness. They had given "hostages to fortune."

Ted was not yet home, and Anne settled Jenny in an armchair and bustled about getting the meal. She had a natural taste for cooking, and one corner of the room, discreetly screened, had been turned into a miniature kitchen, with the latest invention in oil stoves, guaranteed to take up only three foot of space and cook a four-course meal.

Everything was ready by the time Ted arrived, and Anne flew into his arms with animation that surprised Jenny.

"Come on, darling, you must be tired. The meal is all ready and look who is here."

"Why, Jenny, bless you. This is fun."

"Come on," said Anne, bringing a steaming dish to the table, "this must be eaten while it is hot."

"Looks fine," said Ted, with pride. "Anne is the world's best cook."

"That must make a nice change from home," said Jenny. "Mum's the world's worst. A light heart but a heavy hand."

"You've heard about Le Roy?"

"Yes. Bad luck."

"Go on. Say it was my own fault."

"I won't."

"Well, it was."

"Nonsense," said Anne, "everyone loses their temper at times—and their jobs. I nearly lost mine on our wedding-day, didn't I, Jenny? I never could understand why Madame didn't sack me then. She would have been within her rights." Anne paused. "She said a queer thing. She said she wouldn't sack me that time, because one never knew the motives behind another person's mistake."

"The motive behind a mistake," echoed Jenny thoughtfully, thinking back to Toni's bracelet.

"What did she mean?"

"I haven't any idea."

"Any luck to-day, Ted darling?"

"Well, I'm playing at a cricket dance at Surbiton to-morrow night. Two guineas and exes. It'll pay the rent, any way."

"That's fine," said Anne enthusiastically, helping him generously, and inquiring which of his friends he had seen during his Archer St. vigil.

The evening was full of surprises for Jenny. Mum had been right. Mum, bless her, nearly always was right. Anne was a sweet girl and a gallant one, and there she was jockeying Ted along to happiness just as if she had been doing it all her life, and because she loved him managing him and amusing him and consoling him.

Ted walked with Jenny to the bus. "You said I was a fool, remember? We didn't guess how soon you were going to be able to crow. Damned tough luck on Anne my losing that job."

"Never mind, Ted. I was wrong. I didn't realise about Anne. She's a sticker."

"Oh, Anne's all right," he said in his warm affectionate voice, "but I didn't mean to put her so soon up against it."

"Oh, well, a dish of herbs—and all that."

"Talking of which, how's your stalled ox?"

"Oh, he's all right," she said evasively. "Jenny——" He paused.

"Yes?"

"You won't take this as a horrible warning, will you? I mean lots of things matter more than being poor—and loving and being loved is one of them."

"Oh, Ted, don't you worry about me. I'm tough."

"Are you? I suppose so," he said with brotherly blindness. "Look, here's your bus. Cheerio!"

She only took a penny fare, and then got out and walked home slowly in the warm summer air. She was very glad that she had seen Anne's point of view. They need have no further anxieties about Ted. Anne would fill all their roles.

It's only a question of time, she thought, of getting to know people.

BUT she did not think any longer about Anne. She thought of Christine. Could it be possible that even Christine had a point of view—the "soul-side" for which Toni was searching. She tried to imagine it, and failed.

Perhaps, she said to herself at last, she's just the exception that proves the rule.

Christine was somehow uppermost in her mind all the next day, and in the evening as she was kneeling in the shop window refilling a vase, her eyes wandered to the Odeon.

Just as she looked the man in the tweed cap came into sight. He peered cautiously round to make sure that he was not observed. The street was deserted and he approached Christine's photograph. He looked at it for a moment intently, and then his hand stole out with an involuntary movement and he touched the glass softly with his finger-tips following down the line of her figure. Then, almost as if he sensed that he was being watched, he pushed his hand suddenly into his pocket and walked away quickly with an air of unconcern.

Jenny put down her water jug and gazed blankly in front of her. Jim was no "poor relation." Of that she was now sure. He had been—or perhaps even now he was—Christine's lover.

Blackmail and bigamy. She remembered the words. A lover who was blackmailing her? What with? What did it all mean? Toni was not getting a square deal, of that at least she felt certain. For the rest, she would find out. Already a plan was taking shape in her imagination.

She reached up and pulled down the blind. The little clock had struck the hour. She turned her head at the sound of the swing door. It was very late for a customer.

Legally they should not be admitted. But it was not a customer. It was a telegraph boy.

The telegraph boy came often into the shop. People were always ordering flowers by wire. Indifferently Jenny took the envelope into the back room. There was no one there.

"Madame," she called up the stairs, "there's a telegram for you."

"I'll be down directly."

Jenny went back into the shop. The boy leant carelessly against the wall by the door, smoking a cigarette to its bitter end. Jenny stacked away the flower vases, row after row of them. She heard Madame come down. She went round systematically feeling what plants needed watering. Madame was a long time. Had she forgotten that the boy was waiting? Jenny began to pull the dust sheets out of their drawer, when she was arrested by an unmistakable sound of sobbing. Slow, painful sobs that echoed through the empty shop. But there was no one in the house save herself and Madame, and that Madame should ever cry seemed a heresy to Jenny. It was amazing. She looked across to make sure that the boy had heard it, too. He nodded grimly. It was not the first time that he had brought bad news.

Jenny hurried into the back room and closed the door carefully behind her. Madame's head was sunk on to the table and the telegram was held in her outstretched hand. Her body shook with sobs.

Jenny knelt down beside her, appalled by the sight of this woman whom she had always believed incapable of feeling, now torn by some terrific grief, some emotion so overwhelming that it swept aside all reserve.

"Madame, dear Madame, please, don't," she murmured. "I am so sorry. Can't I help?"

Madame raised her head, and to her surprise Jenny saw that she was smiling through her tears. She wiped her eyes. "It is all right, all right, little Jenny," she said brokenly. "Tell the boy not to wait."

Jenny dismissed the boy, locked the swing door, lowered the shop lights and returned to the inner room. Madame was now more collected.

"Are you sure you're all right?" said Jenny, kneeling beside her again.

"Ah, Jenny," said Madame, looking down on her; "you think I am a very grasping woman. Now no more."

To be continued

"Feeling Blue"

All the day seems full of gladness,
As the golden hours depart,
Only you, enwrapt in sadness,
Know the shadows in your heart.
How the foolish people chatter!
And what trivial tasks they do!
Nothing, nothing seems to matter
Just because you're feeling "blue."

Such a mood forsooth, is dreary,
But when joy-of-life seems gone;
Look without, and see the weary,
How forever they fight on.
Help some luckless one, who, striving,
Never had a chance like you;
And you'll find, without contriving,
You're no longer feeling "blue"!

—Marjorie Quinn.

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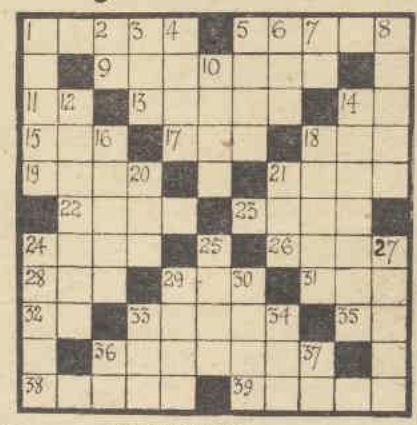
Our Weekly Crossword



CLUES ACROSS

1. Play
5. Earth
9. Slavish; cringing
11. You and me
13. Handle
14. Thank you
15. Nose
17. Same meaning as 4 down
18. Nocturnal animal
19. Vehicle
21. Possesses (Old Eng.)
22. To anger
23. Talk wildly
24. Friendly
26. Hurricane
28. Pronoun
29. English regiment (initials)
31. Guided
32. Civil engineer
33. Distresses
35. If (Fr.)
36. Vegetable
38. Gaze
39. Minute particles

CLUES DOWN

1. Dishearten
2. In like manner
3. Sea-fowl
4. Same meaning as 17 across
5. Cunning
6. Ancient
7. Island in Bay of Biscay
8. Extinction
10. In a great degree
12. Indented like a saw
14. Gossips
16. Goes surety
18. Commonplace
20. Fold or plait
21. Witch
24. Chooses
25. Denoting specific thing
27. Prepares for publication
29. Scarce
30. Indian coin
33. State of equality
34. Small quantity
36. Parent
37. River in Italy

FOR HER ALONE . . .

THIS Elegance

They are like her. They are her very charm, her distinction, they speak her own language. As she fires her fusillades of dashing, daring, witty words, as she conquers amid her setting of magnificent scenery in the Daily Drama of her Life, she remembers that one beauty cream, one face powder and one rouge have been more to her than the emeralds of queens, or the yachts of heiresses. With these three magic aids to youth and charm her jests have never lacked love; her life has never lacked joy; her heart has lacked glamour. She is the acme of elegance, the embodiment of romance, the possessor of wisdom. For Facial Youth has conferred upon her skin a real loveliness, not a hard, cold, plaster-like mask. And Golden Youth Powder accentuates her glory and protects it. Finally, adorably, Rose Petal Rouge conveys a delicate aura or glow without any hint of that harsh over-emphasis that betrays the cheap, ill-chosen rouge. The better chemists and stores offer these three clever aids to feminine attractiveness at very moderate prices. They are sponsored by

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EXCESS FAT DUE TO RHEUMATISM

Only One Remedy Needed

Having rheumatism so badly that she could scarcely walk, this woman began to put on a load of superfluous flesh. In a letter just received, she writes:—

"I had a severe attack of rheumatism in both knees. It was so bad that for three weeks I could not put my foot to the ground. I was also getting terribly fat—through not getting my usual exercise. I started taking Kruschen, and persevered. The first thing I noticed was the tonic effect it had; the next that my rheumatism went, and—better than anything—I lost the wretched fat. I am a woman of 50, and yet I do exactly the same work as women half my age without the least difficulty."—M.E.

The six salts of Kruschen assist the internal organs to throw off each day the wastage and poisons that encumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes—but surely. The rheumatism and headaches disappear. You feel wonderfully healthy, youthful and energetic—more so than ever before in your life

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HUGE *Preparations* for NATIONAL EVENTS

Will Next Empire Games Be Held In Australia?

By RUTH PREDDEY

On arrival in London, the Australian delegates to the Empire Games, who will be appointed before the team sails, will be invited to attend a meeting to decide a momentous question.

The point at issue will be the location for the next Empire Games in 1938, and, for the country chosen, tremendous preparations will be entailed.

WEMBLEY, England, where the forthcoming Empire Games will be held, is considered the largest venture to date. The swimming pool alone will accommodate 8000 people, and the floor space occupied by the boxing arena and the pool is over two acres.

The preparations and accommodation required for a sports gathering of this nature are truly colossal, as instanced by the activities already afoot for the Olympic Games, to be held in Berlin in 1936.

Germany has set aside 225 acres for their Olympic Park. The main Stadium will hold 100,000 spectators, the festival ground will provide for 250,000, and at the cycling Stadium arrangements have been made to accommodate 15,000 onlookers.

In spite of Herr Hitler's declaration that "A woman's place is in her home, and not in the sporting arena," it is anticipated that the largest number of women competitors on record will take part at the next Olympiad, and the Berlin authorities are making special arrangements for billeting the women within the Sports Park.

When the last Olympic Games were held at Los Angeles, the Olympic Village where the competitors and officials were housed, comprised 331 acres of land. 550 two-roomed huts, and 50 kitchens and dining rooms were erected at a cost of £50,000.

The women athletes, who were very much in the minority, were housed at one of the palatial hotels. Then, for training purposes, 15 track and field areas, six clubs for the boxers and wrestlers, 12 swimming pools, and provision for the sculiers and rowers to practise were arranged.

* * *

REVIEWING the circumstances attending the Empire Games, there is every reason to forecast that Australia will be the rendezvous in 1938.

The meeting can only be held, as the name indicates, in one of the countries of the British Empire. This year marks the second occasion on which the "Games" have been held in England, and they have already been held once in Canada.

The color question presents certain complications in Africa, and sporting enthusiasts as a whole feel optimistic regarding the possibility of an Empire Games meeting in Australia in the near future.

Wherever they are held, there will have to be a large area of land on which can be built all the facilities required for housing the members of the team; tracks arranged for the athletes and cyclists, baths for the swimmers and a marine Stadium for the rowers and sculiers.

New Zealand Association

THE New Zealand Hockey Association has just held its 30th annual meeting, and very favorable reports were made in reference to the visit of the New South Wales players towards the end of last year. They considered "the N.S.W. team more scientific in their game, and their passing excellent and very pretty to watch."

Special mention was made of the umpiring by Miss Cowley, "whose refereeing was most inspiring, and proved to the Auckland players how thorough her knowledge of the game was."

The Australian and New Zealand hockey players will be pleased to learn that Miss Edith Thompson, C.B.E., life member of their respective associations, will be visiting them again next October.

The Tasman Cup matches will be played at Titirangi Golf Club, Auckland, on September 26, following the New Zealand Championships, which will commence on September 20. It is expected that Miss O. Kay, the New Zealand champion, at present in England, will be home in time to compete in these championships.

Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Competition

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HOCKEY *In Full Swing*

NEXT month, hockey will be in full swing, not only among the large associations in the capital cities of Australia, but in the most remote parts of Australia.

Most of the State Associations have chosen their executive members for the ensuing year, and members of the respective associations will certainly be capably managed.

South Australia will open their season at South Parklands on April 21, and the grade matches will commence on April 28.

It is unfortunate for South Australia that both the chairwoman, Miss Somerville and the President, Mrs. Gault, should have forwarded their resignations. Miss Somerville is one of Adelaide's leading solicitors, and pressure of work has forced her to take this step. Miss Ryndale Morris has been elected as chairwoman and Miss N. Magarey secretary.

The officers elected to the Victorian Women's Hockey Association are, Miss Imrie, president; Mrs. Herring and Miss Sybil Taggart, vice-presidents; Miss Alison Ramsay, secretary; Mrs. Shaw, treasurer; Miss Y Newton, assistant-secretary.

Over 1000 hockey girls will take part in the opening of the New South Wales hockey season at Woollahra Park on April 28. The Premier will be represented, and the Mayor and aldermen from the Municipality of Woollahra will be present. Lady Walder and Dr. Hamilton will "bully off." Later in the afternoon eighteen teams will be seen playing within the one area.

At a recent meeting of the association, Dr. Marie Hamilton was elected president; Mrs. Holt and the Misses Fielding, Redfern, Mathieson, Ogilvy and Wicks, vice-presidents; Mrs. F. J. Davy, secretary; Miss Friend, treasurer; Miss Myra Agnew, assistant-secretary.

Despite the climate in Queensland, the northern association commenced their hockey season before any of the other States. On April 7, there was a gala day at Marchant Park, and on April 4, fixtures commenced. Mrs. Todd was elected president; Miss V Nairn, secretary; Miss E. Williamson, assistant-secretary; Miss S. Somerville treasurer.

Yvonne Barton (right) and Pat Norton (below) world champions in the making.

Two . . . . Promising Junior Swimmers

They Should Break Records Next Season

With the close of the swimming season, enthusiasts have every reason to congratulate themselves on the wonderful performances recorded by the juniors. Of these perhaps the two most outstanding are Pat Norton and Yvonne Barton, both in their early teens.

MISS PAT NORTON created another sensation last Saturday, when, in the Senior 50-yards Bondi Ladies' championship, she equalled the New South Wales record of 28 2-5 seconds, held by Vi Armstrong.

Pat Norton first sprang into prominence when she swam so brilliantly at the Domain Baths to finish second to Miss Joyce Cooper in the 100 yards championship of New South Wales. Her time for this race was 64 2-5 seconds, just 1-5 second better than the existing record held by Miss Jean Cocks.

Pat is only fourteen years of age, and promises to be the Willy den Ouden of Australia. She is a pupil of the Sydney Girls' High School.

* * *

YVONNE BARTON has already annexed the senior, junior and 13 years' championship of the William Street High School, being the youngest scholar to gain the senior championship. She won this at the first start she had ever made in a 100 yards' scratch race. Her time for this event was 1min. 15secs.

She is junior captain and junior champion of the Manly Ladies' Swimming Club for this season, and holds the 55 yards' junior record for the Manly Club, her time being 35 4-5 seconds.

Yvonne is only thirteen years old. She trains conscientiously, she says, though every care has been taken to avoid any chance of overstrain in so young a swimmer.

CRICKET

State v. Combined Team

THE second of the series of combined matches against the State team will be played at Earl Park, Arncliffe, on Saturday. This time the combined team will comprise players from the Sans Souci, Sans Souci Wanderers, and the Stokes Victor teams.

There will be no alteration in the State team. R. Monoghan, the country player, will travel from Wollongong to take part in the match. R. Howarth will captain the Combined team, and will have with her Boulton, McNeil, Dedman, Harrington, Clarke, Duggan, M. Smith, I. Smith, Douglas, and Evans. As in the interstate matches, Margaret Peden will captain the N.S.W. team, and the rest of the players will be R. Shevill, E. Shevill, Carpenter, Monoghan, Dive, Blade, Hudson, Pritchard, Morrecroft, and Knight.

Interest in Tests

THE intervening months will not lack interest for the women cricketers, for the progress of matches in England will be keenly followed with Test matches in view.

Although women's cricket in England does not commence until next week, speculation is rife as to who will be the members of the Test team for Australia. Three names frequently mentioned in these discussions are Miss V. M. Straker, Miss Carol Valentine and Miss Pollard.

Miss Straker is captain of the lacrosse team at present in America. Miss Valentine, considered one of England's best bowlers, is also in America playing lacrosse.

Miss Pollard, is already known to Australia as the owner and editor of "Women's Cricket."

MELBOURNE *Centenary*

IN connection with the Victorian Centenary celebrations, it is expected that over 3000 women athletes will take part.

The main fixture is arranged for October 8 at the Melbourne Cricket Ground, when women from all branches of sport will participate.

There will be various decorated floats depicting different aspects of women's sport, and a grand march of Victorian and interstate sportswomen.

In all probability the Victorian Women's Athletic Association will hold their championships in January or February, and the English women's cricket team will play their matches early in January.

Hockey teams from New Zealand, Suva, and possibly Vancouver will visit Melbourne from July 12 to July 27, 1935. Six hundred girls will take part in the Night Basketball Association's matches on October 24.

Y.W.C.A. Banquet

THE Y.W.C.A. sports section will celebrate the opening of the winter sports season with a banquet next Monday night, to which all the officials of the various sporting associations, with which the Y.W.C.A. is affiliated, have been invited.

New Zealand CRICKET

With a visit from a New Zealand women's cricket team as a feature of next season, cricketers will be interested to hear of the activities of the New Zealand Women's Cricket Association, further tidings of which indicate decided progress.

AT a recent executive meeting delegates from the provincial associations of Auckland, Otago, Wanganui, Wellington, Canterbury and Southland discussed the advisability of having the council headquarters in Christchurch. All the delegates with the exception of Auckland agreed to this suggestion, but the Auckland Association favored Wellington.

A meeting has now been called for next month at which the delegates from the numerous cricket associations will attend to form the New Zealand Women's Cricket Council.

Acceptance Expected

It is hoped that following this meeting Mrs. Waldron, secretary of the Australian Women's Cricket Council, will be notified of New Zealand's acceptance of the invitation to play in Australia in October.

Recently, in New Zealand, two Otago teams played a Canterbury team and also one from Southland. Otago I team was defeated by Canterbury, who scored 172 runs to Otago's 81 in the first innings and 78 in the second innings. Otago II was defeated by Southland, Otago scored 69 and 47, and Southland replied with 90 in the first innings and 8 wickets for 164 runs in the second innings.

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